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Saturday Review

May 9, 1970 50¢

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OUT OF PLACE IN AMERICA

by Peter Schrag

Kabuki actor Shohroku Onoe, photograph by Yousuf Karsh

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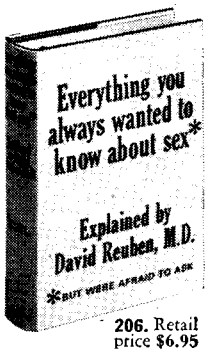

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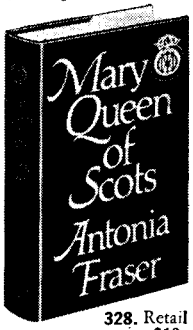

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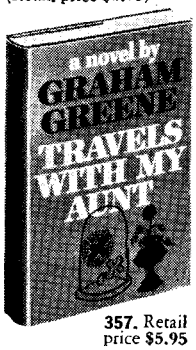

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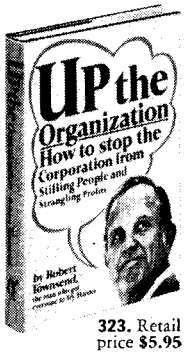

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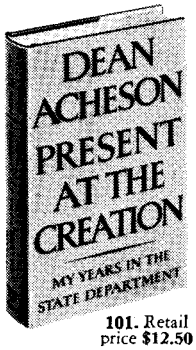

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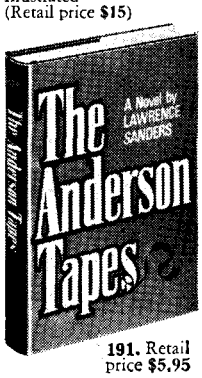

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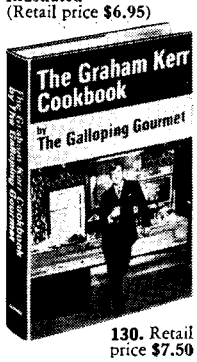

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by Margaret R. Weiss

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Inside Fun City

WITHOUT the slightest hesitation one can appraise *Company* as the season's best and most refreshingly original musical. From the moment when the curtain rises on Boris Aronson's inspired steel and Plexiglas gymnasium setting and the sophisticated babble of New York's swinging couples begins to bounce around the theater, we sense how completely book writer George Furth and lyricist-composer Stephen Sondheim have caught the tone of casual, impersonal Gotham.

It is not a musical in the conventional sense. The singing and what little dancing there is melt into one integrated continuity of action. The show is simply a collage of experiences undergone by one lonely, attractive, thirty-eight-year-old bachelor named Robert. Robert, or Bobby as his friends call him, has had affairs with single girls but spends an inordinate amount of his time servicing and brightening the lives of several married couples. "Love is company! Life is company!" he sings complacently.

A few scenes demonstrate the triviality of the marriages he befriends. "It's not so hard to be married, it's much the simplest of crimes, it's not so hard to be married, I've done it three or four times" sings one of the wives. A little later, a husband sadly boasts to Bobby, "I have everything . . . but freedom." And most desolate of all is one man's answer to the heartbreaking question, "You ever sorry you got married?" To the accompaniment of a beautifully plaintive melody he sings, "You're sorry-grateful, regretful-happy, why look for answers where none occur? You always are what you always were, which has nothing to do with, all to do with her."

Attention is also paid to the plight of young single girls who come to New York for freedom, but end up being unable to love a man who wants to live freely. In what is probably the show's best song, written in the idiom of Simon and Garfunkel, a girl accurately sums up New York as she sings, "Another hundred people just got off the train and came up through the ground. . . . And they walk together past the postered walls with the crude remarks: And they meet at parties through the friends of friends they never know. Will you pick me up or do I meet you there or shall we let it go?"

The first act ends with a complex scene in which a girl decides to back out of a wedding because she is afraid both she and her husband will lose their identities, and, more importantly, because though she has been living with him she realizes she doesn't love him enough. However, because *Company* draws life as it is, rather than as it should be, she changes her mind again and marries him because he's "so good."

Act II presumably takes place a year later, and now Bobby is really beginning to feel his ineffectuality as a third party. This is neatly shown in a dance number called "Side by Side," where he keeps finding himself without a partner. We also see his problem as an aging lover in a very funny scene where he has just awakened after a night of love with an airline stewardess. "Where you going?" he asks her as she sits up in bed. "Barcelona," she sings in a dirge. Then a duet of sleepily terse questions and responses is delightfully developed, with Bobby asking her to stay, and her being unable to. The outcome of the interchange, however, is romantic for her, but physically exhausting for him.

What really turns Bobby away from bachelorhood is the ultimate realization that he must commit himself to someone who may hurt him deeply, someone whose feelings he'll spare, someone who'll crowd him with love, someone to be alive with. And the end of the show suggests he has abandoned the company of his friends to find such a person before it is too late.

Producer-director Harold Prince most admirably has put his trust in a risky unorthodox musical comedy conception and with the aid of choreographer Michael Bennett has achieved a degree of integrity rarely found in Broadway musicals. With the utmost freedom and exactness a cast of thirteen romp joyously through designer Aronson's structural masterpiece, as open elevators take them to a variety of levels. And locations are suggested by subtle use of projected images.

Dean Jones makes an attractively casual Bobby, a sort of bachelor Everyman. Elaine Stritch is as saucily effective as ever in the role of a devastatingly unsentimental wife. When she sings a toast to the ladies who lunch, the girls who stay smart and pursue fashionable culture, the girls who play wife, and to the girls who just watch, she puts so much sophisticated vigor

God bless Me.

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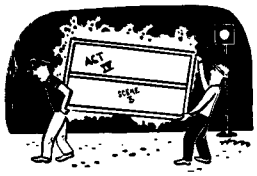
into it that the humor and compassion outweigh the vicious truthfulness of her observations. Barbara Barrie as a dieting wife (can a ninety-three-pound pixie diet?) and Charles Kimbrough as her husband who is almost on the wagon are wonderfully droll in a home duel. Pamela Myers as a girl with an interesting method of measuring one's relaxation quotient is quite funny, and her delivery of the song "Another Hundred People" should win her the Broadway debut performance award. Donna McKechnie contributes an excellent lustful dance. And Susan Browning should be made an honorary stewardess on all airlines that fly to Spain.

The whole collaboration is totally successful. Indeed, so accurately does *Company* reflect New York life that the young in heart may want to rise up and scream out their anguish at the supercomfortable, superimpersonal environment our affluent fortyish swingers so unresistingly accept. True, the show ends with commitment, but it is commitment to a highly possible reality. As a result audiences under twenty-five may find it difficult to be sorry for their elders who didn't fight the system hard enough. However, for a generation that is more stoic about its fate, *Company* evokes plenty of humor to balance its underlying sadness. Furthermore, as a work of art it has remarkably distilled the essence of today's middle-generation New York life.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

AS ITS INAUGURAL production, Florida State University's pleasant new 505-seat theater here presented the world premiere of Gian Carlo Menotti's first play *The Leper*. The new work is set in a twelfth-century Byzantine kingdom, where a young prince is denied his rightful crown because he has caught leprosy. However, his mother, the queen, gives him his other legal right, the inheritance of his father's wealth. This leads to corruption and insurrection, and regretfully the Queen must order the death of her son.

The succession of tense emotional confrontations emerges as word arias that often seem redundant without music, and, although Holmes Easley's costumes and settings are rich and the performance by a mixture of students and imported professionals is smooth, *The Leper* emerges as a libretto in search of a score.



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An arm can tell us a lot. It can tell us, for example, how often it can perform a motion without tiring — before its owner is even aware of fatigue.

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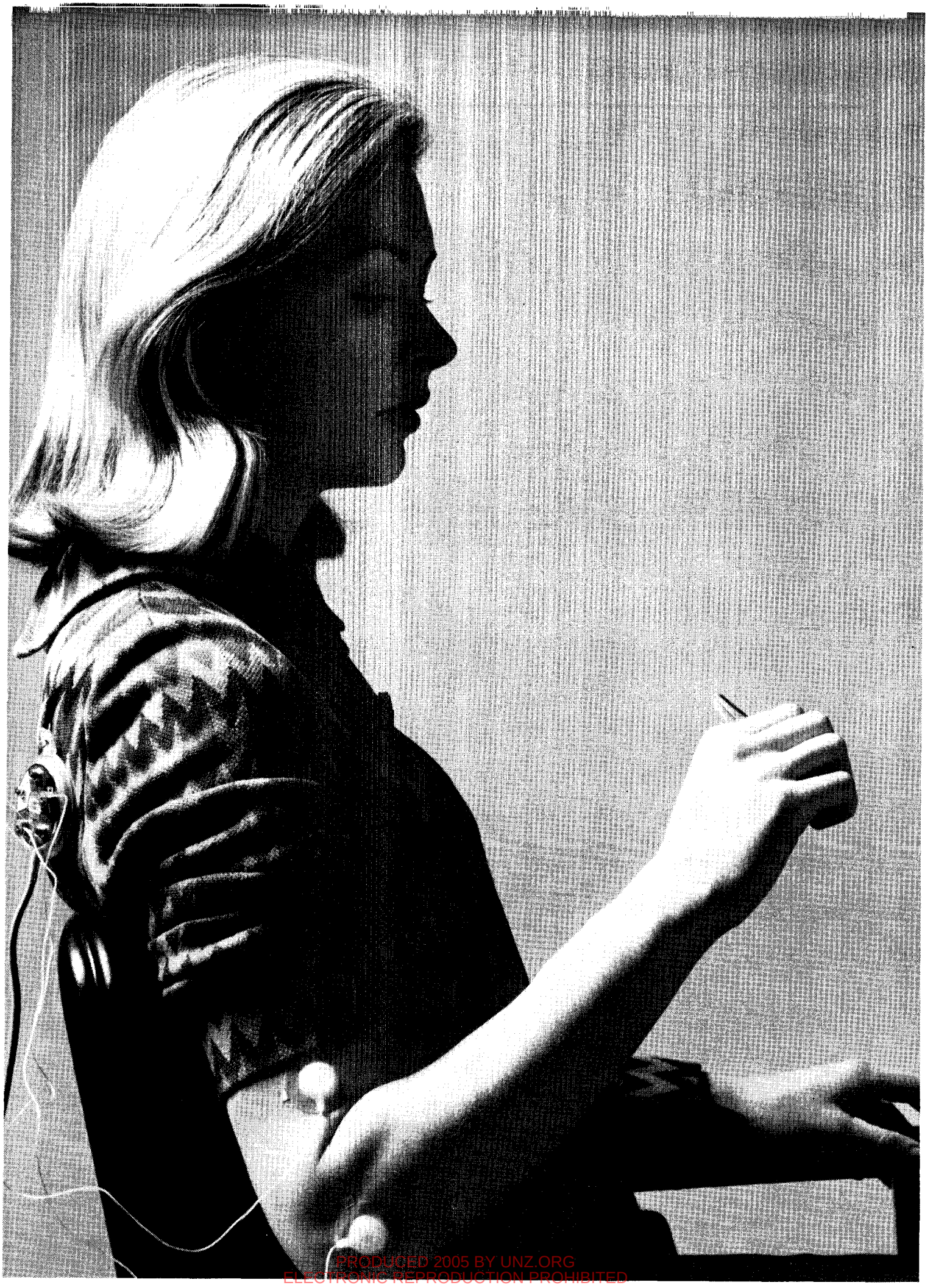

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Now Hear This Now

IT DIDN'T BOTHER ME too much when the letter carrier didn't drop off any mail here for five or six days. I didn't know they were on strike. I thought it was the normal mail delivery.

I only realized President Nixon had called out the troops when a soldier came in, saluted smartly, and handed me a post card, as he sang a chorus of "How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm After They've Seen Paree?"

Strikes are the order of the day, and one learns to accommodate himself to them. But looming out there in the offing is another strike that, despite the sympathy I have for the cause, I'm certain I won't be able to cope with.

It's the strike recently announced by the National Organization for Women (NOW), at a meeting in Des Plaines, Illinois. The plan is for a nationwide strike for the liberation of women, to begin August 26, the 50th anniversary of the Nineteenth Amendment.

NOW wants equal stature NOW. The girls want men to stop stereotyping women for certain jobs NOW. And they mean NOW. (NOW as in "Get that lawn mowed NOW!" Or as in "Get your feet off that couch NOW!" Or as in "Turn off that football game NOW!")

The No. 1 woman of this feminist movement is Mrs. Betty Friedan. She considers men to be the No. 1 enemy of NOW. She indicates that men have made the rules, and that's the way all women, who make up 53 per cent of the population, have had to play it.

Untrue. In the first place, Betty baby, you can't put all the onus on the men for that imbalance in female births. It takes two to tango. And as for the rules, well, they were set down long, long before you. Or even me. It was the day the first No. 1 woman had broken a rule by eating that apple.

That's when the original rules were made; in some anger, I admit. See Genesis 3:16: Unto the woman He said, "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

I hate to pull Genesis on you instead of Emmeline Pankhurst. I can hear you saying, Betty baby, that Eve baby should have stood up to Him. NOW! But you will admit, it's difficult to start a feminist movement, much less a strike, with just a snake on your side.

This projected NOW strike on August 26 is not going to be just an ordinary strike, what with that majority of the population. And if President Nixon acts as courageously as he did in the postal strike, he will have no alternative but to call in the troops. The Army demonstrated it could take on the postal jobs; it can certainly take over all the womanly duties. Well, almost all.

And that "almost" brings us to Lysistrata, a gal who hung around Athens some years ago and who started her own feminist movement. It was in the twenty-first year of the Peloponnesian War (substitute Vietnam for NOW) that Lysistrata baby got all the wives in town to move with her into the Acropolis Hilton, and stay away from their husbands until they would stop the war. That feminist strike had the shortest mediation conference on record.

Mrs. Friedan sees no Acropolis in her strike. That appeal, indeed, runs contrary to her philosophy. She merely urges all women in the nation to cover their typewriters, unplug their switchboards, put down their mops, and sit back until men stop discriminating against them in the offices, in the home, and in their thinking.

Mrs. Friedan is a sharp debater on sex discrimination. Confronted by a girl heckler who said, "I don't agree with most of your adamant ideas. I feel that as a woman I can conquer any attitude that comes along," our Betty replied, "That's an Aunt Tom concept." Now she's even taking over our good old Uncle Tom.

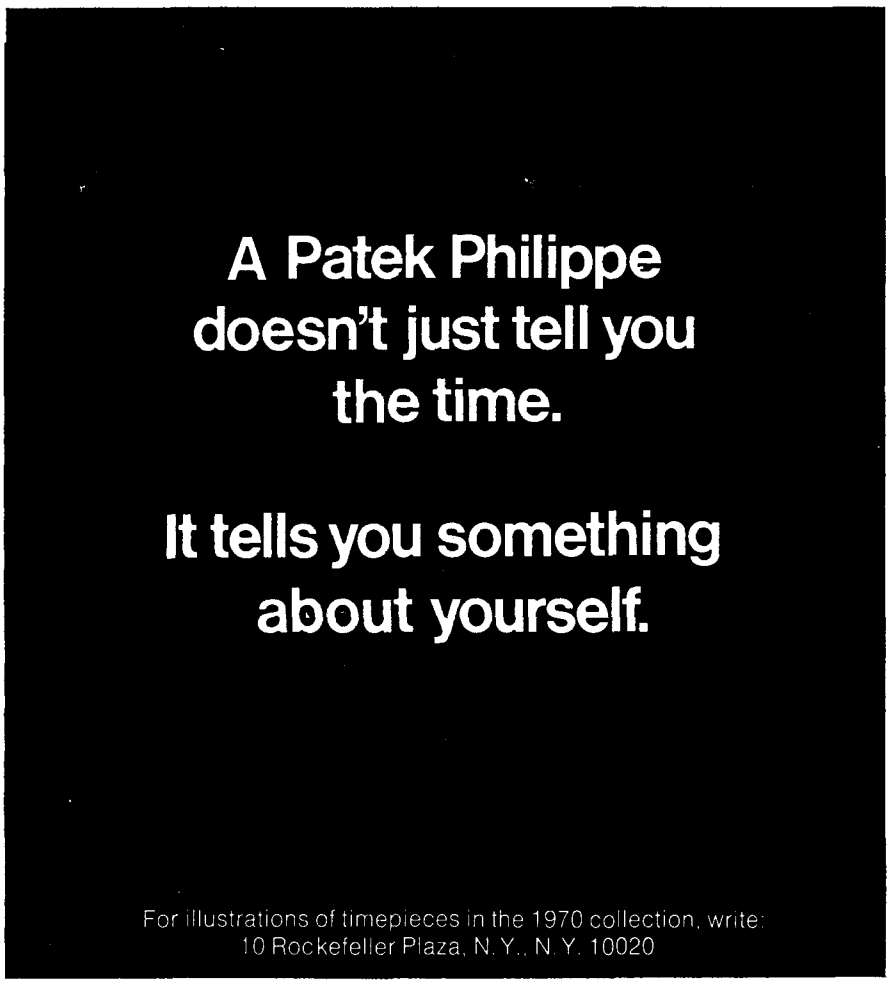
It seems to this note taker that when it comes to discriminating, women discriminate against women more than any men do. At a party last night, there came on the scene a beautiful woman in something less than a mini.

Six women gravitated across the room toward each other for a huddle, and the consensus was, "Get a load of Mrs. Fashion Plate with those piano legs."

Actually, all pianos I've ever seen had beautiful legs, symmetrical, highly waxed, and, if you let your mind play on it, sexy looking.

And since I'm out so far on this limb, allow me to mention the late, unforgotten Marilyn Monroe. Now there was a feminist movement!

I can hear ballpoints from coast to coast scratching up a storm. Dear Lord, isn't it about time for another postal strike?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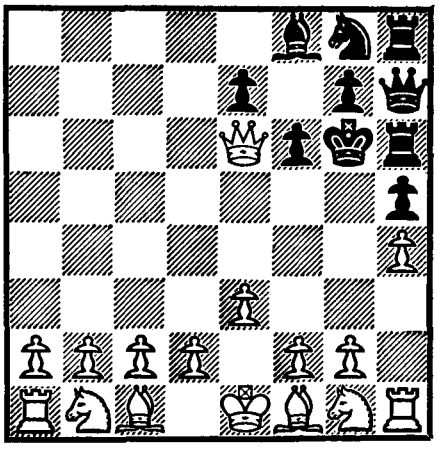
Chess Corner No. 152

Paladin of paladins, wily Sam Loyd, greatest American problem composer, discombobulated, confounded, and confused Caissa's addicts oft in the silly night. Out of his rambunctious repertoire of standard orthodox and esoteric riddles comes one quaint item in which White and Black cooperate from the initial position of the game to reach a stalemate in ten moves!

With malice aforethought (and a-hindthought)—and with typical Loydian legerdemain—he gives the solution as though annotating an actual game—between Patzer and Duffer. The moves are:

	White Patzer	Black Duffer		White Patzer	Black Duffer
1	P-K3	P-QR4	6	QxPch	K-B2
2	Q-R5	R-R3	7	QxNP	Q-Q6
3	QxQRP	P-R4	8	QxN	Q-R2
4	QxBP	QR-R3	9	QxB	K-N3
5	P-KR4	P-B3	10	Q-K6	stalemate



Stalemate!

As is eminently clear, Duffer is stalemated on the tenth move. Realization of that fact, however, hasn't as yet reached Duffer. Intently, he seeks a move. And while he seeks, his time runs out; the flag on his clock falls.

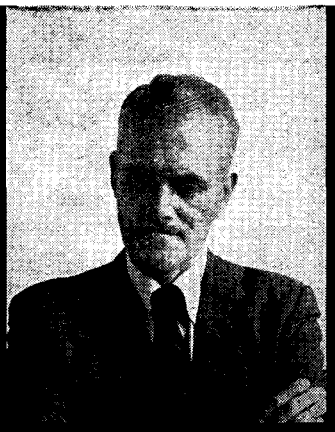
Question: Is Duffer forfeited?

Perhaps so, perhaps no. The question is purely academic. In over-the-board play, however, stalemate represents a full half-point of blood, sweat, and tears, of low sly cunning.

In our own career, we inveigled master Max Pavey, a former Scottish champion, into this subterfuge. And we were almost enticed into a "stale" by once United States champion Arnold Denker. And, by the same token, seven-time United States champion Sammy Reshevsky fell victim to the esoteric tactic, executed by Carl Pilnick, once a Marshall Chess Club champion.

We carry a special mask to reveal our red pallor the moment we are on the south end of this baited trap.

—Al Horowitz.



"I go home at night and try to justify what I do... to kids who question the establishment."

A research director in one of the country's leading pharmaceutical companies speaks his mind . . . and asks you to speak yours.

You're part of the establishment, my kids tell me. Your company makes profits from sick people while you sit in the laboratory doing research of doubtful value.

That's tough to take. And I read and hear the same things occasionally in the papers, the best magazines, on TV. Now and again I'm inclined to wonder why I'm in this business . . . until I'm back at the bench, mulling over a new structure that one of our scientific teams created. After thousands of steps and many years of faltering progress, we've been able to recreate in the lab what nature does daily, in an instant, in your body . . . simply and beautifully. We've managed to get a look deep inside a molecule and discover a nuance of life . . .

Our discovery may someday help eliminate genetic defects, or it may even open avenues to whole new concepts of therapy.

I feel sure that I spent those years usefully. My industry, employing some 20,000 scientists and research people, and using its income from sales to finance more than half a billion dollars in research and development each year, has, by and large, used that money well. We are also accepting the smallest percentage (1.5) of government research money of any major industry.

Our efforts have been extraordinarily productive. Of 528 new drugs originated in the U.S. from 1940 to 1968, about 90 percent came from pharmaceutical industry laboratories.

I'm proud of that record . . . It is good evidence that our system, by holding out the prospect of appropriate rewards for innovations in medicine, can function efficiently to meet the needs of people . . . I can't imagine anything more worthwhile.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Ordinary kids aren't the only ones who say the darnedest things—so do college kids. Charlene Kerne, for example, graduate instructor in English at the University of Arkansas, reports that she asked her freshman class in literature the question, "What was Hamlet's tragic flaw?" "He was," one student replied, "allergic to poison."

On the other hand, Marion Crush, of the San Bernardino County Free Library, was shown a line written by a tenth grade student in the top English class at Chino High. "Ernest Hemingway," the student wrote, "was an American author who won the pullet surprise."

As if this weren't enough, also on the Pulitzer front Fred Wagner, of Marfa, Texas, sent us a headline from the El Paso *Times*:

PULITZER
PRIZE PEST
AT NMSU

Turned out it was heralding the visit, to New Mexico State University, of Archibald MacLeish. In any case, the prize for the fortnight's most indefatigable correspondent went to John Domrose, of Toledo, Ohio. Mr. Domrose declared that he had been distressed by what he called "the current trend in hyphenization," and he promptly culled, from the Toledo *Blade*, dozens of horrendous examples:

League fans, whom NBC deprived of the final, crucial minutes

the sleeves and advance boldly, bellowing threats in order

also were found in a wastebasket in the apartment, along

At that time, the racetrack property was in the county.

the mileage of, say, a Volkswagen which returns up to

He trained for it like a boxer. "While making the film, I

nomic situation which beclouds the high artistic achieve-

previews a new filmstrip on sexual standards, and to hear a

"The one," Meredith said with a snicker, "that has all the locked doors."

sometimes I sew it to my apron."

As to the charge of mediocrity, Mr. Nixon replied that

The min-
imovie deals with

"Operation Moo Moo"—a church-sponsored drive to send at

In a trip of lasts, the most poignant moment came when the

time they had looked at the eclipse.

Regardless of where you happen to stand on the important matter of hyphens, you will have to concede that there was one great quote during the fortnight—in fact the best answer yet to Vice President Agnew. And it was delivered by none other than Mayor Lindsay himself—at the fifth "all news" anniversary of New York radio station WINS: "The license to broadcast over the public airwaves," Mr. Lindsay said, "is more than an invitation to mirror the public mood."

For ourselves during the fortnight, we journeyed up to New Haven and, on a panel with Yale man Dick Cavett, Jack Newfield, and Luigi Barzini, discussed the burning question "Is Television Destroying American Culture?" A more immediate burning question for us, however, was how the 588 girls at Yale were working out. One pretty Yalee, Virginia Dominguez, from Montevideo, Uruguay, thought it was all working fine—even on weekends when she admitted the 8 to 1 boy-girl ratio was changed due to what she called "imports" from neighboring girls' colleges. She told us she took many courses where she was the only girl—one with seventy-five boys—and we asked her how this squared with her feelings about the women's liberation movement. "There is a difference," she said quietly, "between being equal and being the same."

As for the Yale boys, at least one we met up there, John Jeffries, had long thoughts. "Girls who want to go to Yale," he said, "are understandable. Boys who want to go to Vassar, though—that's something else again. I can't imagine anything worse than a history class with all women except for one man. Women do tend to focus, so, on the particular."

Elsewhere, Mrs. Carl Anderson, of Clayton, Missouri, sent us a report from the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* that, no matter what the women's liberation groups think, the Weather Bureau has declared that the first hurricane this year is going to be called Alma, and not Ambrose, Aardvark, or anything else.

The uproar started, the article stated, when Roxy Bolton, of the National Organization of Women, stormed into the National Hurricane Center in Miami and demanded that hurricanes be called something else. "Women are not disasters, destroying life and communities and leaving a lasting and devastating effect," Miss Bolton said.

The Weather Bureau, noting the 1970 names as Alma, Becky, Celia, Dorothy, Ella, etc., also noted that Roxy had been on the 1968 list, but that no season had ever had enough hurricanes to get past Martha. We liked best, however, the headline over the article:

WEATHERMEN STAND FIRM
AGAINST STORMING WOMEN

We knew, when the chips were down, we could count on *those* weathermen.

Finally, on the same front, there has appeared abroad an organization of liberated female Dutch students. This outfit has not only declared war on men's privileges but has gone two steps further. For one thing, they whistle at men in the streets. For another, they pinch them.

This pinching is done affectionately, the report stated, but still it worried us. Somehow we couldn't get out of our mind the picture of a group of Italian men out of an evening's stroll. They happen on those Dutch girls, and, in the time-honored manner of Italian men, take up their prepared positions by which the girls must pass. But then we also saw those Dutch girls, and what were they doing? Taking up *their* prepared positions. It was a terrible picture, all right. The war between the sexes had sure come to a pretty pass. Or rather, perhaps, to no pass at all.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1882)

(A) TALENT TO AMUSE:
SHERIDAN MORLEY

Coward is surely the only entertainer on the brink of his seventies of whom it can honestly be said that one has not the remotest idea what to expect next. . . . asked once how his friends would know when he had given up, Noel replied, "They can follow my coffin."

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OUT OF PLACE IN AMERICA

Confessions of a Chauvinist

by PETER SCHRAG

On May 10, 1940, after eight months of what some people then called "the phony war," the German Army and Air Force attacked the Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxembourg, thereby beginning the military rout that led, in a few weeks, to the fall of France and the occupation of most of western Europe. We—my parents, my grandmother, and I—were living in Brussels then, and had been living there ever since the autumn of 1939 when the Germans and Russians invaded Poland and the phony war began in the West. We were German Jewish refugees by way of Luxembourg, refugees of illusion who relied on Belgian neutrality and the willingness of Hitler to honor it. I knew little of those things then, except that, as a boy of nine going to school in a Brussels suburb, I had begun to call myself a Belgian.

The ensuing year constituted one of those common European adventures of wartime flight and survival: an abortive attempt to escape the German armies that led as far as Boulogne on the French coast, a forced return to Brussels, and, ultimately, a successful escape; forged papers, professional smugglers (and amateurs), a cooperative railroad engineer who stopped a train just ahead of a Nazi control post, midnight walks across guarded frontiers, the fear of Gestapo calls in the night that never came, and, in the spring of 1941, the ship from Lisbon to New York. But what lingers most, after thirty years, is the response of that boy of nine—not quite nine—to the events of May 10. I remember thinking, as the bombs fell on Brussels that sunny Friday morning, that a world was coming to an end, that things would never be the same again. It seems a strangely precocious thought for a small person whose horizons rarely extended beyond the few blocks that a bicycle could take him. I played hooky that day; I had been sent to school as usual, met a friend on the way, and the two of us bought a pack of cigarettes—"Boules Américaines"—found an empty lot, and smoked. I had never been truant before; I had—needless to say—never smoked. I'd been a nice, obedient boy. But the things which sustained all that—those things had collapsed.

Perhaps it has always been that way. Perhaps we know, and have always known, that stability and permanence are just literary or political fiction, that worlds are constantly coming to an end, and that men always wonder, as I did that morning, where they will be many years hence. But we have always assumed otherwise—always, that is, until modern war, revolution, and technology became not merely impositions on accepted patterns of life but the patterns themselves. On May 10, if I am correct, I became a member of a generation whose passion for loyalties was to be in constant tension with the world's inability to accept them. The things to which we attached ourselves had the fatal habit of crumbling in our clutches. Families, nations, ideas, convictions, all had pitifully short lives, which always left us looking for new homes and always willing, as far as strength and talent allowed, to forge new identities and seek new homes. The war itself was the greatest of our causes—not just for those of us who had escaped Hitler, but for most of the Americans whom I came to know during those years. None of us knew then that it was to be the last of the great causes and that the war itself represented not rectification and restoration but the beginning of an age that had to learn to take irony for granted. The great crusade turned into the cold war and the threat of nuclear destruction—the permanence, that is, of change and annihilation. The assassinations of John F. Kennedy and Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, the failures of integration and the New Frontier, the war in Asia and its measured yet distinct steps of escalation—all these things came to be reminiscent of the morning of May 10. They were reminders of a past when I was not yet an American; reminders not of other identities, but of moments when identities and ideas were driven into exile. Each was a loud rap on the door, an awakening when bombs were falling and a world was coming to an end.

Becoming an American in New York was the second of many conversions. I had begun school in Luxembourg, had learned to speak its dialect, then converted to French in Brussels, then to English as spoken in Queens and Brooklyn. There were to be more conversions later, each of them cheerfully undertaken and, on the surface, successfully accomplished: the legacy of WASPiness at Amherst College in the early Fifties, the drawl of West Texas, and then the growing suspicion that no voice, no style—no matter how great its attractions—was either central or safe from assault, and that none was fully capable of absorbing outsiders who had known or could be identified with other things. For the few minority group students (as such matters were defined twenty years ago), the initiation offered by an Ivy League college meant sublimation or rejection of ethnic styles; it required one to abandon his blackness or his Jewishness and to become, as much as possible, a WASP.

A good deal has begun to change in

This article is adapted from *Out of Place in America*, a collection of essays by Peter Schrag, to be published by Random House in February.

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"Everywhere but here history was the enemy of man. This is what made America simultaneously so attractive and so infuriating to those Europeans who understood the innocence in our idealism."

the intervening years; minorities (especially blacks) are developing new forms of ethnic consciousness and power, and the "mainstream" has become less substantial and less attractive—powerful as an economic and political force, but lacking cultural initiative. To be a genuine American, in other words, involved—at best—choices between versions of Americanism; the choices, depending on skin color and previous conditions of servitude, were often limited. It was probably true when I went to college, and it is certainly true now: After some experience at the center—after what used to be called Americanization—there are new flirtations with the periphery. The third generation (in state of mind, if not in order of birth) tries to establish its special place, or to find once more its forgotten ethnic roots. Despite the rhetoric of the melting pot, we are still a pluralistic nation—more pluralistic now, perhaps, than we were twenty years ago. To live or to grow up in America in 1970 is to search for a center that doesn't fully exist.

For almost half a century—at least since Ortega—we have spoken with assurance and familiarity about mass culture without fully understanding what was meant. It is certainly true that traditions have been destroyed and rituals forgotten under the pressure of mass media homogenization, bureaucracy, technology, and common public schools. And yet, if these things have tended to enervate the mainstream—as they surely have—and if they have tended to enforce compulsive consumerism, the anxieties of the good wife and mother, they have also created counterforces: new minorities, new voices, new cultures. Student revolt, black revolt, women's liberation, rock music, new dress and hairstyles—none of these things is conceivable as it exists without some assistance from the media. Anger in Newark gives style and occasion to anger in Detroit; black men may know that they are brothers, but television makes the anger visible and coordinates its expression. The media transmit the cataclysms that mark beginnings and ends, creating varieties of consciousness and style not only in space but in time; creating, in other words, successive states of mind as different as those of the varying cultures of isolated villages. There cannot be many sophisticated Americans who have not felt at least once as I did on May 10—who have not had the sense that they are refugees of time and identity, if not of place.

To be a journalist is always to be an outsider, a man whose profession is distance. You are the perennial visitor, and after you've been at it for a while, you begin to carry the germs of Other Styles and Other Attitudes from place to place like a diseased sailor. Some town, some region may still be home, but the tensions of estrangement die hard. And yet, I find it difficult to believe that this isn't more universally the American condition of the 1970s, not because Americans are always moving on—many, sometimes forgotten, do not—but because the events and the forces we have created, and which we honor, tend to displace and destroy. *Things* move, even if we do not. The center in which Americans always believed is beset by organizational and technological complexity; it becomes unmanageable, and we all become displaced persons, minorities of outsiders whose alienation and anger vary only according to our willingness to resist the depersonalization that technology imposes. One can retreat to a padded cell, or to a suburb; or one can join the other refugees on their various trips; or one can fight. We seek new homes, are prepared to make new alliances, and enroll under new banners: youth, drugs, civil rights, peace. For a moment during the Cuban missile episode, and again in the days after John F. Kennedy was killed, the national heartbeat stopped, and we all sat at our television sets like Poles or Belgians or Englishmen in their bomb shelters, wondering what would be left when the raid was over, waiting for the all-clear and the opportunity to resume life. And those were not the first, nor were they to be the last moments we would have to face such fatal uncertainty. A man who does it once learns somehow that he will probably have to do it again. In those moments we were all passionately together; our relations to each other didn't seem to change. And yet something else, something more subtle—a measure of confidence, an element of certainty—was lost. None of us felt quite at home anymore.

For people who chose this country as immigrants, dealing with the America of 1970 is simultaneously easier and harder than for those whose ancestors arrived long ago. To the extent that we were aware of what had been, we were used to displacement, believing we were not innocents of time or place or politics. But we had also made a choice, even if that choice had often been forced upon us by fascism or economic necessity; we embraced ideas, traditions, loyalties that other Americans presumably took for granted. Now we discover—all of us—that here, too, there was fraud and self-deception, that Nuremberg may not have been justice but vengeance, and that the high ideals we wanted so much to profess existed alongside the most blatant racism and the most brutal kinds of human degradation. It was Americans who found the bones—and it will be to the nation's everlasting credit that they did—and it is Americans who are trying to rectify the injustices and

(*Continued on page* 49)

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The Monday of Mikis Theodorakis

—Hellas Press (Pix).

Mikis Theodorakis being released from Averof Prison last month.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, author of the book "The American Challenge," recently relinquished the editorship of his French newsmagazine "L'Express" in order to devote his energies to the French Radical Socialist Party, of which he is secretary-general. In mid-April there was a confluence of three events in Europe: The Greek government was about to sentence a new group of dissidents, among them the French-Greek author Jean Starakis; the Council of Europe was to meet in Strasbourg, where it would probably censure Greece for its repressive attitudes; and the Greek junta was preparing to celebrate its third anniversary, the luster of which would hardly be improved by the Council's rebuke. Over the weekend of April 11-12, Servan-Schreiber, acting as an independent agent, flew to Athens in an attempt to intercede with Greek Prime Minister George Papadopoulos on behalf of the dissidents—much to the annoyance of the Pompidou government, which announced that it had been conducting its own negotiations for the release of Starakis. The French Ambassador in Athens was instructed to advise Greek Foreign Minister Panayotis Pipinelis that France did not wish to have Starakis delivered to Servan-Schreiber. It is alleged that in exchange for this assurance, the French promised not to vote for censure against Greece in the Council of Europe. After meeting with Mr. Papadopoulos, Servan-Schreiber did manage to win freedom for the jailed Greek composer Mikis Theodorakis, whom he flew to Paris on Monday, April 13. The following account of the incident in "L'Express" was written by Jacques Boetsch, an editor of the magazine, and is reprinted with permission.*

by JACQUES BOETSCH

Summer comes quickly to Athens, and by early afternoon the city is asleep, prostrated by the sun. Monday, two steps from the sea, on the former international airport, which has become the property of Aristotle Onassis's Olympic Airways, the light is brutal. At the end of an unbearably white runway, 200 yards from the buildings, a small plane waits. It, too, is white. It is a Lear Jet, a twinjet of Euralair, the tourist company, ready to take off. A black limousine, followed by a steel-gray car, rolls onto the field. Fabien Lacombe, a newspaperman, tall, thin, slightly stooped, about fifty, correspondent of Agence France-Presse, bounds toward one of the passengers who is already headed for the plane.

"Too bad, M. Servan-Schreiber, that you are leaving empty-handed."

"Look again at who's walking in front of you."

Mikis Theodorakis, world-renowned Cretan composer, author of the music of *Zorbá the Greek*, former leftist deputy, arrested, tortured, imprisoned, deported at each spasm of Greek democracy, leans on the shoulder of his wife, Myrtho. Hair disheveled, face marked with illness—tuberculosis that he had thought cured has caught up with him in his last prison—he crushes in his giant's grasp the hand of the French correspondent, but, with a haggard mien, he finds no words to speak and, finally, embraces him in silence.

A half-hour earlier, a few miles from there, on the route of the Marathon runner, guards had come to Theodorakis's room at the Sotira hospital, a long ocher and yellow barracks. He had thought they were going to take him back to the Oropos concentration camp, where he had just spent six months—after twenty-four at Zatouna—and he had gathered together all his belongings. In the courtyard, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber was waiting for him with Colonel Paraskevos Ioannidis, head of Prime Minister George Papadopoulos's cabinet: "Do you want to go back with me to Paris?" asked Servan-Schreiber. Theodorakis could answer nothing but: "Are you joking?"

The reason. This is the story of the news that flashed around the world—the news of the exploit of a politician who, before becoming the secretary-general of the Radical Party, was a journalist. It was also the beginning of a new debate which ran all that week through Europe, from Athens to Paris, to Strasbourg, to Bonn, and to Stockholm. What policy should Europe adopt toward the Greece of the colonels who were about to celebrate the third anniversary of their coup d'état?

In Strasbourg on Wednesday the Council of Europe replied by again condemning the Athens regime, just as it had done once before, on December 12. Threatened with exclusion from the organization, Greece had at that time been obliged to take the initiative and withdraw, in spite of the desperately ingenious efforts of Panayotis Pipinelis, a frail, old man with a heart condition. He was supported to the very last moment by the French, who favored a compromise.

In Strasbourg, France again was separated from its partners. It was the only country, with Cyprus, not to vote for the resolution accusing the Greek government of violating the European Convention of the Rights of Man, and "inviting the government urgently" to abolish immediately all torture, to free the prisoners, to re-establish freedoms, and to organize free elections.

Jean de Lipkowski, French Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, had a technical excuse all ready to present to his colleagues of the Committee of Ministers at Strasbourg: France has not yet ratified the European Convention. But he did not hide his government's position that France did not consider the isolation of the Greek state to be the best method of encouraging a satisfactory evolution of the situation. De Lipkowski had a good reason for abstaining, which he did not give. In Athens, the French Ambassador, Bernard Durand, former assistant director of Maurice Couve de Murville's cabinet, had been charged by his government to tell Mr. Pipinelis that it was "not proper" to hand over to Servan-Schreiber another prisoner, the French journalist Jean Starakis, who had a Greek father

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and who had been condemned the previous Sunday to eighteen years in prison for participation in a terrorist ring. France demanded assurance that on the forthcoming day of his liberation Mr. Starakis would be handed over to the French government and no other. Otherwise, France could not answer for its vote at Strasbourg.

The question. Considering the outcome of the poker hand played between Servan-Schreiber and Prime Minister Papadopoulos, head of the junta (which on Monday wrested the freedom of Theodorakis), one could assume that the majority of Papadopoulos's government are not very good players. On Tuesday, the Quai d'Orsay published a communiqué saying that since August it had been working on behalf of Starakis, and that on March 26, the eve of the trial of the thirty-four intellectuals, it had obtained the promise that once condemned he would be deported. The same day, coming down several rungs on the ladder, Alain Terrenoire, Deputy (Union des Démocrates pour la République) from the Loire, asked the Prime Minister a question to which it will be difficult to find a pertinent answer: "Under what conditions was a large-scale publicity operation able to be set up around the arrival in France of a celebrated Greek composer?" And on Wednesday, in the Council of Ministers, Maurice Schumann dwelled at length upon the "humanitarian endeavors" undertaken by himself and his department. They were real endeavors, but he recalled them with growing resentment.

In the wings, people were conjecturing, saying worse things: That the operation had been set up "with a far-reaching assist" by Servan-Schreiber, suggesting that he had "accomplished it with the CIA and the guarantee of the colonels."

In fact, the operation had begun much more simply during the night of Friday the tenth and Saturday the eleventh: Greek exiles in Paris received frantic telephone calls and telegrams from relatives and friends still in Greece. In a one-and-a-half-hour radio and television press conference, Papadopoulos, former colonel of the KYP, Greek Intelligence Division, who for years prepared the coup and who, since April 21, 1967, has been the master of Greece, addressed the country and demanded that exemplary penalties be meted out to the accused whose trial was about to end, for they had produced bombs and made criminal attempts on life. All Greece believed that the death penalty demanded by the prosecutor would be pronounced and that the principal defendant, Dionysios Karayorgas, would be executed within seventy-two hours. In Athens, the politicians of the old regime were already preparing the protests that they would publish.

Opinion. In Paris, the émigrés decided to mobilize opinion and try to alert political leaders and personalities: François Mitterand, Michel Rocard, François Mauriac, Raymond Aron, André Malraux. A Cretan university student, twenty-nine years old, Michel Papayanakis, studying law in Paris, was able, through friends at *L'Express,* to arrange a meeting with Servan-Schreiber.

Saturday morning at 10:45 Papayanakis arrived at the Boulevard de Courcelles. He was pale and shaken. Servan-Schreiber was getting ready to leave for Luxeuil, where he was supposed to attend the funeral of the former Radical minister André Maroselli. He listened, impassively, to the young Greek for a minute or two, then, looking him in the eyes, asked him: "Well, what do you want me to do?" The young Papayanakis asked him to intervene with Jacques Chaban-Delmas. "No, it is too late, but isn't it possible to be received by Mr. Papadopoulos?" Mr. Papayanakis replied that there is a 90 per cent chance. Why, how?

Because, said the student, Servan-Schreiber and *The American Challenge* are very well known in Greece, and the colonels know that he is close to influential people in the United States and Europe, because they know he is not a Communist. How should they proceed? Papayanakis suggested several personalities who, from abroad, could reach the colonels.

Servan-Schreiber left for Luxeuil in a Mystère Jet 20. At 4:30 p.m. he was back at Le Bourget Airport to get the Lear Jet that took off less than an hour later for Athens.

Nine p.m. in a new quarter in the west end of Athens. In a square that doesn't yet have a name, on the sixth floor of a building with large bay windows, the military tribunal is judging the thirty-four professional "terrorists," students, lawyers, and members of the Democratic Defense Network. Behind white wood desks sit the five military judges, the prosecutor, and the clerks of the court. On their left sit the accused. There are three tables for the Greek and foreign press. At the bar, two "tenors" of the Athens law profession, George Mangakis, cousin of one of the accused, and Dimitrios Papaspyrou, last president of the Greek Chamber before its dissolution.

The opposition. At the same time, Servan-Schreiber, accompanied by a secretary and a young Greek-speaking French doctor, arrived at the Athens Hilton. On the roof terrace the night owls were beginning an evening that would not end until the break of day over the Acropolis in the distance. In the apartment that had been reserved for him on the fourth floor, he dropped a somewhat skimpy file on the table. It contained a list of names and a mimeographed sheet on the stationery of Hellenistic Students of Paris that reminded him: "Karayorgas will be condemned to death at 2 a.m." The hour is underlined in blue pencil.

Servan-Schreiber laid out his plan. It was 12:30 a.m. He called a French journalist to ask: "Which are the doors to knock on? Who really governs Greece—Papadopoulos, the hard-line colonels, the CIA?" Servan-Schreiber could hardly see those who represented the opposition, but only the men who occupied key posts in the bank, the government, the police, and above all the Prime Minister, who had been able to stay on course for three years despite numerous internal and external crises. Ambitious, intelligent, clever, he unquestionably had a "political head."

Telephone calls between Athens, France, and America followed one another. At 2 a.m. it was announced that the hearing of the trial would be postponed to 9 a.m. and that the verdict would not be handed down until nearly 2 p.m. A reprieve for twelve hours. In his telephone conversations, Servan-Schreiber refrained from giving the impression that he was seeking to influence the sentence. He pleaded only for a pardon. In his businessman's way, he gave those whom he was going to meet the time to make their contacts, to cover themselves.

At dawn he spoke to members of the Embassy of the United States. Reticence, a very cut-and-dried discussion.

(*Continued on page* 71)

—*Christian Taillandier.*

Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber—"He asked to take home a prisoner."

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Monjuro Kiritaki, Bunraku puppeteer—"preserving the traditional sectors of Japanese culture."

Karsh's Japanese Studies

by MARGARET R. WEISS

Photos and captions by Yousuf Karsh

As with most international fairs, there is in the 815-acre extravaganza of Expo '70 much visual evidence attesting to the widely divergent life-styles and values of the world community. One small revelation of a sizable difference in viewpoint is embodied in a group of portraits included in Yousuf Karsh's one-man show at the multimirrored Canadian Pavilion. Here, where the face of the East has met the camera of the West, the viewer discovers the special esteem in which Japan holds citizens who contribute to the continuity of its cultural heritage.

Karsh's selection of subjects underscores that nation's unique sense of responsibility toward the preservation and transmission of its traditional arts. In line with legislation enacted in 1926 to protect national treasures, the National Commission for the Protection of Cultural Properties, formed in 1954, decided that those whose knowledge of the artisan's handcraft or whose technical mastery of the performing arts was of cultural significance merited classification as "intangible cultural properties." Accordingly, they were thereafter to be regarded as "living human treasures" and "protected" by a modest maintenance stipend for life.

Currently, there are fifty-two human treasures—nineteen actors, puppeteers, dancers, and musicians, and thirty-three master craftsmen of weaving, dyeing, pottery, metal work, and lacquer ware—and Karsh's camera has captured some of the foremost among them, including Shohroku Onoe (cover photo), Roppeita Kita, and Monjuro Kiritaki.

As personalities who rank as true personages, they instinctively blend *kokushin* (only translatable approxi-

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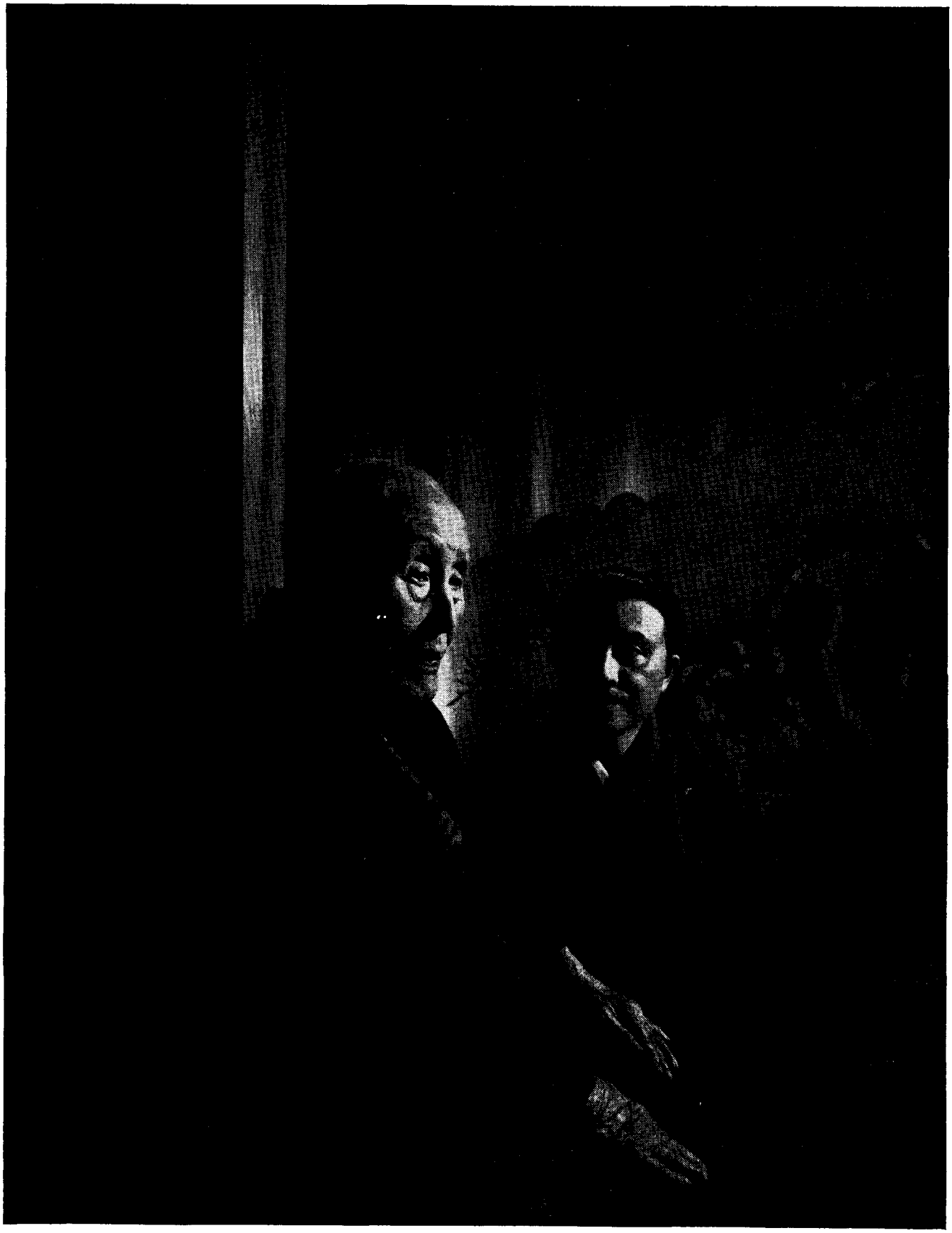

Roppeita Kita, elder of the Noh players—"intangible cultural properties."

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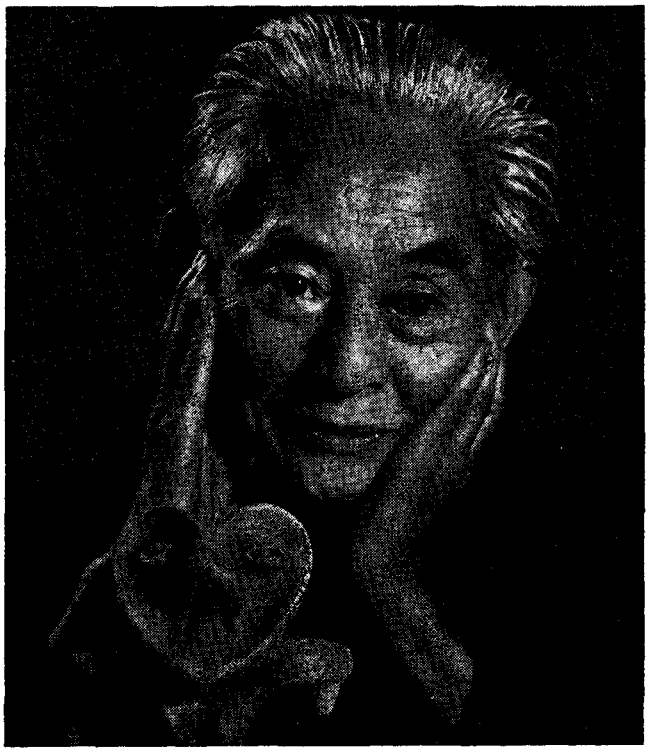
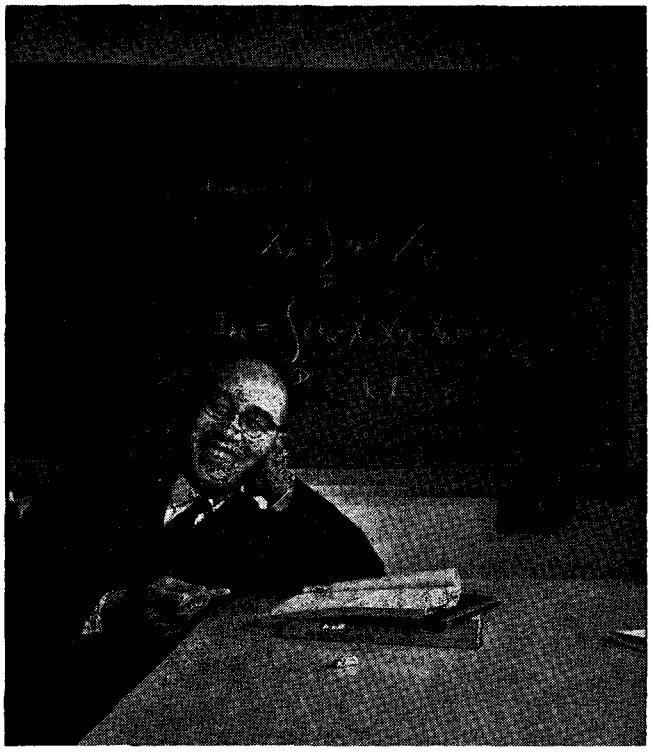
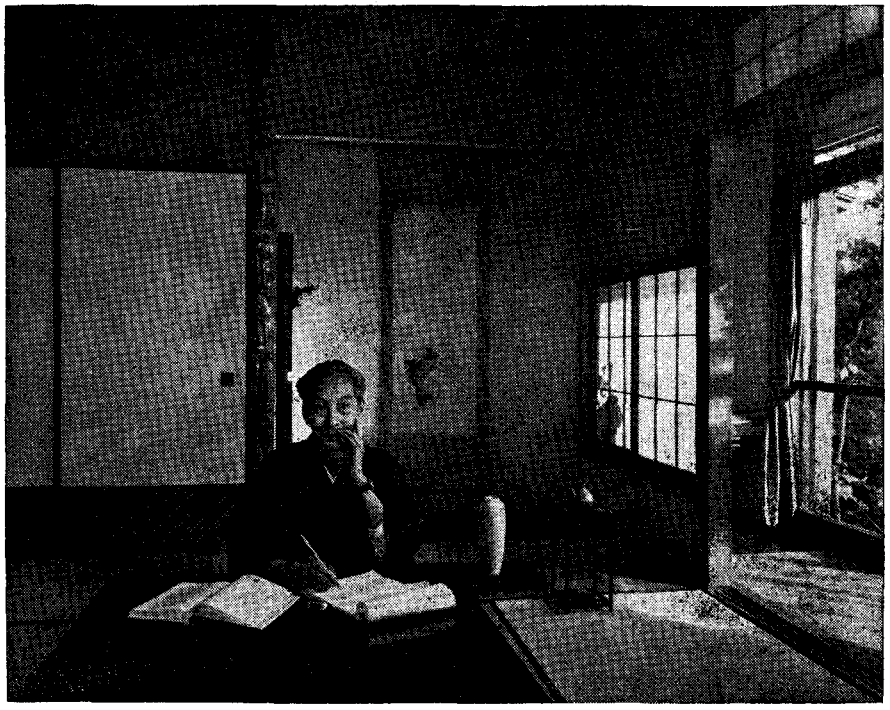


Yasunari Kawabata, Nobel Prize-winner, Literature—"This gentle author's every utterance was like the subtle beauty of his beloved Japan. I felt his compassionate nature and understood how his deceptively simple literary images—linked together—produce sudden, profound insight into his characters' souls."



Hideki Yukawa, Nobel Prize-winner, Physics—"When I asked him whether his current work was different from his Nobel Prize-winning meson theory, Yukawa replied, 'It is substantially the same. This work does not end. It fits into place like pieces of a Western puzzle, which itself extends to infinity.'"

Shinichiro Tomonaga, Nobel Prize-winner, Physics—"If he could live again, he would want to be a biologist. I was not surprised; everything about Tomonaga—the beauty of his surroundings, his humanistic interests, his inner repose—suggested someone attuned to the rhythm of life, as well as the physical laws of nature."



mately as "national spirit") with an intense dedication to their art. "Yet, they are answerable only to their own severe self-criticism and Olympian standards," Karsh points out. "Despite Japan's concessions to Westernization and enormous concentration on the development of monolithic industries, one senses at the core of the country's inner life a profound reverence for its ancient arts. . . . To date, the heat of the blast furnace has not touched the serenity of the Zen waterless garden, nor is the samisen at the Kabuki theater as yet drowned out by the Rolling Stones."

In adding to his *Men Who Make Our World* exhibit these representative individuals who are preserving the traditional sectors of Japanese culture during their own lifetimes as well as other distinguished citizens who are contributing to the contemporary disciplines of physics and the cinema, Karsh's lens has preserved their images for all time. Unfortunately, photographers are not yet on anybody's treasure list.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Across the Hudson

HACKENSACK, N.J.

BALLET WAS SELECTED to open the ambitious and impressive Festival 70 sponsored by the North Jersey Cultural Council and Bergen Community College. Across the mighty Hudson from mighty Manhattan, the Jerseyites presented not only ballet but modern dance, symphony, grand opera, drama, film, puppets, a children's dance theater, oratorio, musical theater, rock, chamber music, and a Black Expo.

For opening ballet night, the company on stage of the Orrie De Nooyer Hall was New Jersey's own Garden State Ballet, founded and directed by Fred Danieli. To give an extra gala air to the occasion, two guest stars, Violette Verdy and Edward Villella of the New York City Ballet, were on hand to present a rousing (and utterly beautiful) performance of Balanchine's *Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux*. But what was important to Jerseyites was that Danieli's company earned its own surges of applause and cheers in three varied ballets choreographed by James Clouser, resident choreographer of the troupe and formerly ballet master of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet.

First, let us take note of the closing ballet, *Yo-Ho-Ho and a Bottle of Fun* or *Long John Sylvia*, a satire on Gilbert and Sullivan, and set to three overtures (*Ruddigore*, *Pirates of Penzance*, and *Iolanthe*) by Sullivan. The plot is not derived from any one operetta; rather it is a composite of Gilbert and Sullivan elements. There are a pirate queen, orphans who prove to be lost aristocrats, empty-headed beauties who recognize nobility when they see it, and, of course, a sailor as good as he is handsome and dashing. It is an enchanting ballet by a choreographer with long experience as a musician with Gilbert and Sullivan.

The cast was a small one, but one of quality. Karen Brown was a delicious, swashbuckling Pirate Queen who, when she started to run the Sailor through with her sword, became so enamored of his good looks that the thrust turned into a dubbing on the shoulders as she knighted him. Steven-Jan Hoff, incredibly handsome, had every girlish heart fluttering off-stage as well as on, and beyond that gave a virtuosic performance involving soaring leaps, swift turns, and flashing *batterie*.

The opening ballet, *Balefire* (Grieg), is a modern evocation of the North European summer fire festivals, which have their origins in mythology. The ancient sources are suggested by the opening circle form of group movement, the oldest of dance patterns; from this ritual emerge figures representing Twilight, Winter Night, Dawn, and Sun, as well as boys and girls who are affected by the shifting presences of these symbols.

Balefire, to my mind, is still a work in progress, for the elements of ritual and the simple, warm, human expressions of the boys and girls have not yet been interrelated, either in harmony or in conflict; thus, the intent is not always clear.

Clouser's *The Water Is Wide* is really a coequal collaboration with his wife, Sonja Zarek, folk singer and guitarist, who arranged the European and American folk songs on which the ballet is based, and who sings and plays them.

It is, of course, made up of short separate songs, starting with the old American "Cumberland Gap" and closing with a new American folk rock song that says, "Do you only care about the bleeding crowd; how about a needing friend?" The gap that must be bridged is the water of the title, and the water itself represents that which separates people one from another.

Each of these danced songs has its own special dynamic, its own individual characteristic, its own paean or threnody. All of the eight episodes were appealing, but especially haunting was the duet, "Black sheep, black sheep, where'd you leave your lamb?" Linda DiBona and Robert Raimondo seemed to sing it with their bodies.

Danieli, in just ten years, has built his Garden State Ballet into a genuine asset not only for dance but for his state.

* * *

The second night of the festival was also devoted to dance, this time to modern dance as the three-year-old Repertory Dancers of New Jersey, a small but excellently trained group, offered a program of five dance works, selected by the ensemble's artistic director, Muriel Manings, a veteran of the New Dance Group, the Sophie Maslow Dance Company, and other professional companies.

The Repertory Dancers did a first-rate job of production and performing in their staging of Paul Sanasardo's *Fatal Birds* (Ginastera), capturing in their dancing something of the mystery, sinister and beautiful, evoked by sounds emanating from a tropical forest. In the completely different *Quartet* (Francesco Durante), they moved with appropriate lyricism and gentility through Ruth Currier's choreographic patterns.

The comedy number was Kathryn Posin's lively *The Closer She Gets . . . the Better She Looks* (Herb Alpert), and of its several amusing scenes, the funniest was one involving supermarket shopping carts. As the choreographer sees it, the carts are not for produce, but for people going for gay and joyous rides.

The program's novelty was *Image*, choreographed by Phillip Jonson, a member of the company, to music of Bruno Maderna and Edison Denisov. It is a dance for three. The meanings of the shifting images are not clearly defined, but the choreographer has used a motif of turning movements, done at varying velocities and in a variety of designs, most imaginatively.

The evening closed on a somber note with Miss Manings's *Winding Sheet*, suggested by Irwin Shaw's play *Bury the Dead*, in which dead soldiers rise from their graves and refuse to be reburied. The theme is pertinent to our times, Miss Manings has done a craftsman-like job of choreography, and the Repertory Dancers perform it earnestly and skillfully as they move to music of Peter Sculthorpe.

MILLBURN, N.J.

HERE, at the enchanting Paper Mill Playhouse, I had an opportunity to see yet another Jersey company, the New Jersey Ballet, directed by Matt Mattox and Carolyn Clark. Its springtime performances were not a part of the Festival 70, but they might well have been, for the company itself is most attractive, well-trained, and of professional deportment in every way.

The program I attended was a morning show especially for children, and it consisted of a ballet staging of *Hansel and Gretel* and *Westward Ho-Down*, both choreographed by Mattox. The youngsters in the capacity audience loved it all, particularly the fairy tale, and most particularly the shrieking witch of Joseph Carow (formerly of the American Ballet Theatre). We adults had fun, too, and I think most of us felt that Mr. Carow was almost as scary as Margaret Hamilton—and that is not small praise. But the junior dancers were also excellent in a program that I would warmly recommend for children (accompanied by lucky grownups) anywhere. Naturally, the troupe, which has been working for twelve years, also performs an adult repertory. The New Jersey Ballet? Another plus for dance across the Hudson from Manhattan.

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Proposal for a Think-Through Day

The young man who was driving me to his college on Earth Day had strong ideas about automobile manufacturers. He felt Detroit should be compelled by law to produce pollution-free automobiles. The car in which we were driving was built for speed. I asked the young man whether he owned the car. "You bet I do," he said, "and can it fly! It's got 300 horses under the hood and can do 120 mph from a standing start in 90 seconds."

The greater the horsepower, of course, the greater a car's thirst for gasoline. High horsepower and high pollution go together. My young friend wanted automobiles to be pollution-free. But he wanted his *own* car to have every bit of moxie the engineering genius of Detroit could squeeze into it. And so he was personally responsible for producing two or four times more carbon monoxide than would be produced by a low-horsepower car that was adequate for any reasonable transportation need. Automobile manufacturers follow the sales charts. If car buyers prefer low horsepower and low gasoline consumption, no automobile manufacturer is going to permit a competitor to meet that need uncontested.

In making the college rounds on Earth Day, I encountered other instances of disconnection between an individual's outrage over the assault on the environment and his personal polluting propensities. In one college dormitory, I saw dozens of placards in the rooms and hallways condemning environmental contamination. In some of those same rooms, I also saw electric lights blazing away and television sets going full blast—the rooms being unoccupied at the time. Electricity is generated by coal, oil, gas, or nuclear fuel. Fossil fuels put sulphur and soot in the air; nuclear fuel causes thermal pollution. I asked about the students who had left their rooms with all electrical outlets going. I learned that some of them were out participating in Earth Day activities.

These footnotes are only incidental, however, to an event that may well be unique in American history. It is doubtful if a public problem ever before was so clearly identified or commanded so much centrally focused attention and resolve. And the young people of the country are primarily responsible for bringing it about. Virtually every campus and school in the country—elementary schools included—had its own program and played a leadership role in its own community. Significantly, the students did not depend on their teachers to provide the working knowledge but took the initiative in developing the essential information themselves. It was a superb vindication of the thesis that young people ought to be given a larger role in decisions concerned with their own education.

True, there are contradictions in the students' approach to pollution, but it is not only young people who are riding horses in opposite directions. Housewives yield to no one in their opposition to poisoning of air, streams, and rivers—but they make an exception for themselves every time they use detergents. Housewives have it within their power, in a matter of weeks, to put an end to detergents. True, it might take a little more soap and personal attention to get clothes and dishes sparkling clean; but we will never clean up the environment if everyone looks to the next fellow to make a special effort.

Then, of course, there is the farmer who complains about empty beer cans thrown from passing cars onto his property—but he doesn't hesitate to use DDT and other exotic chemicals that kill insects but also kill birds and find their way into human tissue. Perhaps the situation will be brought home to the farmer when he learns that the baby at his wife's breast is nursing on mother's milk contaminated by DDT. Again, it is nonsense to say that DDT is indispensable for protecting crops. There is no better way to fortify a plant than by using compost as fertilizer. Meanwhile, however, the organic wastes that could be used for composting are being burned or dumped at sea. It's a crazy business.

The biggest contradictions of all, as might be expected, are to be found inside government itself. Federal officials talk about the need to protect the environment, but they have authorized hundreds of tons of defoliants to be dropped on the fields of South and North Vietnam; the military justification for these drops has never been explained. (For many months there were flat denials that defoliants were even being used.) The principal effect of the defoliants in Vietnam has been to poison the land and to produce an undying hatred by the Vietnamese of the country and the people responsible for using them. President Nixon has now ordered a ban on further use of defoliants in Vietnam, but it will not be easy to restore the contaminated lands.

Meanwhile, what about the fantastic stockpiles of disease germs, poison gases, and radiological weapons in the nation's arsenals? Is there any damage to the environment that can begin to compare with the horrors now being manufactured by nations—horrors that can be activated with the flick of a finger?

What we need is not just an Earth Day for speech-making and sundry activities—important though they are in creating a general resolve—but a Think-Through Day or Week in which specific responsibility is defined and detailed for individuals, groups, and government. The fight to save the environment begins with consistent, consecutive, and systematic thought.

—N. C.

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Letters to the Editor

Trump Cards at Yalta

THE ARTICLE by Professor James MacGregor Burns "FDR: The Untold Story of His Last Year" [*SR*, Apr. 11] was most instructive and focuses on one of the vital historical problems of the country. He has indicated that overemphasis on Yalta with respect to American war diplomacy has confused the issue, and yet Roosevelt's alternatives were presented only as of the time of Yalta. It is true to a large extent that, at Yalta, he "simply did not hold the cards," but perhaps he had discarded them in the prior, overall strategy.

Professor Burns emphasizes the "three solid years" in which Stalin pleaded for an invasion of France that came late for Stalin's purposes and that the Western "allies had made the Red Army take the bloodbath," but what has this to do with the quality of American or Anglo-American strategy? In many ways Burns has set forth a devastating attack on the "Germany First" strategy in his skillful account of FDR's relative helplessness at Yalta with respect to Poland and his lack of bargaining power with Stalin in regard to cooperation against Japan.

Massive American lend-lease assistance to the U.S.S.R. without requiring any postwar guarantees, increasing aerial blows at Germany, and the North African and Italian campaigns could be considered helpful to the Soviet Union, but Stalin was already a "stone wall" on the future of Poland in 1943 when both Hull and Eden made futile trips to Moscow.

After Stalingrad (early in 1943) ended the possibility of a Nazi victory in Russia, as Secretary of War Stimson indicated, the continued American concentration on Germany, in addition to the efforts of Britain and Russia while the United States had to prosecute the war against Japan virtually alone, is difficult to justify.

Even at the time of Yalta the only reason mentioned by Burns for not "bribing" Russia to enter the war against Japan was the early availability of the atom bomb. One other main reason would seem to be the decimation of the Japanese fleet in 1944 and that country's sharp decline in air power. An island nation lacking a viable navy and adequate air force would not need to be invaded.

FDR seems to have repeated Wilson's desire to think the best of his allies' motives without ample justification and to aid them to the extent possible without bargaining for anything substantial in return. He was reduced to haggling for scraps of idealism at Yalta as Wilson was at Paris, having thrown away the trump cards.

JOHN L. B. HIGGINS,
East Lansing, Mich.

In the Wake of "Hope"

THE FINAL SENTENCE of Richard L. Tobin's editorial "Decade of Hope, Legacy of Health" [*SR*, Apr. 4] on the good ship *S. S. Hope* should be given the widest publicity. He said, "At the cost of a single day's military spending by the United States we could operate twenty *S. S. Hopes* around the world for a whole year with the fantastic dividends for peace and a growing legacy of health from the world's kindest traveler."

I'll bet the period of the *S. S. Hope* in Vietnam is cherished and admired more by the natives than the whole time we have spent in the war.

Arnold Toynbee has written that history shows that man will energetically spend more time and money for destruction than construction. It is too bad we have to follow this pattern instead of the dictum of God.

HARRY F. BITTNER,
Carneys Point, N.J.

Condolences

I'D LIKE to condole with Mr. Louis Leonard Tucker, state historian of New York, whose letter [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Mar. 28] deplored lack of support for historical preservation as indicated in "The Business of Culture" [*SR*, Feb. 28].

Our town is trying to save for a Laramie plains museum the home of one of its first settlers—a typical "mansion" of the Gay Nineties period and the one thing of its kind we have. But there are only 26,000 people in our whole county, and we can't raise all the necessary funds locally. We've written to various foundations for help. No luck. We get kind and sympathetic letters advising us to consult the *Foundation Directory* for possible sources of museum support. No luck there either. Financing historical preservation doesn't seem to fit into foundation programs. Our old house will probably be demolished this summer and modern apartments built on the block.

A hundred years from now there'll be moaning because evidences of frontier culture in this area were not preserved. Or will anybody care? Perhaps what will be remembered is that in 1970 a young Denver basketball player got a contract for $1.9-million.

MRS. ALICE STEVENS,
President,
Laramie Plains Museum Association, Inc.,
Laramie, Wyo.

Storm Warning

HAVING READ John Horgan's article "Storm on the Holy See" [*SR*, Mar. 28] I should like to make the following observation: The call for "democratic procedures" in the Church shifts the emphasis from theology to politics, no more, no less.

Man is going to be extremely disappointed in God, and probably extremely unforgiving of God, when man learns that God created him with a lesser nature than His own.

How dare He!

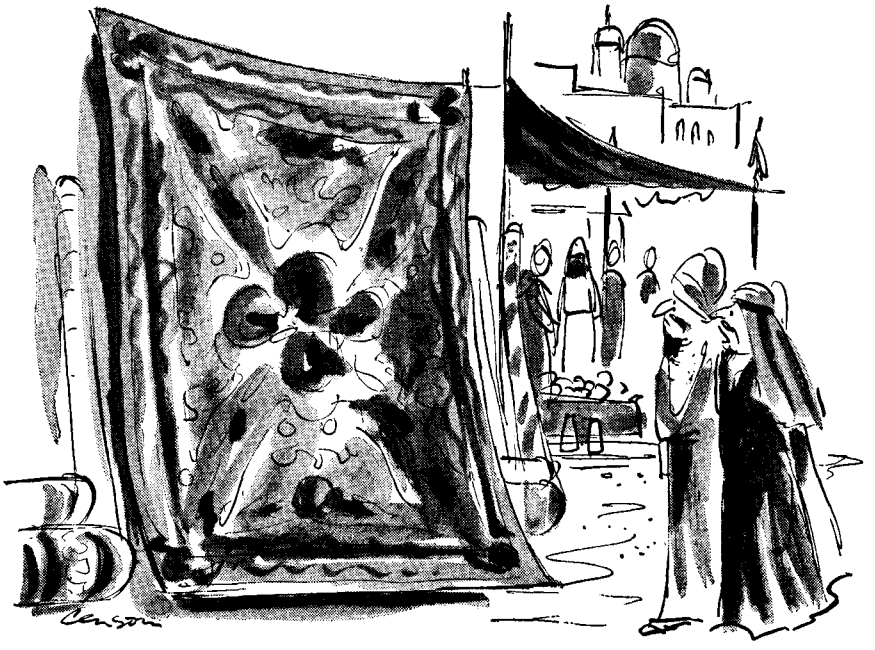
It follows, then, that man must "democratize" heaven, where everyone, God included, will be equal, God's will nothwithstanding.

PATRICK J. DAY,
Cleveland, O.

Timely Scoop

GOODMAN ACE'S archaism in "The Architect" [TOP OF MY HEAD, Apr. 18] could very well jeopardize his sidewalk superintendent's license. Even the sanitation engineer admits the *steam shovel* went out when the Panama Canal went in. It is now called the *power shovel.*

FRANK J. ARNICH,
Camarillo, Calif.



"It's gorgeous, but it will never get off the ground."

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W. C. Clark
Dean, School of Journalism, University of Syracuse

Individu
BEWA

Which of the following elements in American society constitute the greatest danger, in your mind, to individual freedom—big business, big government, or big labor?

Randall Moody
B. A. (Political Science) Creighton '65, graduate student (Journalism) University of Minnesota

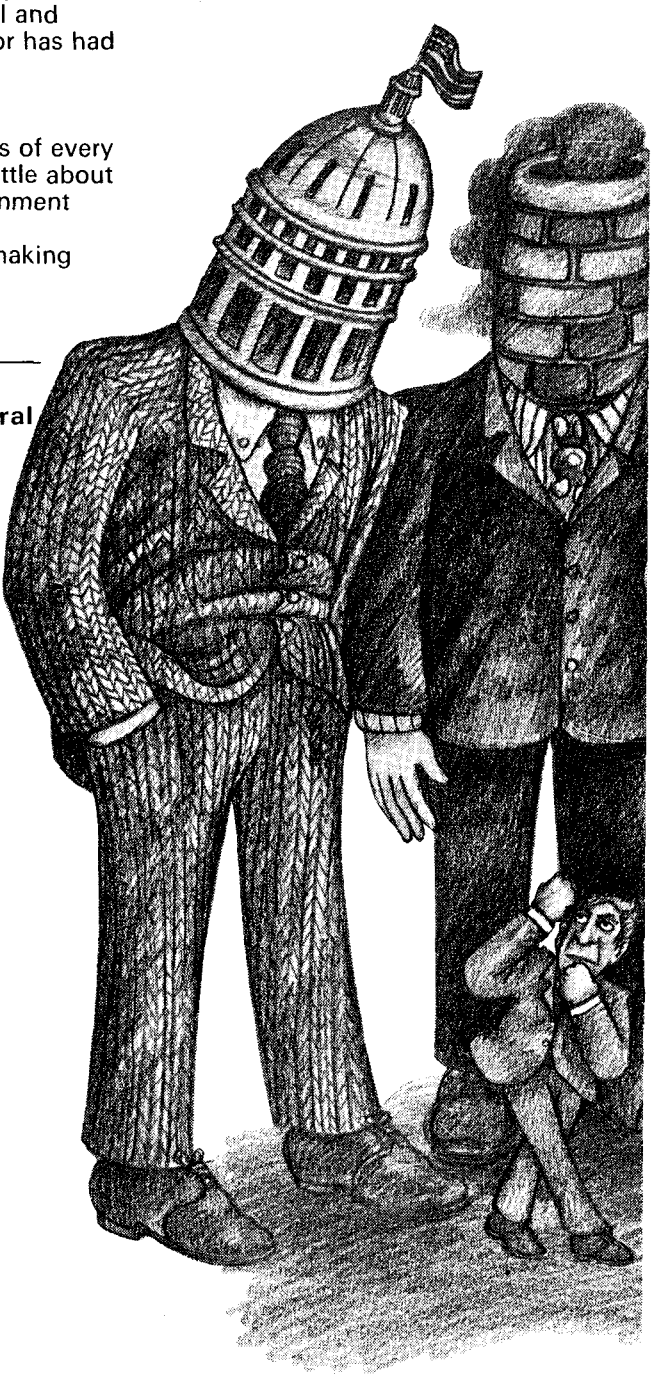
All three pose a serious problem if allowed to operate unchallenged by the individual. It is the individual in society who forfeits his freedom by disinterest and inactivity.

Big business constitutes the greatest danger to individual freedom because it offers the fewest opportunities for individual participation. Our government is still a government chosen by the individual and subject to reform by him, no matter how big it becomes. Labor has had to become big to give the individual worker an opportunity to communicate on an equal level with his employer.

Big business is responsible for situations which affect the lives of every citizen in our capitalistic society, yet that citizen knows very little about the men and the system whose policies transcend both government and labor in many areas. So much power concentrated in the hands of a few, excluding the individual from their decision-making processes, is a hazard to individual freedom.

Morris Jacob Blachman
B.A. (Political Science) Brandeis University '61, doctoral candidate (Political Science) New York University

The most serious threats to individual freedom stem not so much from "big" business, "big" labor, and "big" government as they do from a business community primarily interested in acquiring large profits with little regard for the commonweal; from a labor force primarily concerned with continually increasing its wages and job benefits—much like the profit motive of the businessman—with little or no concern for the welfare of the rest of society; from a government whose leaders are more concerned with justifying their policies and maintaining their power than they are with contributing to the solution of the problems of all the people. To view a structural characteristic—size—as the greatest danger is virtually to ignore the human element, and to blind oneself to the critical question: What are the values by which man guides his behavior and exercises his power?



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:eedom:
RE!

H. D. Doan
President
The Dow Chemical Company

Dean Clark, take that tongue out of that cheek. I think you know perfectly well that the guarantor of individual freedoms under our system of government is not big business, nor big labor, but big government, and that if there is any threat to our individual freedoms it will be because government has fallen down on the job, not someone else.

It has become stylish of late to blame everything that goes wrong on industry, whether it be the problems of the ghettoes, or the war in Vietnam, or the pollution of our air and streams.

I don't mean to imply that industry is pure and spotless, but let's at least concede that part of the blame for some of our problems may belong to others of our institutions. Let he who is without blemish cast the first stone, as The Man said, some 2,000 years ago.

It is misleading to contend that big business is a danger to individual freedom because it offers "the fewest opportunities for individual participation." On this basis the church would be the greatest threat to freedom, or perhaps the university.

Demagogs, charlatans, tyrants and fools, and others who threaten individual freedoms, are much more likely to win a place in big government (as Lincoln pointed out, "you can fool all the people some of the time") than they are in big business because business is an economic institution and eventually the penalty of a business being led by fools is bankruptcy.

Labor unions may sometimes be led by tyrants and demagogs and there have been some outstanding examples of the stifling of individual freedoms in labor unions. Because they thrive on persuasive oratory, labor unions are more prone to this kind of leadership than business concerns. Aside from exceptional cases, however, big labor has little real effect upon individual freedoms in the public at large.

It is also exceptional for big business to have any genuine impact on individual freedoms. Big business' power is economic power—not political power or social power or civil power.

Ask big business, therefore, to solve economic problems—for which it is equipped and at which it excels—and in the process it will solve some of the social problems of our day. But do not ask an economic institution to transform itself into a political or social or civil institution—to perform some function for which it was not organized in the first place.

The primary responsibility for our individual freedoms is our government, set up by a Constitution which guarantees those freedoms, and the guardians of those freedoms are the executive, the legislative, and the judicial branches of government, not labor unions or business firms.

That much said, let me add that I of course agree with Randall Moody that business, labor and government all pose a threat to our freedoms if they are allowed to operate unchallenged by an inactive and distinterested citizenry, and surely we must avoid this danger; and I also agree with Morris Blachman that the key question is not really which of these three is the biggest threat to our freedoms, but what are the values by which we exercise our power?

The misuse of power will always be a threat to individual freedoms no matter where it occurs.

Dialogue

A continuing exploration of viewpoints on definitive aspects of important issues of our times. Posed by a prominent educator, and developed by students on today's campuses, the issues are responded to by the chief executive officer of a major U.S. corporation. Objective: to stimulate discussion among the thoughtful. Viable action . . . and mutual respect . . . can follow.

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The Saturday-night prom brought out boys in tuxes and girls in full-length evening gowns, dancing sedately under the watchful eyes of the prom chaperons.

THE SWING ERA

Swing music, like rock today, was the expression of a generation, of boys and girls growing up in the 30's and 40's. In "How It Was to Be Young Then" the editors of Time-Life Records take you on a nostalgic visit to the Swing Era. You'll see how it was and what the music was all about. You'll see how youth got "in the groove," how eating goldfish, bubble-gum contests, jukebox parties, the soda fountain, a date and, of course, the big bands all played their part in growing up. Those were the days when beer was a dime a mug, and the roadster with a rumble seat was a favorite. It's all captured in exciting pictures and words in "How It Was to Be Young Then." Examine it for 10 days free. Find out how on the opposite page.

Trombonist Glenn Miller led one of the great groups that made the brilliant Swing Era glitter.

Below: Part of growing up was the chance for quiet talk, tender moods at weekend parties.

Sweater and skirt, bobby socks and saddle shoes were the "in" costume for teen-age girls, while the zoot suit (right) was mandatory for a young man who was "in the groove."

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FREE TO *Saturday Review* READERS WHO LIKE SWING MUSIC

FREE—10-day trial of the three-record album "The Swing Era: 1940-1941" (30 hit tunes on 12-inch stereo LPs)

FREE—10-day examination of the picture book "How It Was to Be Young Then" in the big-band Swing Era

Remember the great music of the Swing Era?

- Artie Shaw's *Begin the Beguine*
- Glenn Miller's *Moonlight Serenade*
- Tommy Dorsey's *Opus One*
- Benny Goodman's great *Let's Dance*

Now — hear their music re-created in today's stereo—by accepting at no obligation a whole Time-Life Records' book-and-record package containing 30 such great swing performances, complete, in modern LP stereo—with a volume of pictures and stories that tells "How It Was to Be Young Then"—in the Swing Era—yours to enjoy for 10 days free!

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THE BEST-LOVED SWING MUSIC

Your album will take you on a nostalgic — but lively! — journey back to those golden days just before America entered World War II, when Roseland was jumping and Harlem's Cotton Club echoed with the sounds of Duke Ellington and his band. You'll hear "Stealin' Apples," played just as it was by Benny Goodman at so many college proms. You'll hear "Moonlight Serenade" and "In the Mood," played just as they were by Glenn Miller at Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook or the Glen Island Casino.

Those were the golden days for the swing bands, as they played their way into the hearts of millions of Americans. And your album will bring you 30 of the hits that captivated the country . . . yours to enjoy again and again, played just as they were—*but with the magic of modern high-fidelity stereo.*

BE OUR GUEST

Listen to these 30 superb recordings and enjoy "How It Was to Be Young Then" for 10 full days as a guest of Time-Life Records. There's no cost, and you are under no obligation. Just sample this album-and-book package. If you are not delighted, simply return it, and that will end the matter.

But, if you are as delighted as we think you will be, keep "The Swing Era: 1940-1941" and enjoy a second pleasant surprise! The three 12-inch long-playing records in this great package have been recorded to the most exacting technical specifications. They are the highest-quality vinyl, identical to stereo records selling for $4.98 and more *each*; you might expect to pay $15 for the three records alone, *without* the hard-cover book. Yet, because Time-Life Records has ordered these recordings in one large economical pressing, and because we sell direct to you without the cost of retail outlets or salesmen, we can offer this three-record album for just $11.95, plus shipping and handling, in stereo, with the Time-Life Records book "How It Was to Be Young Then" included at no extra cost. Just mail the attached postage-prepaid reply card today, and we will mail you your album for 10 days' free trial.

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"The Swing Era: 1940-1941" is the first in an exciting swing-band record-and-book series created by Time-Life Records called "The Swing Era." Together, these recordings bring you the best of the great swing music, from 1930 through the memorable years when swing was capturing the hearts of millions down to the war years and the postwar boom.

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Harry James version of *Two o'Clock Jump* • *Music Makers* • *Ciribiribin* • *You Made Me Love You*

Charlie Barnet version of *Cherokee* • *Pompton Turnpike* • *Redskin Rhumba*

Tommy Dorsey version of *Lonesome Road (Parts I & II)* • *Swanee River* • *Deep River*

Benny Goodman version of *Stealin' Apples* • *Let's Dance*

Artie Shaw version of *Temptation* • *Frenesi* • *Stardust*

Les Brown version of *Bizet Has His Day*

Bob Crosby version of *South Rampart Street Parade*

Duke Ellington version of *Take the "A" Train*

Woody Herman version of *Blues on Parade*

Jimmie Lunceford version of *Well All Right Then*

Claude Thornhill version of *Snowfall*

Jan Savitt version of *720 in the Books*

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Marble Reverberations from the Fourteenth Century

by JOHN WHITE

GIOVANNI PISANO: SCULPTOR

by Michael Ayrton

Weybright & Talley, 248 pp., $20

The turbulent, overhanging cliff face of the marble quarry of San Giuliano — no single, breaking wave, but a great storm-tossed sea of stone—will seem to many contemporary eyes, I suspect, the most exciting work of art pictured in this whole splendid book. Unlike the momentary "happenings" that induce a flicker of synthetic life among the members of the cocktail or the acid sets, or in the gallery-going public of New York or Los Angeles, this is a happening of a thousand years. Here are ghosts indeed: uncounted generations of workmen breaking their bodies hacking stone out of the cliff for century after century; sculptors known and unknown, and the forms and fantasies they dreamed and coaxed and chiseled, or failed to chisel, from the man-made debris of the hillside. It is the message of Michael Ayrton's book that Giovanni Pisano's stature is fully revealed only as—with time, weathering, and neglect—the figures he carved from the green young marble sink back once more into quarry stone. Pisano was one of the small handful of the greatest sculptors in the history of the Western world.

Henry Moore, who wrote the short introduction, declares that it was not until he was able to see for the first time at close quarters the weather-beaten figures from the baptistry at Pisa and the façade of the cathedral at Siena that he fully realized the greatness of Giovanni. To him, this greatness lies "particularly in the sense of understanding and using three-dimensional forms to affect people, to portray human feelings and character, to express great truths." The sight of some of these enormous figures, "so eroded by exposure to the elements as to seem stripped of all corporeal detail" (and now housed for their safety in the Museo di San Matteo at Pisa and the Museo dell'Opera del Duomo in Siena) overwhelmed Michael Ayrton to such an extent that they changed the whole course of his life, causing him to turn from painter into painter-sculptor.

The book is, therefore—as should be and far too seldom is the case with all books on the arts—the outcome of intense emotional experience as well as long and loving contemplation. It is a work of piety and personal homage, the repayment of a lifetime debt. It is also an excellent book. Although the volume was written not for art historians but for the layman, all the works that can reasonably be attributed to Giovanni Pisano are illustrated, often in several views, and with superb details. Moreover, there are no dubious additions to the canon to blur the sharpness of the resulting vision.

The major obstacle to a full appreciation of the life work of a late thirteenth- or early fourteenth-century artist is usually the sheer volume of physical loss. Owing to various causes an enormously high proportion of the period's major achievements has been destroyed. Giovanni Pisano has not suffered nearly as badly as many of his contemporaries, but the loss is still considerable. The pathetically fragmentary but breathtakingly beautiful figures from the tomb of Margaret of Luxembourg, presented here in a particularly fine sequence of photographs taken from a number of different angles, are a case in point. The design and execution of tombs and tomb

JOHN WHITE, of the Department of the History of Art at Johns Hopkins, wrote *Art and Architecture in Italy, 1250-1400.*

SR: BOOKS

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sculpture were a central activity of all the major sculptors at the time. Nicola and Giovanni Pisano's achievements in this field reverberate throughout the fourteenth century and beyond. The revolution which they wrought in every aspect of the design and carving of the Italian tomb is certainly no less profound than that in pulpit sculpture and external architectural decoration. Yet we have from Giovanni's workshop only a single complete figure connected with a tomb, together with fragments of five others, and there is not a trace of any of the architectural contexts within which they were given their full meaning. From Giovanni's father, Nicola, who was likely responsible for the initial breakthrough, nothing is left.

When one considers the breadth and the intensity of the shadow Nicola cast, the tense, competitive, almost neurotic personality that seems to emerge from Giovanni's inscriptions carved on his Pistoia and Pisa cathedral pulpits is fully understandable. It is with that personality, which undoubtedly contributed to the stormy character of the few documented episodes in Giovanni's career, that the author is largely concerned. Whether the evidence quite supports his conjectures about Giovanni's nature is a matter for debate. Similarly, there are dangers, which may be particularly pressing for a writer who is himself a committed artist, in too completely transferring the qualities of the sculpture to the sculptor. The makers of the most moving religious images are not necessarily the most religious men. Duccio may or may not have been a saintly and a pious personality; his few surviving documents tend to deal rather more with wine and witchcraft. Fra Angelico was intensely religious, Perugino apparently agnostic if not atheistic. And all the artists who painted and carved sweetly touching Nativity groups cannot have been kind fathers and understanding men.

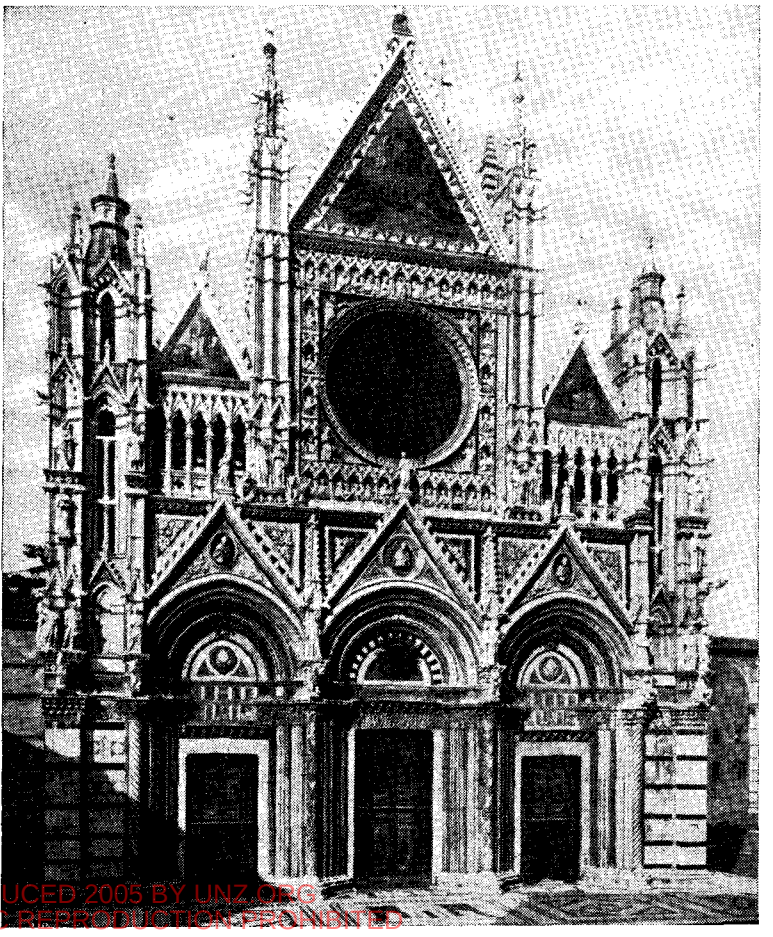
Part of the difficulty is, of course, that where there are so few documents we tend to read too much into the little we have. It seems as if the muddle in which Giovanni Pisano was embroiled when he worked on the façade of Siena Cathedral must have been tied to his personality, much as Michelangelo's troubles with the Julius Tomb were connected in part to his. But we do not really know that they were. The overweening ambition and the continual changes of plan in midstream that characterize the whole of the later building history of Siena Cathedral, and which eventually left a vast unfinished folly beside it on the hill that dominates the city, seem quite incredible in isolation. On the other hand, when one examines the history of similar buildings, such as the cathedrals of Florence or Milan, it turns out that constant, ferocious quarreling and radical alterations of plan were as commonplace as the employment of painters, sculptors, and goldsmiths with no previous architectural experience to design major edifices.

The author's concern with Giovanni the man, if it leads to certain points of emphasis that may be questioned, also conditions many of the virtues of the book. Despite Mr. Ayrton's modest disclaimers, all the facts are there, although the documents themselves are not reproduced. The turbulent political and social setting within which the artist lived and worked is itself brought to life for the reader. The theological and philosophical beliefs and controversies that provide the context for the planning of the novel iconographic complexities of the Perugia fountain, of the Pistoia and Pisa pulpits, and of the Siena façade are interwoven with references to the European stylistic background that helped to form Giovanni's visual vocabulary. The book confirms what is so evident in Ayrton's own sculpture: his concern not merely with human values but with the whole cultural context, the world of ideas as well as of institutions, which the artist helps to focus, to form, and to transform through his art. Often a telling chronological coincidence is used to make a dry fact memorable. Many may not have known that St. Thomas Aquinas was posthumously condemned for contradicting St. Augustine, nor have been aware of the growing break between philosophy and theology, the disassociation between reason and emotion, against which St. Thomas had struggled and which was subsequently to condition the forms of so much mid- and later-fourteenth-century Italian art. For such readers the observation that St. Thomas was condemned in 1277, the year that the Pisani started work on the Perugia Fountain, will make an otherwise easily forgotten date a memorable peg on which to hang a whole constellation of ideas and visual images. The very form of the Perugia Fountain, and of the pulpits by Nicola and Giovanni Pisano that preceded and succeeded it, is witness to the complexity of the world of ideas that the author is concerned to connect with Giovanni the man, and with the individual sculptural forms he created.

It is surprising that what now seems to be the all-too-obvious disarray of the Siena pulpit, on which Giovanni Pisano assisted his father, and of his own Pisa pulpit, has only recently proved disturbing enough to an art historian to goad him into providing a convincing reconstruction of the original design of these all-important monuments. As Géza Jészai mentions in the course of doing precisely this, the Pisa pulpit was set up in its present form by Peleo Bacci in 1926. Although some mistakes

Façade of Siena Cathedral.

—Illustrations from the book.



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Detail of Nativity in the pulpit for the Church of Sant' Andrea, Pistoia.

were made, it was, in its day, a formidable feat of scholarship to have come so near to being right. Yet almost half a century is a long time to wait for the further advance Bacci's achievement rendered it relatively easy to make. It is little consolation that the similar and almost glaringly obvious adjustments needed to recapture the original form of the Siena pulpit have had to wait for more than five centuries. It may be true that it sometimes takes a genius to see the obvious, but it does look as if too much time and effort have been going into the wrong things.

The inclusion of Jészai's 1968 diagrams in the present volume is evidence of the book's currency. Research of this kind is not the author's own aim, yet his is a thoroughly scholarly work in many ways, and a reminder of some of the virtues of a world in which scholarship was a delight and research a pleasure, an addictive vice even, rather than an academic passport.

Curiously enough—or perhaps not so curiously, since the vast majority of working artists prefer to let their art speak for itself, there being no counterpart in words for the silent language through which visual forms communicate the painter's or the sculptor's meaning—there is relatively little formal analysis in the study, especially of the relief sculpture. This does not mean, however, that the author has not provided many fine descriptive passages and innumerable intuitions into Giovanni's purposes. A particularly telling comparison is the one between the David by Pisano and that by Michelangelo. (Incidentally, we know that the latter greatly admired Giovanni's sculpture, and we can see that he was strongly influenced by it, certainly in his youth and possibly in his old age.)

The passage reads in part:

> . . . the Renaissance Florentines saw David as a boy in contest with Goliath; Giovanni saw him as a prophet and a king. He gives us the king by means of the Hellenistic device of exaggerating the thickness of the neck, but he also gives us the David beloved of Jonathan, the David of whom Saul was jealous and afraid. In his carving of the brow he gives us the prophet and the poet and by his carving of the mouth and chin, the treacherous and sentimental adulterer, who forgave his treacherous son and wept for him after his death. And in the same image we may find David the lawgiver, who was also the zealot despised by his wife, who was the psalmist of Israel yet whose house was not as the light of the morning, whose house the Lord made not to grow. Yet Giovanni's marble portrayal of this complex and disturbed individual seems, in David's own last words, to be "springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain."

Later, speaking of the Siena façade, Ayrton writes:

> . . . in a state of exhilarating and contagious excitement when first confronted with the Siena figures, Moore proposed that we should give a whole chapter of this book to Giovanni's carving of the human mouth and I realized that it was precisely this vital detail which, twenty years earlier, had captured my own imagination, for the mouth seems to me to have been to Giovanni what the muscles of the torso were to Michelangelo—the seat of expression.

While this enthusiasm for the most weathered of Giovanni's sculpture is intensely revealing, both of certain aspects of that sculpture and of the contemporary attitude to form and texture and medium revealed in so much of Henry Moore's own work, it does not lead to a weakened understanding on the part of either Moore or Ayrton of the qualities of Giovanni's finished and undamaged works. Concerning the Pisa pulpit Ayrton is moved to write that "the disemboweled horse, its eye glazing in death, whose head one lion presses down, no less than the twisted wreckage of the deer the other grapples, are images more terrible than any damned at the Judgment on any pulpit. The bones of victor and vanquished just like axe-blades beneath their stone skins." The accompanying illustrations show exactly what he saw and silently reiterate exactly what he means.

One might well think of this book as closing a circle of development in the portrayal of the human figure, extending from Nicola and Giovanni Pisano to Henry Moore himself and to the sculptors of today. But art is never finished. Nothing is ever perfect, nothing all-encompassing. The spiral is therefore a better image, and Giovanni Pisano demonstrates how the sculptural art, though it may appear to turn back on itself, continues in the pursuit of an unattainable perfection.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

AT YOUR SERVICE

Introducing: in Column 1, a dozen employers; in Column 2, their employees; in Column 3, the authors of the novels, plays, and poems in which they have their being. Dorothy and Mary Katharine Challman of Newburgh, Ind., ask you to link each to each; the payoff is on page 37.

1. Captain Ahab ( )	A. Angela	a. Aristophanes
2. Bacchus ( )	B. Cacambo	b. Dickens
3. Candide ( )	C. Calpurnia	c. Hardy
4. Bathsheba Everdene ( )	D. Eurycleia	d. Homer
5. Atticus Finch ( )	E. Fedallah	e. Keats
6. Madeline ( )	F. LaFleur	f. Harper Lee
7. Odysseus ( )	G. Malvolio	g. Melville
8. Olivia ( )	H. Tom Pipes	h. Shakespeare
9. Peregrine Pickle ( )	I. Fanny Robin	i. Sheridan
10. Samuel Pickwick ( )	J. Rowley	j. Smollett
11. Sir Peter Teazle ( )	K. Sam Weller	k. Sterne
12. Rev. Mr. Yorick ( )	L. Xanthias	l. Voltaire

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Impersonal Asperity

GLENDY CULLIGAN'S REVIEW of Katherine Anne Porter's *Collected Essays* [*SR*, Mar. 28] suggests that neo-Freudian critics will take note of Miss Porter's strong statements about D. H. Lawrence. In fact, the literary scalpels have been honed for some time, and at least one dissection of Miss Porter was completed in William Nance's *Art of Rejection* (1962). I hope Miss Culligan's remark does not give new ambition to the neo-Freudians. Porter fans are awaiting the critic who finds the fiction, rather than the personality, more worthy of consideration.

In the essay on Thomas Hardy Miss Porter was replying to T. S. Eliot's criticism that Hardy's fiction was not controlled by allegiance to any institution or by any objective beliefs, and that it was not hampered by ideas. In reply Miss Porter defended the right of Hardy, and presumably of any writer, to reject the conclusions of organized religion and follow the guides of his own conscience. She further said that Hardy's very dissent from organized religion showed that he had a questioning mind and was very much concerned with ideas.

It is clear that Miss Porter's essay was no mere personal attack on Eliot; it was a strong statement of the artist's right to dissent. If it has "an undercurrent of violence," perhaps the issue justifies it. No doubt her response would have been the same if Eliot had been a woman, for Miss Porter is far more a political and social activist than a feminist. I submit that the "note of asperity" Miss Culligan detects is directed at ideas, not at the opposite sex.

SUE BEARD,
Indianapolis, Ind.

What Options for Democracy?

WILLIAM M. WIECEK'S REVIEW of Alex N. Bickel's *The Supreme Court and the Idea of Progress* [*SR*, Apr. 14] quotes Mr. Bickel's approval of Justice Frankfurter's dissenting view that "nothing in the text of the Constitution requires that one man's vote be equally weighted with another. . . ."

Justice Frankfurter's dissent continued, ". . . the preference for equally weighted votes was just one choice of many available options for distribution of power in a democratic republic." The Justice carefully refrained from setting the limits of that key word "many." How many are many? If we multiply each urban vote by the power of two, against each single urban vote, is that still an option in a democratic republic, and who does the opting? How about weighting each rural vote with the power of ten, fifty, or 100? The Justice carefully or casually neglected to say.

I suggest that by definition every citizen's vote in a democratic republic has equality with the vote of each other citizen; else we begin to move from a democratic republic toward dictatorship.

FRANK A. SIEVERMAN, JR.,
Fayette, Ala.

Rebutting Guzzardi

WALTER GUZZARDI'S REVIEW of *Corporations and the Cold War* [*SR*, Mar. 28] merits rebuttal. He appears incredulous that the brilliant Bertrand Russell concluded, after much observation, that American foreign policy is made by the country's big corporations. He also seems to doubt that Presidents Johnson and Nixon would agree that the powers of the President and Congress "are as nothing compared to those of the corporations."

Evidently Mr. Guzzardi missed that news about the Congressional hearing into the excessive costs of the military's defense contracts, when the corporations simply ignored the Congress of the U.S.

He apparently also missed the recent TV documentary on American foreign policy, "Who Invited US?" I rather think that the Marine leader who led his troops to so many victorious missions for so many years would agree with Lord Russell.

ROGER WILLIAMS,
New York, N.Y.

GUZZARDI'S DISMISSAL of the arguments of Phillips, Domhoff, *et al.*, as "astounding declarations," "foolish notions," and "pap" is hardly persuasive on logical grounds—although it will doubtless appeal greatly to those who, like Guzzardi, are blind to the encroachments being made by the corporate power structure in this country upon individual freedoms and the democratic system as a whole.

Professor Domhoff, in addition to his research on dreams, wrote *Who Rules America?*, which does far more to support the concept of a corporate power élite influencing American policy than Guzzardi's nasty but circular attack does to refute it.

JONATHAN KING,
Los Angeles, Calif.

GUZZARDI SHOULD AT LEAST cite where and how Domhoff's assertions are wrong. Could he take, for example, Latin America, and say that corporate influence was of little importance in U.S. foreign policy there? This would be a joke to American scholars and a ludicrous joke to those in the Southern Hemisphere.

TERENCE MCNEILL,
Santa Rosa, Calif.

ONE HAS ONLY TO LOOK at recent developments in the Middle East, for example, to realize the weight which American international oil corporations bring to bear on our Mideast policy.

WILFRED LAURIER HUSBAND,
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

"He had this dirty bumper sticker on his car. It said ESCHEW OBFUSCATION."

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The Publishing Scene

David Dempsey

Book advertising is a crazy business. When Doubleday published Ellin Berlin's *The Best of Families* (an old-fashioned, turn-of-the-century story) early this year full-page ads blazoned the headline: "When was the last time you read a novel that didn't seem like a marriage manual?" This is counter-culture. "I'm sure there are a lot of people waiting for just this sort of book," I remarked to the author at a publication party. "Yes, but the trouble is that most of them are dead," she replied. Added Lee Simmons, vice president of the Franklin Spier agency, who wrote the advertising copy, "That just about defines our marketing problem." Oh, yes, one more problem: people remembered the headline after they had forgotten the name of the book.

Most products can't talk back. Books—or, rather, their authors—can. Big-name writers often insist on seeing and approving the ad copy; some even want to write their own. Aaron Sussman, senior partner of Sussman & Sugar, Inc., estimates that he must "clear" his copy with about 25 per cent of his authors. (Theodore H. White is one; the late John O'Hara was another.)

But this may be academic. Many books are either not advertised at all, or else so sparsely that the ad becomes simply a token to please the author. (Bennett Cerf once said that with first novels publishers would do better to give the money budgeted for advertising directly to the writer.) A best-seller might merit a $50,000 ad budget, but the average is much less, and a $5 book that is expected to sell 15,000 copies may have to get by on $5,000. Even the best-seller is up against a problem unique to publishing. There are only a few hundred places in the country, most of them concentrated in the major cities, where a book can be bought. (We exclude college bookstores, which have a captive market of their own.) Advertising will appear in no more than six or eight newspapers, and perhaps a few magazines. A study some years ago indicated that 25 per cent of all retail book sales were made in New York City. An agency executive estimates that half of every book advertising dollar goes to *The New York Times*.

In this business, the tail wags the dog. "Most commercial advertising is used to create sales," Lee Simmons points out. "In publishing, sales are used to create advertising." The theory behind this is that if salesmen have not brought in enough advance orders, the books won't be in the stores when people ask for them, so why advertise? This dilemma has long baffled publishers, whose rule of thumb is to allocate 10 per cent of the retail price of a book for advertising and promotion. This works out to about $1,500-$2,000 for a lot of books, and, although money talks, at this figure it doesn't talk very loudly. A one-column ad in *The New York Times Book Review* costs $1,322.50, a page in *Publishers' Weekly* (to reach the trade) runs $700. This may be the extent of the campaign. Happily, reviews don't cost anything, and in this sense books are "advertised" free.

The Franklin Spier agency spends between $5- and $6-million a year on advertising—peanuts, by Madison Avenue standards—which is spread over about 2,500 ads. The gut of the problem is that each book is a new product, unlike toothpaste or detergents, where brand labels carry the day, and where you can say almost anything about a product ("Look, Ma, no cavities!") because there is really nothing much to say. Not so with a book, which has an independent life of its own, a content that can't be wholly ignored.

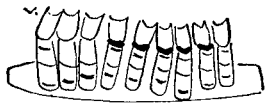
I say "wholly" because a good copywriter has to work through his share of bad books. The copy chief at one agency admits that his writers are better off not reading the whole of a book assigned to them—sometimes not even any of it. "Most of the time I urge them to read as far as the first quotable phrase," he says.

Sussman puts it this way: "We avoid those aspects of a book that would force us to lie, and emphasize the things that are true. And there are times when, for other reasons, an ad should not tell what the book is really about." He cites his campaign for *The Last of the Just*, a best-selling novel of the early 1960s, which dealt with the Nazi extermination camps. The agency decided that the book was too depressing. "Copy" was held to a minimum; full-page ads used a motif of birds in flight, visually attractive but vague.

Sussman & Sugar is one of the few agencies to use outside readers to evaluate the books they handle. Reports running from ten to twenty pages help determine the type of media to be used, the kind of ad, and the allocation of space. But they also give the agency an independent check on the publisher's own estimate of the book, and save the copy department the necessity of reading it—or not reading it, as the case may be. Eudora Welty's *Losing Battles* is receiving its current advertising splash partly on the strength of a reader's enthusiasm.

Walter Hines Page, of the old Doubleday, Page & Co., is reputed to have said that 80 per cent of his advertising money was wasted, but that he didn't know in which review media. Publishers today are saving at least part of this "wasted" dollar — inadvertently — because so many big-city newspapers have been shot out from under them. "With the media outlets shrinking," says Herbert Lyons, vice president of Denhard & Stewart, "there are simply fewer opportunities to make a mistake. More and more of our advertising tries to reach the core audience—the library buyers, for instance—through trade journals and book-oriented magazines."

Lyons points out that, outside New York, book advertising is often coordinated with the author's TV appear-



ances. "Television does the main job," he says. "A small ad in the local paper simply lets the public know that the book is available."

Even a prominent ad in the *Times* may not be directed to the book-buyer so much as to the paperback houses. The strategy here is to raise the reprint bidding on a new book by creating the impression that it is going to sell well. Such ads are frequently run just before a publisher's luncheon date with a reprint editor. ("By the way, did you see our ad for ——— last week?")

One more crazy example: With nonfiction outselling fiction by a wide margin, a good deal of effort is sometimes made to convince the reader that a novel being advertised is somehow not really a novel at all. Agencies are using less artwork than formerly and more photographs; ad design emulates the "fact" approach, whereby the book, even though fiction, is recommended for its informational content on a certain subject. It's all part of the struggle to "put the book across," and since this is what the agencies are hired to do, no one can blame them for earning their commission.

Sussman will even intrude on the editorial preserve if he thinks he can make a book more salable. Almost twenty years ago he was writing copy for a novel about a small New England town, called *The Tree and the Blossom*. The title struck him as too vaguely poetical for the subject matter, which was raunchy and down to earth. "Let's call it *Peyton Place*," he told the publisher. The rest is history.

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PARENTHESES:
An Autobiographical Journey

by Jay Neugeboren

Dutton, 222 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Nicholas A. Samstag

■ Revolution recollected in tranquility. We meet the author on his thirtieth birthday, a frightening time for him (as for all of us, whatever side of it we're on), self-exiled to a village paradise in the south of France, ruminating on the events that took him there and that will—no surprise ending, this—bring him back to this crazy mixed-up country whose villainies, minor and major, so revolt him.

"I would like to consider myself radical, revolutionary." Good for you, Jay Neugeboren. Who wouldn't these days? Not only is revolution good for the soul, but it sells. Now, show us your credentials. Why you? What dialectic eventuates in these pages of manuscript, compelling me or anyone else to read what you have to say about the politics of exile?

The case would rest, it seems to me, on one period of the author's life. He was, by his own admission, a member of that forgettable college generation which came to its version of maturity during or not long after the Eisenhower years—"the Silent Generation," didn't they call us?—for whom the issues that so exercise an assertive minority of young people today simply didn't exist. So unradical was Jay Neugeboren, in fact, that he dropped out of graduate school and into an executive trainee position with General Motors. His revolution began at Chevrolet-Indianapolis, "a body-stamping plant employing about 3,000 blue-collar and 500 white-collar workers."

> I was hopeful, optimistic. . . . I had no particular interest in General Motors, cars, engineering, or business administration, but I didn't see anything . . . wrong in them. Certainly I had no objections that were in any way political. As an executive, I might, I even told myself, be able to do some good someday. What kind of good I didn't know—but I assumed that anyone who possessed power in the largest corporation in America would also possess the power to affect the lives of many men.

It was a confusing time but also, for the reader of this narrative, a gripping story. Except for the too few descriptions of pastoral life in France, Chevrolet-Indianapolis is virtually the only part of the book that seems to deal with anything larger in scope than the author's ongoing omphaloskepsis—in graduate school, as a toiler in the committees of the New York liberal establishment (this, the most tedious part of a tedious book, reads disconcertingly like a poor man's *Making It*, self-parody of self-parody), teaching the suburban rich and the ghetto poor, surviving a personal crisis or two. It is as if young Neugeboren, quit at last of GM and all it stands for, finds himself so benumbed by his experience that all else is but a sterile backdrop against which he must act out, ever so dreamily, these "parenthetical" chapters in his political passion play. The reader, foundering in this self-indulgent exposition of a rudimentary political awakening, is the one who suffers.

If there can be any point to so diffuse an exercise, it might reside in what the author calls "my working hypothesis."

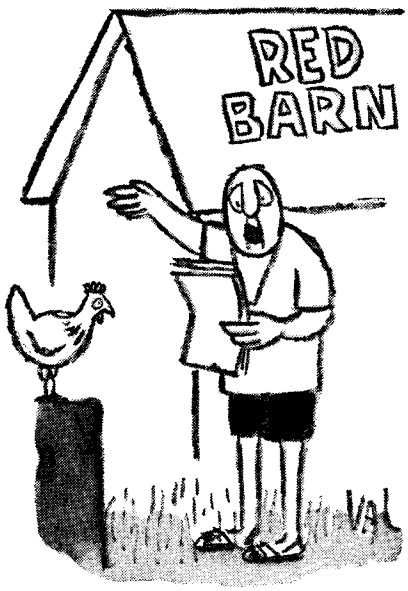
> In basic outline, it went as follows: men could not perform inhuman tasks eight hours a day for the better part of their waking lives and live meaningful human lives in the time which was left over. It was absurd to put one's faith in the men who possessed the power to work change . . . for even the best of them were concerned only with matters of expediency.

But he adds, more succinctly:

> The point, I said (still having to find some justification—moral, political, and metaphysical—for every action I took in this world), . . . was not to be absolutely moral when . . . dealing with amoral bureaucracies. The point was not to let one's life be destroyed in symbolic skirmishes. . . .

This is not revolution. This is pique.

Nicholas A. Samstag is an editorial writer for the Providence Journal.



CITY LIFE

by Donald Barthelme

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 168 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Josephine Hendin

"The aim of literature . . . is the creation of a strange object covered with fur which breaks your heart," said Donald Barthelme some years ago. Fiction then had the power to be outrageous, to create marvels or passion. Barthelme's characters used to hope that the sheer force of imagination could change the world, or, at the very least, that they could thwart reality by withdrawing into themselves, into a consciousness that Barthelme usually made witty and ironic. Even his Snow White, who is so tired of being just a "horsewife" for dwarfs, finally saves herself through a mixture of irony and poetry. Barthelme is still writing about literature, but he is not so funny any more.

Barthelme's black humor is now less humorous than black. His latest collection, *City Life*, is full of chaos and despair. The best stories are about the exhaustion of creative power, the disintegration of individual consciousness—the collapse of inner worlds that are now so fragmented that no one could withdraw into them with comfort—and the failure of fiction to create order or even, perhaps, diversion. All of these are very modish themes. And the worst stories in this collection have a quality of stylish, studied incoherence that suggests they have been ground into precisely the sort of disorder readers require of writers who take meaninglessness for their subject. Were it not for the genius of a few of its stories, *City Life* would be no more than yet another chronicle of how the past is gone, how impossible it is to catch hold of the present, and how the future does not exist. But Barthelme's talent is there, and in some of these stories it overwhelms you.

When Barthelme's heroes fight against the fear of disintegration, both of fiction and of personality, you get a real sense of the writer straining against language and struggling with himself. One of the strongest stories, "The Glass Mountain," is a parable about an artist caught between an exhausting concrete labor and his own draining inner horror. The story parodies a fairy tale, partly recounted, about a youth who must reach the top of a glass mountain to free a beautiful enchanted princess. But Barthelme's hero is a New Yorker painfully climbing a glass mountain on the corner of Thirteenth Street and Eighth Avenue with the aid of two plumber's friends.

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He wants to free an enchanted symbol at the top.

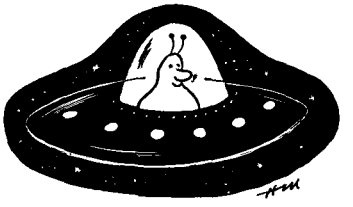
The climber inches along, aware that the mountain is already ringed by a "heap of corpses both of horses and riders" who have made the attempt and failed. The streets around them are studded with the excrement of dogs and crowded with passers-by who shout obscenities at the climber, quarrel over who will get his apartment, and make such comments as, "Won't he make a splash when he falls, now?" He realizes he will never free the symbol through his labor; only a literal flight of imagination can do it. He borrows a method from the fairy tale he parodies: he seizes the legs of an eagle and is carried above the mountain until, at the proper point, he cuts off the eagle's legs and lands upright on the mountain top. And he even finds the enchanted symbol. But when he touches it, it changes into "only a beautiful princess." He flings her "headfirst" down the mountain to the cursing crowd, "who can be relied upon to deal with her." The author tells this story in 100 numbered sentences that add up to 100 per cent of nothing but frustration.

Barthelme uses the fairy tale to contain the shapeless anguish of his hero. He employs parody as a force for order, as a way of organizing the experience of a man filled with loathing for the filthy streets below, with greater loathing for the crowd, and with greatest contempt for the feelings that bind him to this foul human state. He strives with all his powers to escape to some magical country of symbols. But Barthelme's ideal symbol is completely inhuman, is, in fact, one that would redeem his climber from human needs and human strivings. Abstract and anonymous, it has nothing to do with enchanted princesses suddenly freed and all too accessible.

If the fairy tale begins by offering the climber an escape, it ends by becoming the focus of his wrath. It is simply too real; it smacks too much of the world. That fairy-tale encounter between a youth and a rich, disenchanted princess is only an ordinary meeting in idealized form, a fairy-tale solution which is really part of the problem for the climber. It reminds him of what "real" life offers, and of the human state whose possibilities revolt him. But he is most enraged at imagination for betraying itself to human need, for being unable to escape the sexual or economic facts of life. No doubt Barthelme's magical kingdom would be a country full of words and not people.

Barthelme's hero is caught between the death that awaits him if he falls to the ground and the shattered belief that awaits him on the heights. What remains is directionless movement on the mountain, imaginative ruminations without belief in imagination's power.

City life for Barthelme is a life of moving on a middle plane, of avoiding the depths and heights of feeling. Most of his characters no longer strive toward some magical other country; rather, they do their best to escape the feeling of inner collapse that threatens their steady motion. Far more than the title story, "Brain Damage" comes to grips with a life whose primary purpose is not falling down or not falling apart. The story consists of a



number of apparently unrelated episodes, often about people who find refuge in such activity as this: "The elevator girls were standing very close together. One girl put a candy bar into another girl's mouth and then another girl put a hamburger into another girl's mouth. Another girl put a Kodak Instamatic camera to her eye and took a picture of another girl and another girl patted another girl on the shapely caudal area." Nor does intellectual life offer an alternative to this chain. One of the episodes is about a university that consists of three huge sponges. As the author later remarks, ". . . the universities . . . are the very seat and soul of brain damage." And there is even "brain damage caused by art. I could describe it better if I weren't afflicted with it. . . ."

One of Barthelme's cures for the affliction is trivial physical or mental activity. For it is precisely such concrete and empty experience that stops thought entirely, smothers feeling, and wards off the passion that damages the mind. The Winston ad, sung by a passing girl, can blot out the horrors of thought and feeling (brain damage), and save Barthelme's narrator from falling apart. Just as concentrating on placing a candy bar in another girl's mouth frees the elevator girl from an awareness of highs and lows, so jingles, posters, and a variety of objects stabilize the collapsing personalities of many of Barthelme's characters. The "affliction" looms large only between episodes, when there appear such questions as "TO WHAT END? WHAT RECOURSE?" in large, heavy type. The print seems to spring from the page, bleakly expressing despair at the whole of human experience: at life as well as art, at logic as well as imagination. Barthelme's episodes do not answer such questions so much as suggest how to avoid the anguish where they lurk. For in these incidents, as in most of *City Life*, Barthelme abandons imaginative flights to "skiing along on the soft surface of brain damage, never to sink." Sliding aimlessly along the surfaces of feeling, never to notice the unanswerable questions, keeps away dissolution.

Barthelme is a fine skier on the surfaces of fiction. At times he can make the tension between climbing and falling, or sinking and collapsing, bristle out of his stories. But too many of those here are not merely *about* the failure of imaginative force. Too many exemplify powers too exhausted to give any but the most mechanical shape to experience. Those who can sympathize with fragmented and exhausted men will be moved by much of *City Life*. But the book will disappoint whoever believes that one reaches meaning not by climbing up a mountain, or skiing on its surface, but by moving toward the center of human passion.

Josephine Hendin teaches "Fiction Now" at the New School and is the author of the forthcoming book "The World of Flannery O'Connor."

WHO? ME?

by Yoram Matmor

Simon & Schuster, 191 pp., $4.95

Reviewed by Haskel Frankel

■ "In Haifa, Shaulik got a job, and got married, and had the same difficulties everyone has who settles down in Haifa." This is probably a funny line to Israelis. To an American, or at least this American, it is meaningless, as is much of this novel, which flits back and forth between low-key espionage in Portugal and the boyhood and wartime adventures of David Zuta, the "Me" of this archly titled Israeli in-joke. Perhaps the name of a street or a hill is enough to enable one of Yoram Matmor's countrymen to pin down which war, or skirmish, his characters are involved in, but it is confusing to anyone else.

David Zuta (originally Klein, which, like the Aramaic Zuta, means "little") says of himself: "Each noble gesture I ever made ended in a pratfall, and every tragic situation I've ever been in slowly, imperceptibly, turns into a comedy routine." Obviously, this is the author's intent. He succeeds only sporadically. A fishing trip in Portugal that ends with squid ink all over Zuta's face is pretty simple-minded humor,

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and not a happy choice for an opening scene. On the other hand, the act of love performed beneath the closed lid of a grand piano (though I think it is probably an impossible feat, no matter how grand the piano) is universally funny. And so it goes, hit and miss throughout, with a strong dosage of Yiddish fatalism lacing the laughs.

Who? Me? is a small book in every sense of the word, and to take it apart at great length would be akin to sending in a team of surgeons to slice up a meat loaf. I suspect there is nothing wrong with Mr. Matmor's novel that a trip back to home base wouldn't cure. The topical joke is not a commodity for export. The hell and horror of war are something all men can understand; the gallows humor has meaning only for those involved. Perhaps that is because people fighting a war must find something about it to laugh at if they are to survive.

Haskel Frankel, a fiction critic, writes SR's column "On the Fringe."

ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE

by Winston M. Estes

Lippincott, 255 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Robert L. Perkin

■ Winston Estes's moving little period piece will appeal most strongly to readers who are fifty or older, and who have lived west of the 100th meridian but east of that wavering line along which high plains merge upward into mountains where rain falls. In short, it is a story for those who have experienced Depression, drought, and dust storms. Those who have known only affluence may find it revealing, but the novel's bitter-sweet flavor will be best appreciated by readers who lived through the Dirty Thirties at their grittiest.

The book is a first-person account of a year, from the summer of 1933 to that of 1934, in the life of ten-year-old Larry Morrison, who lives in the Texas Panhandle town of Wordsworth, somewhere south of Amarillo and west of Wichita Falls. It was a bad time. Brother Tad died of pneumonia, someone robbed Papa's drugstore, the wind pounded the Morrison house, and powdery dust streamed under every windowsill. Wells went dry, trees gave up and died, impoverished farmers with angry and despairing faces lounged around town, hope was as parched as the grass. The corner prosperity was just around, took a long time to turn, and meanwhile, one after another, Wordsworth's merchants failed.

The Morrisons come through, not unchanged, and *Another Part of the House* ends with a blessed rainstorm. There are more years of dirt and poverty ahead, but they will make it.

It is a gentle, unpretentious story—so gentle that anger, when it occasionally creeps in, is restrained and unsouring. Mr. Estes never raises his voice, an uncommon virtue in a first novelist. For extended passages he is unabashedly and touchingly sentimental, and he is unerringly evocative. The homely, comfortable clichés are here, serving tone and style: "right as rain," "shake a stick at," "kiss your foot," "since I don't know when." And the sights, sounds, tastes, smells, and physical sensations fit just as comfortably: the family ragbag, shaking the rugs, O'-Cedar polish for the furniture, Fletcher's Castoria (that boon to boyhoods menaced by vile castor oil), the Kaiser who ate Belgian babies, summer revival meetings, the foot-stomping whistling pandemonium of Saturday afternoon movies for which the price of admission to spine-chilling, blissfully endless serials was a nickel or a dime, the grader that left behind it an incredibly smooth, hard path through a rutted dirt street; and stickers. Stickers, for the benefit of the untutored, are the relatively soft but pesky thorns of the Russian thistle, the tumbleweed. They are a constant annoyance to barefoot prairie boys. Not so bad as the sand burr, but bad enough, and much more common.

That is how it was. To some extent, it seems to me, these real and earthy elements manipulate the author, seizing control with their own native vitality and claiming disproportionate attention at times. Moreover, the style is not always consistent with a ten-year-old's viewpoint, but this may be because Mr. Estes for the most part carefully disciplines himself against overexploitation of a juvenile vocabulary. It is a peril even Mark Twain skirted.

I suppose there is a danger that some readers will find in *Another Part of the House* a preachment that the common decencies—the routines of church, the covered dishes, keeping up appearances, building character out of deprivation, ritually sympathetic awkwardness in the presence of death, the lesser demonstrations of togetherness—were somehow, after all, enhanced by the Depression, rather than merely surviving it. This would be a misreading, in my opinion. Mr. Estes is really concerned with the uncommon decencies over which neither want nor plenty can prevail.

Robert L. Perkin, a student of the American West, is the author of "The First Hundred Years."

THE TWILIGHT OF THE PRESIDENCY

by George E. Reedy

World, 206 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Donald Young

■ George Reedy, former press secretary to Lyndon Johnson, has published a candid, urbane, and ultimately harrowing analysis of the American Presidency. The author, who served for two decades in Washington as a correspondent and Democratic Party functionary, has regrettably seen fit to share with his readers only a small portion of his accumulated wisdom on the subject. He doubtless feels that much must be left unsaid until passions have cooled among the political leaders of his generation.

The author argues that the President —any President—is a virtual prisoner, isolated from people and ideas, and that this seriously impairs his understanding of the nation and the world. From his first day in office an aura of reverence envelops the Chief Execu-

tive. His honeymoon months leave him ill-prepared for the day-to-day frustration, criticism, and hostility that will shortly come.

According to Reedy, many members of the Presidents' personal staffs have been little more than social fops and status-seekers vying constantly for crumbs of favor from the Great Man himself. Mature men of real ability—the "advisers"—will inevitably be pushed from the inner circle by "courtiers" bearing the latest favorable Gallup Poll results or some other tidbit of good news. Competing for a Presidential nod of approval, men near the throne strive "not to perform superbly but to perform spectacularly. The two aims are not always compatible."

In his criticism of Presidential staff members, Reedy really indicts the Presidents themselves. They stand accused of being poor judges of character and either impervious to or keenly suspicious of any evidence—advanced by "hostile" columnists, for example—that does not jibe with what they hear daily from their own aides.

Recalling how Wilson lost his fight

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for the Treaty of Versailles and how Roosevelt was rebuffed in his effort to pack the Supreme Court, Reedy infers that "the White House is an institution which dulls the sensitivity of political men and ultimately reduces them to bungling amateurs in their basic craft —the art of politics." Because of his insulation "a President does not have available to him methods of gauging the intensity of the opposition—something that any politician must have in order to be successful."

As a result, decision-making is fraught with peril. Reedy finds that the President and his subordinates often persuade themselves that questions of great importance must be resolved by them in secret. Public debate or even broad-based discussion within the government in advance of major decisions is ruled out. Reedy regrets that the intelligent and able men responsible for the bombing of North Vietnam were not obliged to defend the move in public before it became irreversible.

The author dismisses the idea that Presidents are prisoners of circumstances beyond their control. The decisions to strike at the Bay of Pigs and to escalate in Vietnam were made by Presidents who considered and dismissed other options. If a President is a prisoner, says Reedy, it is of psychological forces and environments "which molded their thinking and conditioned their reflexes."

The Cabinet also fails Reedy's good-government test. Because Cabinet members serve only at the pleasure of the President, they do not assume an adversary role in debating public policy before the President. Reedy would have Cabinet meetings enlivened by pounding fists and sharp exchanges among the Secretaries.

Political leaders are "dedicated to changing the world," in Reedy's view, and are therefore in conflict with the press, which is committed to describing the world as it exists, however dismally that contrasts with anyone's vision of utopia. Reedy suspects that most politicians cherish the notion that news should be managed, that freedom of the press is "a gigantic put-on" inspired by arrogant publishers who do not understand the public interest as perceived by the political leader. In fact, "no President can find it within his ego to concede that he has failed in any degree with the public. It is far more satisfying to blame his failures on the press because his problems then can be attributed to a conspiracy."

Reedy doubts that our political system can cope with the strains already evident. He fears a showdown between young dissenters and the forces of law-and-order. He even thinks that elements of the armed forces—the National Guard, for example—might join a revolt against the government. The ultimate outcome could be a "man on horseback." That someone of Reedy's competence sees such a possibility underscores the fact that we may be further down the road toward a banana-republic mentality than we have yet been prepared to acknowledge.

Notwithstanding the existence of a vast body of scholarship relating to our institutions of government, it is apparent that these institutions will survive only if they yet undergo a great deal of relentless and dispassionate analysis, and only if those persons in the service of the public respond to the pleas for reform. George Reedy's book makes a modest contribution to an understanding of some of the tragic miscalculations of our government during the past few years.

Donald Young is the editor of "Adventure in Politics: The Memoirs of Philip LaFollette," published in April.

ARMS BEYOND DOUBT:
The Tyranny of Weapons Technology

by Ralph E. Lapp

Cowles, 210 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Morton H. Halperin

■ In 1967 President Lyndon Johnson directed the deployment of an ABM system because in an election year he was unwilling to force a fight with the United States Senate over his failure to spend enough on defense. Three years later, despite the strenuous efforts of President Richard Nixon, a not very different Senate is almost certain to reject expansion of a much smaller ABM system, in part because some Senators do not wish to face their electorates after having failed to cut defense spending. Seventy-two Senators have already voted for a resolution urging, over the objections of the military and with the silence of the President, that the administration propose a freeze on strategic offensive and defensive systems at the SALT talks.

The difference reflects the important and dramatic change that has occurred in the public attitude toward defense issues over the past three years. In the 1960s Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara labored almost alone within the bureaucracy to control defense spending and educate the public about the realities of the nuclear age. When he lost the fight against the Armed Services Committees and the military to prevent an American ABM deployment, few noticed, and his efforts to move the United States into serious arms limitation talks with the Russians received scant support in the Senate or from the public.

What has produced the change? Events certainly were important. The disillusionment with the Vietnam War above all, but also the growing domestic crisis, coupled with inflation, which has produced an urgent need for reducing other expenditures. At a time when our cities may be destroyed by Americans who have lost all hope, few men will refuse to recognize that the greatest threats to our nation come from unfulfilled promises at home.

But if great historical trends make changes in national behavior possible, it is the unstinting efforts of dedicated men that bring them about. When the history of the revolution in American attitudes toward defense spending comes to be written, certain names will undoubtedly figure prominently: in the

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LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Eg, *Moby Dick*; 2La, *Frogs*; 3Bl; 4Ic, *Far from the Madding Crowd*; 5Cf, *To Kill a Mockingbird*; 6Ae, *Eve of St. Agnes*; 7Dd, *Odyssey*; 8Gh, *Twelfth Night*; 9Hj; 10 Kb; 11 Ji, *School for Scandal*; 12 Fk, *Sentimental Journey*.

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government, above all Robert McNamara, but others as well; in the Senate, John Sherman Cooper and his staff assistant, William Miller, who quietly over the years have educated the Senate on the ABM and given it the courage to challenge the military and the President; William Proxmire, who focuses attention on military waste and domestic priorities; William Fulbright, Edward Brooke, and many others. Among the small number of private citizens certain to be included is Ralph Lapp.

Over the long years Lapp, in his writing, in his testimony before Congressional committees, and in his speeches, has argued the case for reducing defense expenditures and for bringing the nuclear arms race under control. Perhaps even more important, Lapp, a former government scientist, by carefully reading and organizing information from various sources, has shown that a private citizen can possess all of the facts necessary to reach an informed judgment on defense issues.

In view of this background, Lapp's latest book can only be judged a keen disappointment. *Arms Beyond Doubt* is not the reasoned and carefully documented case against ABM and MIRVs which one would have hoped to see, nor is it even a well-ordered general discussion of the nuclear arms race. Rather, it appears to be a collection of separate pieces, each one discussing the same basic subject from a slightly different perspective. It is doubtful that anyone still troubled about challenging the President or the military on a national security issue, or concerned about the diplomatic implications of the nuclear balance, will be persuaded by the book. The committed will find along the way some interesting material, including a number of sidelights on recent history. Lapp makes the important point that the military-industrial complex is really a *Congressional*-industrial-military complex, and that the Congress has been the key to its influence. He provides new and useful data on this point.

With the substantive round of the SALT talks going on in Vienna and as Congress renews its debate on the ABM and other defense budget issues, we will need carefully reasoned and imaginatively argued tracts. Lapp is capable of producing them; it is unfortunate that he has not done so here.

Morton H. Halperin was from 1967-69 Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense with responsibility for Arms Control. During 1969 he served on the Senior Staff of the National Security Council. His writings on defense include "Contemporary Military Strategy."

RECOLLECTIONS

by Alexis de Tocqueville, translated from the French by George Lawrence, edited by J. P. Mayer and A. P. Kerr

Doubleday, 333 pp., $7.95

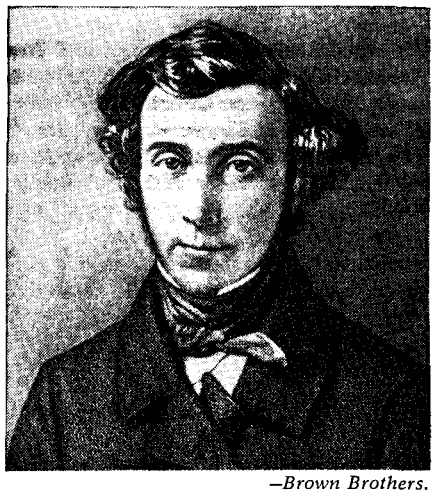
Reviewed by Saul K. Padover

■ This is a new translation of a book first published in French in 1893 and in English in 1896. Other English versions, revised by J. P. Mayer, director of the Tocqueville Centre at the University of Reading, appeared in 1949 and 1959. The present edition, under Professor Mayer's editorship with the assistance of Miss A. P. Kerr, is the fullest to date, although the translation suffers somewhat from the use of occasional sociological jargon.

Recollections is not a book of general interest. Neither a general history nor an objective historical essay, it consists, rather, of personal observations and subjective comments by an eyewitness and, to a considerable extent, participant in revolutionary events that took place in Paris in 1848 and 1849. Those events had the sort of drama which the French could stage so well, but even at this distance in time it is hard to say whether it was comedy or tragedy. Perhaps it was both. The motley cast, performing on the streets of Paris and in the Assembly, in full view of eager spectators, had everything an exciting play should have: cockaded National Guardsmen, bumbling bourgeois, utopian socialists, dictatorial generals, romantic poets, self-intoxicating champions of the larynx, rodomontading poseurs, and the usual assortment of frauds. It even had a few serious and philosophical minds, like Tocqueville, but they were relatively minor actors who had no significant impact.

The whole brouhaha, after torrents of oratory and stage performance, finally culminated in the victory of the biggest fraud of all—Louis Bonaparte, nephew of the greater Corsican. In the elections to the presidency of the Second Republic on December 10, 1848 (the First Republic had been done in by Napoleon I about half a century earlier), the bizarre intrigant bearing a name that still had magical appeal in France received 5,400,000 votes out of a total of 7,223,000. Four years later President Bonaparte followed the example of his uncle, overthrew the Republic, and inaugurated the Second Empire, headed by himself as Emperor Napoleon III (Napoleon II, the son of Number One, had died in 1832).

Karl Marx in *Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*, a savagely brilliant book that covers about the same



—*Brown Brothers.*

Alexis de Tocqueville—"a sophisticated naïveté that sees without distortion."

period as Tocqueville's *Recollections*, opens his sardonic account of the whole tragicomedy with a reference to Hegel's remark that great historical events occur twice. "Hegel," Marx commented, "forgot to add: the first time as tragedy, the second as farce." Tocqueville's *Recollections* provides a good deal of the flavor and taste of the "farce," although that was obviously not his intention. His aim, he wrote in his opening paragraphs, was to occupy his leisure time in retirement by writing down the events in which he had been both observer and participant (as a member of the National Assembly and as Foreign Minister for a few months) in order to clarify things for himself. The memoirs were written in secret, and not designed for publication: "These pages are to be a mirror, in which I can enjoy seeing my contemporaries and myself, not a painting for the public to view."

This is precisely the value and charm of *Recollections*. The memoir is valuable not because it is a particularly outstanding book or a coherent history—it is neither—but because it was written by a man who could think and who knew how to write, a combination of talents not quite as rare as a white whale but rare enough. In other words, anything produced by the author of *Democracy in America*, a book that still glows with life after 135 years, is worth reading. His work has freshness because it springs from a sophisticated naïveté that sees without distortion and an Emersonian self-awareness that is modest without losing its sharpness of perception. It was said of him: *"il avait l'air de savoir de toute éternité ce qu'il venait d'apprendre."* Speaking of himself in relation to events described in *Recollections*, Tocqueville writes:

> . . . I was not slow to discover that I lacked the qualities needed to play the brilliant role of which I dreamed; both my good qualities and my defects

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proved obstacles. I was not sufficiently virtuous to command respect, but I had too much integrity to adapt myself to all those petty practices then necessary for quick success. . . . When by chance I have been obliged to speak in a bad cause or to take a wrong path, I have immediately found myself completely bereft of talent as well as enthusiasm. . . . I should have made a very mediocre and clumsy rascal. . . . I also discovered that I completely lacked the art of holding men together and leading them as a body. It is only in a tête-à-tête that I show any dexterity, whereas in a crowd I am constrained and dumb.

The greatest value of *Recollections* is its quotability. Tocqueville writes the way carborundum grinds—striking sparks. Even his casual sentences sometimes have the force of aphorisms. A few examples: "In politics . . . shared hatreds are almost always the basis of friendships." "What are called necessary institutions are only institutions to which one is accustomed." "I have noticed that those who left us their memoirs have recorded their bad actions and inclinations only when . . . they have mistaken them for brave deeds or worthy instincts." "Nothing makes for success more than not desiring it too ardently." "She [Madame de Lamartine] had pretty well every defect that can be associated with virtue." "I confess that with more adornment she [George Sand] would have struck me as still more simple."

Tocqueville's vignettes of the actors in the 1848-49 drama are unforgettable. He had a lepidopterist's skill in impaling those he caught on the point of his quill. He shows us the oratorical

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1396

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1396 will be found in the next issue.

FVU BUMRZYU JD M BMT'R

NVMYMNFUY CR PVMF VU

PJZOL LJ CD VU XTUP VU

PJZOL TUIUY EU DJZTL JZF.

—FVJBMR BMNMZOUQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1395

Any critic can establish a wonderful batting average by just rejecting every new idea.

—J. D. WILLIAMS.

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• Soon she and her brothers and sisters will have shoes to wear to school.
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demagogue Armand Barbès, a furious "madman," his face livid with fury, "twisting his moustache between his fingers." We see the priest-politician Hugues de Lamennais, sporting "white stockings, yellow waistcoat, striped tie and green coat," with his "little, quick, discreet steps" gliding through the crowd "as if he had just come out of a sacristy." And here we have Alphonse de Lamartine, the poet-politician who headed the provisional government briefly in 1848:

> I do not think I ever met in the world of ambitious egoists in which I lived any mind so untroubled by thought of the public good as his. . . . I have never known a less sincere mind, or one that more completely despised truth. When I say that he despised it, I am wrong; he never honored it enough to be concerned with it in any way at all.

If Lamartine, the littérateur, was an inveterate liar, Louis Auguste Blanqui, the radical theorist, looked like a rat:

> It was at that moment that I saw a man go up onto the rostrum, and, although I have never seen him again, the memory of him has filled me with disgust and horror ever since. He had sunken, withered cheeks, white lips, and a sickly, malign, dirty look like a pallid, moldy corpse; he was wearing no visible linen; an old black frock-coat covered his lean, emaciated limbs tightly; he looked as if he had lived in a sewer and only just come out. I was told that this was Blanqui.

Finally, we have Tocqueville's judgment of Louis Bonaparte, which is less harsh than the one he passed on Blanqui but is not flattering, either. Tocqueville, who came to know Bonaparte before he made himself Napoleon III, described him as personally kindly, easygoing, and humane, but inarticulate and vulgar. "His power of dissimulation . . . was profound, and was peculiarly assisted by the immobility of his features and his want of expression; his eyes were lustreless and opaque like thick glass portholes that let light through but are not transparent." There was, the author of *Recollections* noted, a "vein of madness" running through his good sense.

Tocqueville's general conclusions about France have continued to have relevance for a century and more. He observed that the French had shown a constant inability to create and maintain a stable democratic government with divided powers. "In France there is only one thing that we cannot make: a free government; and only one that we cannot destroy: centralization."

Saul K. Padover is currently writing a study of Karl Marx.

TO THE HARTFORD CONVENTION: The Federalists and the Origins of Party Politics in Massachusetts, 1789-1815

by James M. Banner, Jr.

Knopf, 390 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Richard B. Morris

■ Our second war with Britain provides extraordinary analogies to the Vietnam conflict. Both divided American society and shattered national unity. Then, as now, the opponents of the war viewed the Establishment as corrupt and considered themselves the guardians of the public virtue. Then, as now, antiwar groups justified resistance even to the point of illegal acts. (In one odd twist, the doctrine of interposition—that a state might nullify a national law—advanced by antiwar groups in the War of 1812 has been revived by opponents of civil rights and exploited for quite different ends.) Then, as now, opposition to the war was regional, with Middle America hawkish.

On the surface it may seem paradoxical that a war which was ostensibly fought for maritime rights should have been opposed in the maritime states, and that the center of resistance should have been Massachusetts, where hardly a generation before British imperial rule was first defied. Indeed, the Federalists, who gave the nation the Constitution and thereby cemented the Union, presented the unedifying spectacle of an antiwar movement with heavily secessionist overtones. As James Banner demonstrates in his lucid and insightful study, what looked on the surface like a counter-revolutionary transformation seemed to the Federalists themselves a devout adherence to their republican faith.

After Jefferson's Presidential victory in 1800, the Federalists appeared to be beleaguered in a hostile, unstable, and even revolutionary world, one in which New England saw itself confronted with a triple threat. The rapidly expanding West, with its lure of cheap lands, drew labor from New England; the three-fifths clause of the Constitution (enabling the slaveholding states to count five slaves as three free men for apportioning representation in the lower house) gave the South an edge attached in Congress, and "foreign" immigrants voted Jeffersonian Republican as soon as they received the franchise. As if that were not enough, Massachusetts faced serious internal threats as her vaunted homogeneity began to dissolve because her religious conformity was undermined by deism, liberal Calvinism, and other forms of dissent, and her social solidarity was cracked by the rapid broadening of economic opportunities, luring new men into large enterprises.

Banner makes clear that, by the time "Mr. Madison's War" had begun, the federal government in Washington appeared to New England Federalists to have estranged itself from their region, much as the British ministry at Whitehall seemed to the Minute Men of 1775 to have done. A conscious minority by 1800, Massachusetts fell back upon an exclusive nativism and was first to question the fidelity of the foreign-born to the national purpose. Although slavery was not at this time a vital concern to the political leadership in Massachusetts, the Abolitionists were later to look back upon the fight against the three-fifths clause as a high point in the campaign against Negro bondage.

Neither a filiopietist nor an unabashed apologist for the political leaders of the Bay State, Mr. Banner points out that the majority of the Federalists accepted the doctrine of interposition because they felt it less

repugnant than the disunionist mouthings of Timothy Pickering. Fortunately for the Federalist unionists, the prolongation of the War of 1812 turned public opinion against the Republicans, while the repeal of the 1813 embargo and the fall of Bonaparte reduced public tension. Thus, when the Hartford Convention finally did meet, its membership was not of a stripe to cause anxiety among friends of the Union and the Constitution.

Mr. Banner sets at rest the notion, sedulously cultivated by Henry Adams, that all the Massachusetts Federalists had verged on treason at Hartford with a view to establishing a separate New England Confederation. Long ago Samuel Eliot Morison's biography of Harrison Gray Otis served as a necessary corrective to the Adams view, and Mr. Banner, reviewing a vast body of evidence, sees no reason to question Morison's basic conclusions.

All in all, *To the Hartford Convention* is a fascinating contribution to the history of ideas, one that should quickly take its place among the more instructive and informed studies of early American party politics.

Richard B. Morris's latest book is "The Emerging Nations and the American Revolution."

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Black Book Power

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

"A Change for the Better" was the heading of this column for March 16, 1968, noting progress in the publication of books for and about Negro children: more titles, less cliché dialect, fewer stereotypes. In the September 21 issue of that year Adele Silver, guest contributor, asked, "Where Are the Black Twains?" Where, she asked, were the black writers who ought to be the Mark Twains and the Robert Louis Stevensons for their own people?

With increasing public and professional awareness of the need for black books of quality, the demand for black authors and illustrators has been growing. As had been done many times before, the subject was explored by a panel of editors, reviewers, and librarians in January during a meeting of the American Library Association in which I was invited to participate. We were concentrating on guidelines for publishers, some of whom clearly felt that the guidelines were needed elsewhere. There was agreement about the urgent need for better books and for more expert advice from black people, since the majority of editors are white.

The editors present felt that they had made and were making strenuous efforts to find black authors and illustrators, but they were also convinced that the same critical standards should be applied to them as to their white counterparts. In addition, the editors pointed out that some time-lag is inherent in the publishing process.

One Negro librarian said heatedly that publishers want to make a profit. "How else could we stay in business?" an editor near me muttered. There is no question that many of the books for and about black (and white) children are mediocre. Publishers are caught between a desire to supply the books that are needed and the perennial goal of making every book on their lists as good as can be.

Where *are* the "black Twains"? I discussed this with Augusta Baker, coordinator of Children's Services for the New York Public Library, who reminded me that it isn't a new problem. Mrs. Baker, a past president of the Children's Services Division of ALA, compiled *Books About Negro Life for Children*, one of the first black bibliographies.

We had been attending the annual meeting of the Child Study Association, an organization through which Mrs. Baker had begun working more than thirty years ago to change the image of the black child in children's literature. The Bureau of Intercultural Education published her first recommended list in 1946, and it was so popular that it was eventually taken over by the library. "I had wonderful support from Frederic Melcher," Mrs. Baker said. Mr. Melcher, who established the Newbery and Caldecott awards, arranged for Mrs. Baker to speak to a group of children's editors under the auspices of the American Book Publishers' Council. "The reaction was mixed, to say the least. Some of the people there declared that they were hamstrung by their salesmen, who claimed they just couldn't sell books about Negroes. A few were publishing them anyway, money or no money, because they felt the books were needed. Some were silent, clearly not receptive."

The pedestrian black books, whether published to take advantage of a new market or from a sincere desire to contribute (or perhaps both), are nevertheless useful. "They're competent but

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not distinguished," stated Mrs. Baker (who is both), "and they probably won't last. We hope there will be distinguished books to replace them. It's time to compliment some of the blacks who pioneered; the illustrators came first, then the authors. There will be more, and in time there will be great authors. But how many Virginia Hamiltons are there?"

We agreed that textbooks are slowly improving. An increasing number of black people are involved in producing books, though still more ought to be. The image of the Negro has improved; there are fewer interracial books of fiction in which the white child takes the lead, fewer informational books with all-white illustrations. "We're beginning to see books about a black child's problems," Mrs. Baker concluded, "not just about a child's problems *as* a Negro. And we can look forward to the day when all the labels will come off and we think only in terms of giving our children the best books."

For the Youngest

Whose Mouse Are You? *By Robert Kraus. Illustrated by José Aruego. Macmillan.* 32 *pp.* $4.95. Fortunately, the mouse's story is so brief that small children can quickly memorize it and spare their elders the necessity of reading it again . . . and again . . . and again. What child hasn't felt forlorn and been assuaged by the solace of family love? Plaintively, the tale begins: "Whose mouse are you?" "Nobody's mouse." Mother is inside the cat, father is in a trap, sister's far away, no brother exists. But in a reversal as quick as a child's change of mood, the mouse decides what he will do: shake his mother out of the cat, saw his father free of the trap, rescue his mountain-bound sister by balloon. No brother? Oh, yes, there is—a brand new one! The pictures are simple, bright, and gay. A love of a book. Ages 2-4.

The Wrong Side of the Bed. *By Edward Ardizzone. Doubleday.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. Not a word of text, and none needed. A scruffy little boy appears, hang-dog, at the breakfast table. Clearly, this is One of Those Days when nothing goes right. Carefully inciting further riot, the boy pulls his sister's hair and annoys his father. Sent outdoors, he nurses his self-incurred rejection. He finds a coin in his pocket, looks at candy in a shop window, has second thoughts. Grubbier than ever, he returns home and silently presents his mother with a small bouquet. She tenderly hugs the small figure clinging to her. The illustrations have a piquant humor, the plot is perfectly clear and all too familiar, and Ardizzone proves again that he is master of the pared-down composition. Ages 3-6.

Lisa and the Grompet. *Written and illustrated by Patricia Coombs. Lothrop.* 30 *pp.* $3.75. Lisa was sick and tired of having every single member of her family tell her what to do all day long, tired of being warned, reminded, scolded, and criticized. She fed her vitamin pill to the dog and marched outdoors, where she met a tiny, winged creature who told her *his* sad story: nobody ever told him what to do, and he needed it. When Lisa scolded him, he beamed. "I love you," he said, and went home with her. After that, Lisa washed her hands without fussing; instead, she fussed at her Grompet. The message is clear but not pressed too hard, and the story reflects with gentle humor a common grief of childhood. The illustrations show a moppet of a child and a wee furry creature that bears a distinct resemblance to the grumpiest of Snow White's friends. Ages 4-7.

Gladys Told Me to Meet Her Here. *By Marjorie Weinman Sharmat. Illustrated by Edward Frascino. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. Irving was waiting. And waiting. Gladys had said she would meet him at the zoo, but where on earth was she? Maybe she was lost, Irving mused. It is a terrible thing to lose your best friend. Irving indulges in self-pity: "It's such a hot day I could melt walking around. Or I could be stretched out on the sidewalk with people bending over me. Then if Gladys came along, she'd be sorry." When his friend finally appears, Irving says simply, "Hello, Gladys." Every child can see himself in Irving's place, and the engaging ingenuousness of the writing is a boon to adult readers-aloud. The illustrations are lively and funny. Ages 4-8.

Dirk's Wooden Shoes. *By Ilona Fennema. Illustrated by Georgette Apol. Harcourt, Brace & World.*30 *pp.* $4.25. Illustrations in brilliant colors show the charm of the Dutch countryside in a book with a distinctive flavor. Little Dirk's father makes wooden clogs and has promised his son a pair cut from a piece of wood so grained that the clogs will have "magic eyes." But father forgets, and sells the special clogs to an American tourist for her grandson. The shop postcard pictures red clogs, however, and that's what the American boy wants, so the coveted shoes are returned. The writing is direct and sometimes stiff, but the story line is sturdy, the ending satisfying, and the setting interesting. Ages 5-8.

A Dog's Guide to Tokyo. *By Betty Jean Lifton. Photographs by Eikoh Hosoe. Norton.* 62 *pp.* $3.95. "Many travel books have been written for dog's best friend, man," says Jumblie, intrepid poodle and traveler. "But as far as I know, none has ever been written for, or by, man's best friend, dog." Photographs of Tokyo scenes, with and without Jumblie, provide considerable information, as do most of the author's comments. Some are simply quips, but they are amusing, and the book has far fewer posed animal pictures than one might expect. Ages 5-9.

The Shy Little Girl. *By Phyllis Krasilovsky. Illustrated by Trina Schart Hyman. Houghton Mifflin.* 32 *pp.* $3.75. Anne lived in a nice house with a nice mother and father. They loved her, but she didn't like herself much. She talked as little as possible and then very softly, and she never stood up straight. Alone at recess, as she always was, Anne met another girl one day. Claudia had been excluded from rope-jumping, too. Well, what better bond is there? Gradually Anne grew more secure in friendship, and began to volunteer answers in class—after all, Claudia knew she knew the answers. In the last scene both girls firmly demand a turn at jumping rope. The scope is small, the problem large: the story should be a comfort to the shy and a hint to other small girls. The illustrations contribute to the book's modest appeal, with clean lines, humorous touches, and a note of sweetness. Ages 5-8.

Incidents in the Life of My Uncle Arly. *By Edward Lear. Illustrated by Dale Maxey. Follett.* 28 *pp.* $3.95. Every now and then a new author or illustrator pops up to show that a fresh ingredient can improve an old favorite. Dale Maxey's bold, bright, zany pictures are exactly right for the mellifluous nonsense of Lear's tale of peculiar Uncle Arly, whose life was spent rambling about the countryside. "Like the ancient Medes and Persians/ Always by his own exertions/ He subsisted on those hills/ Whiles, by teaching children spelling/ Or at times by merely yelling/ Or at intervals by selling/ Propter's Nicodemus Pills." Ages 5-9.

The Several Tricks of Edgar Dolphin. *By Nathaniel Benchley. Illustrated by Mamoru Funai. Harper & Row.* 64 *pp.* $2.50. Edgar was an ordinary young dolphin who practiced leaping straight up into the air the way his mother did, chased ships, and generally enjoyed himself. One day some strange-looking things jumped off a ship. "Don't get too close," his mother said. "You can't tell what it may be." "I know what I'm doing," Edgar answered. But he didn't. He was caught. Dolphins are intelligent, and Edgar is no exception, so the blithe little story ends with Edgar outwitting his captors and returning home to mother. There's nothing monumental here, but all the elements of a good story: lovable hero, just enough suspense, surprise solution, and a happy ending. We've come a long way from Dick and Jane. Ages 6-7

—From "Lisa and the Grompet."

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The Orchestra Mice. *By Jacqueline Jackson. Illustrated by Robert Morrow. Reilly & Lee.* 29 *pp.* $3.50. Sam and Clarissa, the orchestra mice, bring up their twelve offspring to appreciate their home, an instrument case, and their environment, a symphony hall. "The mice studied Czerny and Bartók and Hanon/ And wrote counterpoint in three-part crab canon/ And when the pianist was sleeping at night/ The twelve practiced fugues on the black keys and white." One day the mice were told they were old enough to leave home. Came the next orchestra concert: pandemonium! The mouselets had taken refuge in instruments. The irate musicians attacked, but Clarissa and Sam sprang to the rescue with a call for Bach, and both orchestra and audience sat rapt as the mice broke into a spirited version (two on the pedals, ten on the keys) of the Goldberg Variations. The illustrations are clever, and the story has enough humor and atmosphere to appeal to the musically innocent as well as to young music lovers. Ages 6-8.

Little Apes. *By Gladys Conklin. Illustrated by Joseph Cellini. Holiday House.* 40 *pp.* $4.50. Written very simply, a description of a day in the lives of a baby gorilla, chimpanzee, gibbon, and orangutan provides children with an excellent first book on apes, and one that may make it easier for them to distinguish between apes and monkeys. The four diurnal patterns are quite similar, but the illustrations give the book variety: precisely drawn and uncluttered, they have a humorous fidelity and charm. How apt the term "jungle gym" seems when you see the look of childlike mischief on a small chimp's face. For reading aloud to the younger child as well as for independent reading at ages 7-8.

Tops and Bottoms. *By Lesley Conger. Illustrated by Imero Gobbato. Four Winds Press.* 41 *pp.* $3.95. In a sprightly adaptation of an English folk tale, a hard-working farmer outwits a gruesome goblin who has tried to get something for nothing. The farmer's father and his ancestors for generations back had never used the largest of the family fields. The farmer decided to break the tradition, but as soon as his plow parted the earth, a goblin appeared who claimed half the future crop. When the goblin claims the top half, the farmer plants carrots; when he demands the bottom half, the farmer plants corn. The illustrations, soft in color, match the humor of the story, and the characters are delightful: the farmer a stage-costumed rustic, the goblin horned and tusked but with a faintly Pogo-ish air. Ages 7-9.

When Mother Was Young. *By Maxine Kumin. Illustrated by Don Almquist. Putnam.* 64 *pp.* $3.86. When Mother was young she lived in a Brooklyn brownstone, bought defense stamps at school, saved tin cans, worked in a victory garden, and went to Coney Island when her father was on leave from the Navy. The story is barely fictionalized, with a slight thread of plot about a refugee child who at first is laughed at because he is different and is gradually assimilated. It closes with the

The Giant Pursues Greta The Strong

GRETA THE STRONG
BY DONALD J. SOBOL/ILLUSTRATED BY TRINA SCHART HYMAN
When King Arthur's round table was dissolved, aged Sir Porthal rode in search of a new hero, a pure and gentle knight who would smite evil and restore peace to the land. 18-year-old Greta, earning the honor over her four brothers, becomes the knight-errant who rights wrongs and overcomes evil, sometimes with wit and sometimes with strength, but always with honor. $3.95

WORLD'S FAIR, 1992
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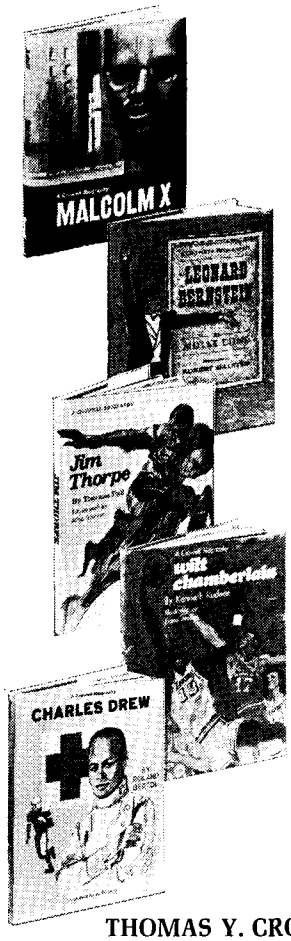

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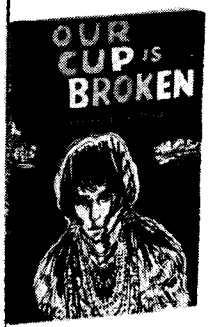

Honesty and reality, the keynotes of today's writing for young people, have long been recognized by Mrs. Means and have long been the keynotes of her writing. Her SHUTTERED WINDOWS, published in 1938, presented honestly a Negro girl's difficult adjustment to life in the South. THE MOVED-OUTERS took a hard look at the fate of a family of Japanese origin in the days following Pearl Harbor. In 1969 OUR CUP IS BROKEN was published, a dramatic rendering of the modern American Indian.

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death of Franklin Roosevelt, the end of the war, and the return of Maggie's father. As a picture of city life during World War II, particularly as it affected children, the book is especially useful because there is so little for the very young reader in this area. The illustrations are attractive. Ages 7-9.

For the Middle Group

Runaway Ralph. *By Beverly Cleary. Illustrated by Louis Darling. Morrow.* 175 *pp.* $3.95. Remember *The Mouse and the Motorcycle* (Morrow, $3.75)? Ralph, resident mouse at the Mountain View Inn, has found that he could communicate with any human being sensible enough to understand that to make a toy motorcycle real you have only to say, "Pb-pb-b-b-b!" Tired of giving rides to his little cousins, Ralph decides to run away, and goes zooming off. He is caught by a homesick camper who is suspected of having stolen a watch. Ralph, who knows that the thief was a cat, makes a deal with the camper—a boy intelligent enough to go "Pb-pb-b-b-b!"—and thus achieves freedom. The combination of reality and fantasy is deft, the depiction of camp life delightfully wry, and the saga of Ralph's adventures a musine triumph. Ages 8-10.

Sweet Pea: A Black Girl Growing Up in the Rural South. *By Jill Krementz. Illustrated with photographs. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 95 *pp.* $4.50. One of the better books in the past year's crop of photo-documentaries about black children, *Sweet Pea* has the double advantage of a highly photogenic protagonist and a text in which the casual conversational tone seems genuinely that of a ten-year-old. Sweet Pea confides that her name is really Barbara, that her daddy comes to visit her and her four brothers regularly, that her hard-working mother bought all five of them bicycles for Christmas, that she likes to visit her grandfather's farm. She describes her school, her church, her older sisters who live away from home, her mischievous younger brother, and she gives a vivid picture of the fullness and dignity of her community. Ages 8-10.

Maple Street. *By Nan Hayden Agle. Illustrated by Leonora E. Prince. Seabury.* 126 *pp.* $4.50. Maple Street, in Baltimore, is only one block long, so Margaret Gage knows everybody who lives there, and wonders why they don't do something about the vacant lots that are beginning to make the place look messy. But Margaret is only nine, and preoccupied with the loss of her best friend. It doesn't help when a hostile white family moves in nextdoor. They have a girl Margaret's age, but Ellie May's mother calls out: "You come in the house this minute. I'll whip you if I ketch you playin' up to niggers." The rancor between the girls is lessened when there is illness in the white family and the whole neighborhood helps, but—realistically—their beginning friendship is a guarded one. Margaret's efforts to have the vacant lots turned into a playground also end realistically: her dreams of a garden in Maple Street die in a concrete slab of play space. A fine picture of a black middle-class com-

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munity, with no glossing over or dramatizing of ordinary problems in human relations. Ages 8-10.

The Twenty-Seventh Annual African Hippopotamus Race. *By Morris Lurie. Illustrated by Richard Sawers. Simon & Schuster.* 56 *pp.* $3.95. On his eighth birthday Edward Day's father took a picture of him. Four feet high, eleven feet long, a lovely shade of gray, with the nicest kind of eyes—small and bulgy—he was everything a hippopotamus ought to be. No great student but a good athlete, Edward was easily persuaded by his grandfather to enter the big sporting event of the year, the annual fourteen-mile race down the Zamboola River. The combination of ludicrous situation and bland writing style makes the details of Edward's training and of the race itself highly amusing, and the ingenious Edward is appealing enough to win young readers. The illustrations, though they have some humor, seem run-of-the-mill commercial art, and do not match the zest of the story. Ages 8-10.

The Rose Family. *Written and illustrated by Olive L. Earle. Morrow.* 64 *pp.* $3.50. Profusely illustrated with meticulous black-and-white drawings of plants and their parts, this clearly written survey of the wide variety of members of the rose

—From "Sundiata: The Epic of the Lion King."

family is geared, by virtue of print size, vocabulary, and depth of examination, to the young reader. The text points out the similarities and differences among the 20,000 species, illustrating these with exotic as well as familiar flowers, bushes, and trees. The writing is smooth and authoritative. Ages 8-10.

Next Door to Xanadu. *By Doris Orgel. Illustrated by Dale Payson. Harper & Row.* 160 *pp.* $3.95. You often can't tell a book by its cover, but you will seldom be misled by the first page. Patricia, describing with rapture each step in the preparation of a rich egg cream and hoping nobody will see her, is obviously a shy girl who consoles herself by overeating. Her parents are pretty great, she says, and there are a lot of people she likes in books; but she yearns for a real friend. When Dorothy Rappaport moves into the next apartment, Patricia finds instant best-friendship. Together the girls defy the bully who makes Patricia miserable (Fatsy Patsy, he calls her); together they adopt a kitten; together they brace themselves against separation when Dorothy's father gets a new teaching assignment. While this isn't great literature and contains no high drama, it is a completely natural, smoothly written story of two very real girls of ten who have problems and triumphs that any reader can identify with. Ages 8-10.

Gerbils. *Written and illustrated by Arnold Dobrin. Lothrop.* 63 *pp.* $3.75. Gerbils, first brought into the United States for experimental purposes less than twenty years ago, have rapidly become one of the most popular of small pets. Since there is little material available about them, this first book for young people should prove of great interest. The illustrations are precise, and the text gives information on the gerbil's habits in its natural environment, as well as complete information about feeding and caring for the animal in captivity. Included are advice on breeding, recording experiments, and arranging for the gerbil's comfort when the owner is away. Ages 8-11.

A Guy Can Be Wrong. *By Barbara Rinkoff. Illustrated by Harold James. Crown.* 128 *pp.* $3.95. Big deal, Carlos thought: two weeks in the country. Just when he was looking forward to the end of school and plenty of time to play with the guys on the block, his mother and the people at the settlement house arrange for him to visit a rich family. Carlos knew the Hunters were trying to be hospitable, and their house was great, but it was so quiet. Drew Hunter was just his age, but the creep didn't want to do anything and wasn't about to introduce Carlos to his snobbish friends. But a guy can be wrong, Carlos admits, when he realizes that Drew is a shy loner. It is the Puerto Rican boy, bright and friendly, who introduces Drew to his own neighbors. Not an epic in human relations, the story offers a small glimpse of understanding. It is slow of pace but otherwise well written and quietly realistic. Ages 9-11.

The Moscow Circus School. *By Leon Harris. Illustrated with photographs. Atheneum.* 60 *pp.* $4.50. The government-run Moscow Circus School is free; its students enter at eleven and graduate at sixteen, with assured careers, early retirement, and a bouquet of prerogatives in Soviet society. All pupils must learn to juggle and walk a high wire, and become proficient in acrobatics and gymnastics. Those who plan to be clowns are given training in voice, acting, and pantomime, and everybody works on props, makeup, and costumes. The lure of the big tent is on every page of this book. The pictures will probably inspire readers with dreams of glory. Ages 9-12.

Sundiata: The Epic of the Lion King. *By Roland Bertol. Illustrated by Gregorio Prestopino. Crowell,* 82 *pp.* $3.95. The people of Niani did not recognize in the fat, crippled, ugly Sundiata, twelfth son of the

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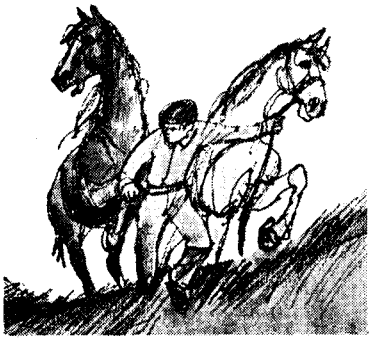

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***SR*'s Annual**

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king, the conqueror who the sorcerer had predicted would be more powerful than Alexander the Great. But when the evil Sumanguru had bested all his eleven brothers and the royal scepter was in his hand, seven-year-old Sundiata spoke and walked. Sent into exile, the boy king grew strong and crafty in the arts of war, and returned to Niani to defeat the terrible Sumanguru in a mighty battle. So began the reign of Sundiata, Sword of Islam, founder of Mali. The writing has a rolling cadence, the true rhythm of the storyteller; and the book in fact opens with a depiction of a contemporary storyteller and his audience. It is a slow start to a masterful retelling of a great African legend. Ages 9-12.

The Beachcomber's Book. *By Bernice Kohn. Illustrated by Arabelle Wheatley. Viking.* 96 *pp.* $3.75. How-to-do-it (make it, collect it, identify it, cook it) books are not usually as varied and as pleasant to read as *The Beachcomber's Book.* It is never laboriously instructive, and the wide range of suggestions encourages interests of various kinds. For the more ambitious reader, there is advice on making a hot plate from beach glass or a mobile from shells; for the gourmet, advice on gathering and cooking beach fruits, seaweed, clams, and mussels; for the modest observer, pictures of shells to collect. The delicate black-and-white drawings, useful for identification or amplification, are quite charming in themselves. Ages 9-12.

I Wish I Had an Afro. *Written and photographed by John Shearer. Cowles.* 48 *pp.* $3.95. Some of his sister's friends, says Little John, argue with his father. "I wonder, though, if he agrees with them, why don't he go along with them an' why don't he let me grow my hair like theirs. They sure do dig bein' black. . . . I wish I had an Afro." Big John replies: "I'm not sayin' black power is a bad thing. I'm just sayin' long hair don't make you any blacker than someone with short hair." Big John and his wife are hard-working and conservative, poor and ambitious. They live in a shabby house in Westchester, hoping for some measure of ease, and are adamant about their children's upbringing. The text moves back and forth as Big John, his wife, and their son soliloquize about their lives, evoking a sharp and candid picture of poverty in the midst of plenty, of the rift between the generations and the love that binds them. Ages 9-12.

A Truckload of Rice. *By Paul Berna. Translated from the French by John Buchanan-Brown. Illustrated by Prudence Seward. Pantheon.* 154 *pp.* $4.50. Who on earth would leave a bowl of goldfish on the desk of a police officer? Baffled, Commissioner Sinet discovers that the cleaning woman had received them from the owner of a pet shop as some kind of promotion scheme. One of the goldfish turns out to be the final clue that solves the mysterious disappearance of a large sum of money collected for a charitable venture, the donation of rice to a famine-stricken village in India. Instrumental in pursuing the cunning thief are two boys, canny and

—From "Maple Street."

determined, whose investigations through the Paris neighborhood where they live provide considerable humor and a wonderfully varied roster of colorful Parisians. The story has suspense and vigor, the role of the boys is believable, and the plot and characterization are solid. Ages 10-12.

Collage and Construction. *By Harvey Weiss. Scott.* 64 *pp.* $3.95. Sensible advice on materials and techniques, firm adherence to esthetic precepts, and a broad spectrum of media make this a better-than-most book on art experience. While some of the suggestions are quite concrete, most advance ideas about concentrating on realism, or abstract form, or a theme, or simply on contrast of texture or shape. The writing is informal, serious, and encouraging, and the media discussed include box pictures, paper collage, wire sculpture, and string pictures. Ages 9-12.

Ox: The Story of a Kid at the Top. *By John Ney. Little, Brown.* 140 *pp.* $4.95. Here is a book with an unusual theme, an unusual protagonist, good style, and an interesting potential that is not realized. Twelve-year-old Ox is fat, rich, and abjectly miserable. As he tells it, his parents drink a lot, sleep a lot, fight a lot between parties. Ox watches television, eats, cries, and attends a private school where the fourth-grade teacher (Ox isn't dumb, but he is two years behind) is the only person in the world he finds sympathetic. Ox's father takes him to California and Mexico, ignoring the unhappy child while he drinks with a crowd of jet-setters. Along the way one of his former wives has him jailed for nonpayment of alimony, and Ox has a brief moment of glory talking to reporters. When he comes home, Ox decides that nothing ever changes. The book gives a view of the drinking rich who are bored by their children, but it is so luridly drawn that it is unconvincing. Ox, who ought to be a tragic figure, succeeds only in being a bore. Ages 10-12.

The Lark in the Morn. *By Elfrida Vipont. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 225 *pp.* $4.95. Kit Haverard's father had been very grateful to his young cousin Laura when she took over his motherless girl, but Kit

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didn't quite share his gratitude. It wasn't just that Laura was strict; she was insensitive and so sure, always, that she was right. Twelve-year-old Kit knows that her mother had been a fine singer, but she only slowly realizes that she herself has a voice. Laura calls it nonsense, and Kit's mild, absent-minded father does not recognize the strain she is under until she has a breakdown. Her father's death and her own need finally give Kit the courage to sing publicly, and the book ends on a note of triumph. This is the first in a trilogy about several branches of a large family of English Quakers, published in England two decades ago and now being made available here. Although a bit dated, the books will probably appeal to girls who dote on family stories. The writing is smooth, the approach romantic, the characters strongly drawn, and the setting very proper British. Ages 10-12.

Return to Hiroshima. *By Betty Jean Lifton, Photographs by Eikoh Hosoe. Atheneum.* 91 *pp.* $5.95. On the surface Hiroshima is now a bustling Westernized city. The shipyards and the factories hum, the streets are filled with modern vehicles, the night life is lively, and the pride of the citizens is the baseball stadium. But the bomb is not forgotten; its survivors still suffer. In front of the Atomic Bomb monument in Peace Park there are always floral offerings, and in the Atomic Bomb Hospital the beds are filled with those who were in Hiroshima during the holocaust and lived. The photographs, candid and moving, show the pathos of the crippled and the bereaved. The writing is sober and matter-of-fact, yet the effect of the whole is poetic—an elegy in black and white. Ages 10-14.

We Reach the Moon. *By John Noble Wilford. Illustrated with photographs. Norton. 132 pp. $4.95.* In an edition for young readers, based on the adult book of the same title published by *The New York Times* and Bantam Books, John Wilford traces the history of the space program and describes, from blast-off to splashdown, the voyage of the *Apollo 11*. Only occasionally does the adaptation show signs of the scissors; for the most part it is smooth, informal, and comprehensive, both in giving background and in explaining the stages of technical discussion, experimentation, and flight. The final chapter discusses the analysis of moon dust and rocks and the conjectures resulting from it. Ages 10-14.

Just Morgan. *By Susan Beth Pfeffer. Walck.* 200 *pp.* $4.50. Morgan had hardly known her parents, having spent most of her fourteen years at boarding school and summer camps, so it wasn't too great a blow when news came that they had died. Quiet and diffident, she relied heavily on her popular roommate, Trinck, since she herself found it hard to make friends. As for boys: nil. Morgan's whole world changes when Tom Goodstone, her uncle, is appointed her guardian. Tom is divorced, a famous novelist, a baseball fan, a pianist, and a sophisticated New Yorker addicted to actresses. In his household Morgan takes her first tentative steps toward self-assurance, helped by her cousin Josh when his father is being strict, cheered on by Tom when Morgan takes a stand against the anti-Semitism exhibited by Trinck. An honest story with interesting and wholly credible people, the book is particularly distinguished by the natural quality of the dialogue and the complete avoidance of formula situations. Ages 10-14.

Don't You Turn Back. *By Langston Hughes. Poems selected by Lee Bennett Hopkins. Illustrated by Ann Grifalconi. Knopf.* 84 *pp.* $3.95. Working with inner-city children in Harlem schools, Lee Hopkins discovered that they responded spontaneously to the poems of Langston Hughes. Collected here are some of those that were particularly enjoyed. Most of them are brief, childlike in their simplicity, and timeless in their interpretations of black dreams, sea-longing, or the triumphant affirmation of faith. Dramatic woodcuts and dignified format help make this a tribute to a fine poet. Ages 10 up.

For Older Boys and Girls

Will There Never Be a Prince? *By Sondra Rosenberg. Illustrated by Mircea Vasiliu. St. Martin's.* 136 *pp.* $3.95. Being fifteen can be fun. It can also be torture. For Carol Stein it is a mixture; her adolescent despair about being fat and having no boyfriend is alleviated by a wry sense of humor. Confiding in her diary, Carol is all Tortured Soul, but her description of the ups and downs of her fifteenth year is otherwise breezy and invigorating. The dialogue is typical of high-school flippancy, and the evolution of Carol's self-esteem via lost pounds, new clothes, and the acquisition of a compatible boyfriend after a few trials is ruefully real and often very funny indeed. Ages 11-13.

—From "Don't You Turn Back."

The Guardians. *By John Christopher. Macmillan.* 168 *pp.* $4.50. London has changed a great deal by the year 2052, and thirteen-year-old Rob Randall is unhappy there. Newly orphaned, he has been sent to a state school where the rigidity and conformity reflect the highly organized so-

(*Continued on page* 69)

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Lincoln Center's Great Little Opera Theater

LINCOLN CENTER has saved to the last the least usual of the half-dozen major halls in the complex, and it may come to be the most cherished of them all. It is the cunningly designed entity under the Juilliard roof, which parallels, on the west side, the Alice Tully Hall to the east. Currently designated The Juilliard Theater—a substantial contribution could change the name—it may be described as baroque modern, meaning that a sense of intimacy prevails within the basswood and cherry interior despite a capacity of 933.

All the portents were good to the eye; the remaining questions related only to how they would work for the ear. In the aftermath of the opening production of *The Rake's Progress* inscribed "In homage to Igor Stravinsky" (its composer), the only conclusion could be that they worked very well. The balance of sound between stage and pit was inherently good, words cleanly spoken were clearly audible, and sight lines were a nonexistent factor. How the blend of sounds reached the listener was, thus, less a function of acoustical values than of how they were arranged by conductor Erich Leinsdorf.

This is a hall, like the Cuvilliéstheater (formerly the Residenz) in Munich, which has no such thing as a bad seat for listening, so carefully has space been apportioned by architect Pietro Belluschi. In addition, whether the stage opening is at its minimum of forty-five feet in width or its maximum of fifty-eight feet (sliding panels control the variables), nothing impedes a full view from any extremity.

As with any new theater, the secrets of total utilization can only be learned in practical application; thus, there were some interludes during which the tasteful scenic arrangements of Ming Cho Lee did not progress as swiftly as the Rake himself. Some of this might have related to stage director Tito Capobianco's decision to employ an inner, raised platform for the main action. A suitable option in itself, it forbade lateral movement of drops and set pieces, or employment of the elaborate stage machinery. Everything went up or down, sometimes faster down than up. Once in place, the suggestive hangings, with reversible Hogarthian side panels, made a handsome, atmospheric effect.

What went on within the Lee-Capobianco production was largely creditable to the subprofessionals of the Juilliard-sponsored American Opera Center. Among the performers (no longer students, but not yet wholly in a play-for-pay status) there was close to excellence in Michael Devlin's Nick Shadow, a tall, aristocratic, and humorously sinister figure, as well spoken as it was resonantly sung, and the amusingly adroit Baba by Susan Marsee. On the next lower level of development were the well-sounding if less expert efforts of Joanne Bruno (a strong rather than supple Anne Trulove) and Robert Jones (a vocally poised, dramatically uncertain Rake). The ensemble requirement for whores and roaring boys in the brothel of Mother Goose was met by Juilliard enrollees whose qualifications related more to adolescent enthusiasm than to professional expertise.

The major miscasting was, for a change, not on the stage but in the pit. Leinsdorf's operatic exposure has ranged, at the Metropolitan, from Debussy's *Pelléas* to Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* and Verdi's *Macbeth* to Strauss's *Gypsy Baron*, proclaiming a kind of professionalism much to advantage of the young singers. But he did not provide the keen nose for the smell and fragrance of the score, or the ear for its textures and nuances that might have been forthcoming from a conductor of less inclusive, more specific attributes. When he failed, in the opening fanfare, to give suitable emphasis to the out-of-chord tones that spice this sequence, expectations lowered; they were not materially raised by the highly generalized kind of dynamics and tonal values that ensued, rather than the particular, sharply defined emphasis required. Even in such a broadly comedic scene as that at the end of Act II, when the presumably dead Baba rouses herself to the *esprit de corpse* that only a bearded female Turk could muster, the sounds of the wind instruments were fat and full, rather than slim and lean as suited Stravinsky's purpose.

This was but one of a lengthy list of specifics that differentiated the make-do from the must-do that would have been preferable. Leinsdorf was, of course, working with orchestral players of limited experience. But they are also of virtually unlimited capacities, which were not held to a sufficiently rigorous level of execution in this instance. The *Rake* is, at best, a fragile work; at least, a rather tenuous one. When its fragility is abused, as it was in this production, the tenuous becomes, alas, untenable.

On the strength of its recent showing in Philharmonic Hall, the Houston Symphony has every right to consideration as the best orchestra south of Washington, and very possibly among the best half-dozen in the country. This strength was "strength" indeed: a sonorous potential exploited to the fullest by Hans Schwieger, music director of the Kansas City Philharmonic, standing in as guest.

From the outset, with the faint tremulous chords of Strauss's *Tod und Verklärung*, Schwieger identified himself as a conductor not only sure of himself but also sure of the performers' ability to do what he wanted of them. There was a steady surge of sound through intermediate climaxes to the ultimate one, and a fullness of response that never verged on the overstressed. To his credit, Schwieger worked with equal concentration and efficiency in the following G-minor Concerto of Bruch, in which the enormously gifted Korean Young Uck Kim was the soloist. Kim, who is somewhat of the Ruggiero Ricci size as violinists go, commands an asset beyond price for any string player: a pure, clear, fresh stream of sound untainted by a scratch or a flaw through its many octaves. His warm conviction in the worth of what he was doing was echoed in Schwieger's evocation of the orchestral score, resulting in Bruch as it should be broached. I did not hear the Twelfth Symphony of Shostakovich (a New York premiere) that followed.

A young enthusiastic orchestra and a young enthusiastic conductor produced what could only be described as young enthusiastic music when Bernard Haitink and the London Philharmonic Orchestra appeared for the first time together in Carnegie Hall. The London Philharmonic may not be made up of the best-known names in its local community of musicians, but this still permits the possibility that it is made up of many of the best musicians. It is well staffed through its several choirs, and, under Haitink's enamoring direction, made a proud swirl of sound in Glinka's *Russlan and Ludmila* Overture, also in the orchestral accompaniment to Ivan Davis's alert, well-shaped playing of the Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2. In both there were reasons to feel that optimum results would have been nearer to realization were Haitink, whose primary identification is with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, to curb some of his physical energy and apply more attention to detail and finesse.

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Out of Place in America

Continued from page 13

compensate the victims. *We* discovered Mylai, and it was our kids who tried to stop the war, to fight discrimination, and to battle the hunger and poverty of others. But the bones exist nonetheless, and the claims are still unpaid.

Again it feels like the tenth of May. We have had no end of speculation—analyses of the Sixties, speculations about the Seventies, the ritual of the decades—but in this case the accidents of the calendar seem to coincide with a more fundamental sense of change. The high hopes of the Kennedy and early Johnson years—the integrative, unifying possibilities of the New Frontier and of the Great Society, however illusory—have collapsed and are now disparaged by the very people who helped destroy them. We may never see such a time again. The danger now is that the center—what we used to call the mainstream and which Richard Nixon traduced into a "silent [read acquiescent] majority"—will be maintained artificially through intimidation and repression, through subtle coercion of the media and overt coercion by the police. If television can help unify isolated pockets of resistance, it can also divide and destroy, or simply neglect. The New Left's occasional rhetoric about fascism is inappropriate, at least for the moment, but the government-sanctioned attacks on dissent, on the young, on blacks, and on other minorities of assertion are real. One wonders whether the chill wind of a limited recession cannot be used by any cynical government as an instrument of political control—make jobs hard to get and institutional conformity is easier to enforce—and whether campaigns to improve the "environment," no matter how necessary and how nobly intended, will not be used like suburban zoning laws to protect the privileges and surroundings of those who have against the demands and depredations of those who have not.

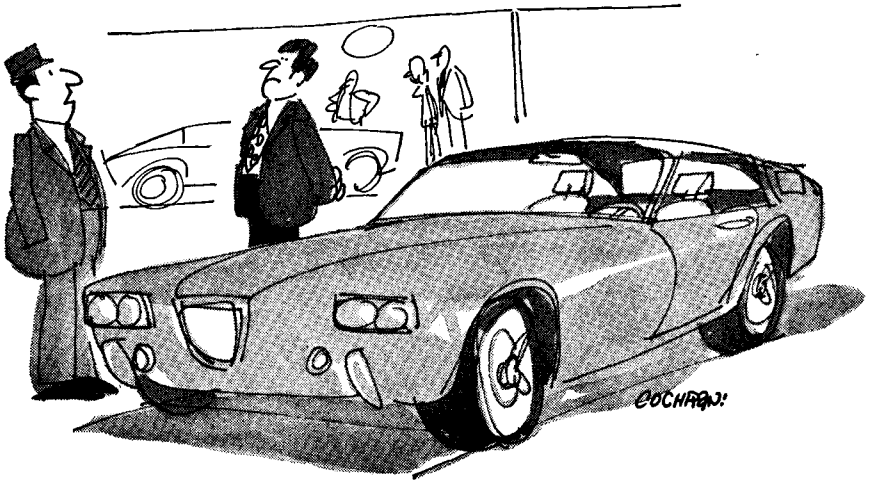
Somehow we are trying through the semblance of action to restore the things we have lost—to build, as it were, a center of plastic. We will invent or promote new problems to solve so that we can disregard old ones; we will try to divert people from the peace movement to pollution control and use the same tactics of engagement; we will speak about cleaning up streams so that we can forget the rats and crowding of the ghetto; we will launch noble campaigns against abstract enemies because the real enemies—the beneficiaries of exploitation, technology, and war—are too powerful to offend. We will pretend that this is one nation managing its common problems when, in fact, it is a nation of strangely apprehensive people who are offered everything but a sense of continuity and a hopeful future.

The cultural energy of America has come, increasingly, from the periphery, from people who know they are outsiders, and who think of themselves as *others*: Jews, blacks, Catholics, kids, and all the rest. Perhaps it has always been that way, and yet there was, without doubt, a time when we believed that the future was with the nation, when we did not speak about the silent majority but rather about the common people, and when being outside was supposed to be a temporary condition, something that would be solved by mobility, opportunity, or integration. A generation ago, America still seemed unique in this respect; we regarded our discontinuities as signs of progress: Other things being equal, change was always for the better. This is what distinguished us not only from Europe, but from most traditional societies where tomorrow was inevitably like today and where the shocks of time were generally catastrophic. Everywhere but here history was the enemy of man. This is what made America simultaneously so attractive and so infuriating to those Europeans who understood the innocence in our idealism.

As a nation, we seemed to control our history and destiny, and it is this that we have lost. We have become a country of outsiders precisely because the world—at home and everywhere else—seems no longer manageable. This is why the anemic symbols of triumph are, at the same time, so overmanaged and so unsatisfactory, why the moonshot, for example, affects little except the television schedule, changes no lives, creates no hope, and produces no action. If there had ever been a center, a mainstream of ideas and action, it rested in the belief that things were manageable, and that all men and all things would participate. When that seems no longer possible, two things occur simultaneously: People drop out to do their own thing (or nothing), and those entrusted with management try to invent (or enforce) conditions and problems that make their stewardship appear successful. We do not end the war, but pretend that it no longer exists or that it has been forgotten; we do not eliminate poverty, but disregard it; we do not risk hope that may remain unfulfilled, but take hope away.

If there is anything characteristic about the liberals of my generation it is that we have become trapped between our idealism about older institutions and ideas, and our realization that something is desperately and perhaps even fatally wrong. We see Spiro Agnew or Judge Julius Hoffman of Chicago as symbols of aberration, not as representatives of the system, but we are no longer sure. We know that we have seen forms of repression far worse than anything that exists in this country, but we can easily imagine the events that might lead from here to there. We now share with all conservatives a suspicion, if not of history, then of the assumed beneficence of change. At the same time, we cannot leave things alone, for if we did we wouldn't be what we are; we would be ideologically unemployed. We are still, in other words, prepared to join, to embrace, to support, and it is this, I think, that distresses us most about those who, a few years ago, embarrassed us with their commitment, their willingness to put their faith and bodies on the line, and who now seem to have resigned so much.

But we also share something with all other Americans, and that is our un-Americanism, which is to say our loss



"I drive in rush-hour traffic a lot. I need a car that can really creep."

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of confidence. Americans, as I suggested earlier, have always been, in some sense, out of place, living through the tensions between regional and national citizenship, between things accomplished and things undone, between promises extended—equality, justice, opportunity—and promises fulfilled. But through all this the belief in our national citizenship—its ideals, its mythology, its expectations—remained vital and alive. We were in tension with what we believed existed, not with what we suspected had ceased to be.

There was, moreover, place itself. It was possible to leave home, but it was not enforced. Even if *things* changed, landmarks were supposed to remain as reminders of another time, as symbols of permanence and tradition. Now the bulldozers of modernization invade the neighborhood like tanks, the high-rise replaces the brownstone, the supermarket drives out the corner store, the cotton picker and the automatic machine uproot, divide, and transform. Men are driven from their places; we have evicted ourselves.

Perhaps it can all be restored, perhaps there will be new crusades that can enlist volunteers of high ideals, perhaps even "the environment" will be more than an artificial campaign to make things look good, to deodorize the john and purify the water. For the moment it looks desperately doubtful. The ravages in Vietnam suggest that our passion for the air and the earth may be more proprietary than humane, and our tolerance of poverty and hunger, foreign and domestic, is hardly a sign of hope. We have all had our tenth of May, but for Americans the effect has been, perhaps, more shattering than for all others. We had all been believers, believers in ourselves and hence in the future. But events have driven a barrier between the past and the present, and we are now all refugees in our own country.

SR Goes to the Movies

Roland Gelatt

Balancing the Biosphere

BY HAPPY coincidence, John Korty's film *riverrun* (the title derives from *Finnegans Wake*) went on view in New York a week after Earth Day. The timing could not have been more appropriate. Though the picture does not deal directly with depletion of resources or pollution of air and water, it celebrates a life-style that could possibly do more for our battered environment than any number of sewage disposal plants. Through the persuasive example of its two youthful protagonists, the film exhorts us to consume less and treasure the bounties of nature more. This simple message may be worrisome to auto makers, power companies, food packagers, and the like, but it could do a lot to put the biosphere back in balance.

As in *Easy Rider*, the story focuses on young Americans at odds with the prevailing materialistic attitudes of their country. But unlike the peripatetic dropouts of *Easy Rider*, the couple in *riverrun* want to put down roots and to work in a spirit of affirmation. They may be alienated from the mainstream of society, but they are not nihilistic. Dan (Mark Jenkins) is tall, cherubic, moody—an Art Garfunkel with somewhat rulier hair. Sarah (Louise Ober) is plain, shy, earnest—an old-fashioned girl despite the trappings of hippieness. Together they have left college and abandoned the ladder of upward mobility in order to raise sheep on a remote ranch overlooking the sea in northern California.

Into their lives, for a short visit before shipping out again, comes Sarah's father, Jeffries (John McLiam), a natty merchant seaman who had abandoned his family years before and is now a virtual stranger to his grown daughter. Before long, the conflict of generations asserts itself. Jeffries is outraged by the couple's calm indifference to the usual symbols of success. It is not just that they make do with a Model A pickup truck, a wood-burning stove, and secondhand furniture from the Salvation Army. What really nettles him is that they prefer these simple artifacts to the latest products from the assembly line. When he offers to buy them a new car, Dan turns it down. With all its vagaries, they really like their old Model A.

When Sarah tells her father that she is expecting a baby and intends to bear it at home, Jeffries decides to stay on for the duration, and as the pregnancy develops, so do his truculence and antagonism. Battle lines are drawn across the generation gap while the film builds inexorably to a culmination of birth and death.

Korty, who functioned in the triple capacity of writer, cameraman, and director, is a young film-maker in San Francisco with a reputation for praiseworthy but noncommercial productions. His previous full-length films—*Crazy Quilt* and *Funnyman*—have made the festival rounds without ever getting into general distribution. The new picture, made on a budget of $170,000, has waited two years to go into release.

Because of budgetary limitations, Korty avoided big names in assembling his cast. In fact, one of his principals—Louise Ober—had never acted before. It would be stretching a point to say that the performances are consistently polished and on target. Particularly in the early scenes, the young couple seem tentative and self-conscious. But in a sense this turns out to be something of an asset. Korty is an experienced documentary photographer, and in *riverrun* he has achieved a quasi-documentary quality. Wherever possible, he eschews artifice in favor of the genuine article. For example, the flashbacks of Sarah as a child are actual 8-mm family movies of Louise Ober herself. And the birth scene that brings the film to a climax is an adroit mélange made up of an actual birth and its re-enactment in the studio. Korty located a young woman preparing for natural childbirth at home who was both akin to Miss Ober in physique and agreeable to having her accouchement photographed. The resultant footage not only provided the editor with some realistic material for intercutting but also gave the actors a vivid model on which to base their representation.

Throughout the film, California's verdant coastal landscape is photographed with loving and lingering detail. Perhaps *riverrun* lingers a little too much for its own good. But in its low-keyed way, the film says something important about the less freaky aspects of the hippie subculture. Not all the young people in our midst smoke pot, wallow in rock, and espouse revolutionary upheaval. Many of them are gentle, unaggressive souls like Sarah and Dan who have turned their backs on material acquisitiveness and competitive struggle in favor of a simpler and less problematic life-style. Their likes could save us all.

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Booked for Travel

Horace Sutton

A Few Words on Behalf of Texas

WHILE I HAVE YOU ALL here I would like to say a few words about Texas whither I paused recently during a foray among the *centralamericanos.*

Playing my cards with practiced finesse, considering the bauble-buyers in my clan who were in the party, I managed to arrive in Dallas on Saturday night long after Neiman-Marcus had closed for the weekend. I departed the next day, leaving little time for more than a comfortable night in the new Fairmont, a sniff at the azaleas in the spiffy part of town, and a look at what all those planners and dreamers have done to Love Field. As for the Fairmont, it is huge and new, a creation of Ben Swig, who is, as well, the *patron* of the Fairmont on Nob Hill in San Francisco. Like its far western relation, the Dallas version has a lobby roughly the size of the Ozark Plateau, and it is paved in the same patterned broadloom as Swig's inn by the bay. You could put down a reasonably swoggled citizen in one place or the other and he would have a hard time knowing which city he was in.

Whatever else it may offer—one may apply to the nearest Texan for a quick rundown—Texas has some of the most handsome and workable airports in the nation.

A little over a year ago, Braniff moved out of the main terminal at Love Field and set up its own depot. Like its airplanes, which come in nine different flavors, the terminal offers walkways in cerise, avocado, yellow, gold, blue, and violet, a concourse of colors as they call it. The baggage that drops on to the carrousels is reflected in mirrors on the ceiling, and there are walls of mirrors and ceramic tiles in the lobby. Fanciful ceiling light fixtures have been created of dozens of aluminum poles, each four feet long, interlaced with chains. Harper and George, the carpetbaggers from New York who did the designs for the Dallas terminal and for San Antonio's, have even managed to make decorative panels out of such mundane in-flight materials as ashtrays, glasses, cups, salt and pepper shakers, and baggage tags. It all makes for a sparkling launch pad or homing cote, depending upon which way you're going. Braniff's departure from the main arena at Love Field has made more room for American Airlines, which has dropped about $7.5-million in petty cash prettying up *its* digs, and for Delta, which expects to run up a bill for several millions when all the chits are in.

Considering all the undisposable containers and instant obsolescence that the country has been chirping about lately, it is somehow rather unsettling to learn that all this jazzy newness at Love Field is, so to speak, only a temporary measure. Texas is already at work on a Texas-sized airfield, an 8,500-acre expanse outside town, that will cost $300- to $400-million, and that will serve Dallas and Fort Worth and much of the Southwest as an international terminal. The target date is the early 1970s, but they are still floating bonds out there, and it might be more reasonable to expect it to open in time for the nation's Bicentennial.

Meanwhile an airline has to live and that is why Braniff, which is now moving 250,000 people a month in and out of Love Field, was willing to plunk down $9.5-million for its colorful depot. It has also spent another $2-million on a new Jet-Rail, one of the most inventive pieces of machinery yet to be seen at any airport.

As with most airports in the nation, finding a parking space this side of the Canadian border is a real and constant problem. Even finding curb space where passengers can disembark from ground transportation and commence the infantry march through the terminal to the departure gate can be a challenge.

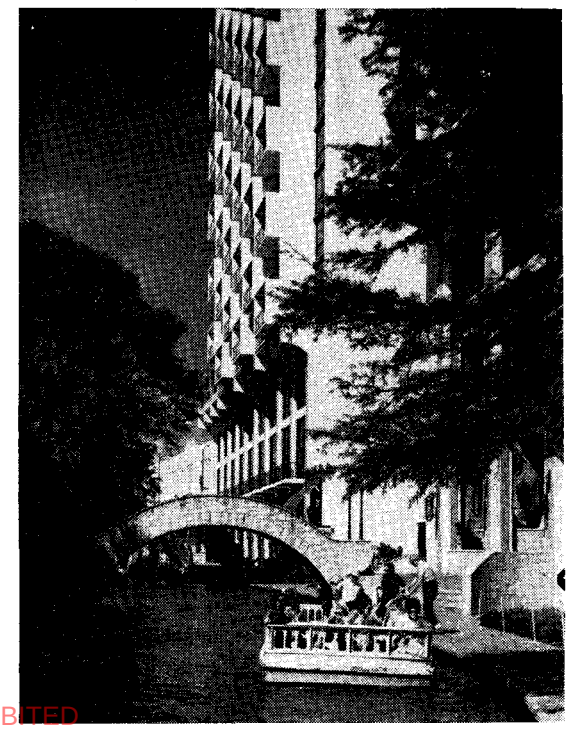
The Jet-Rail provides a remote parking area three-quarters of a mile from the eye of the terminal hurricane. Braniff passengers, or I suppose anybody else if they want to, may drive up in their car, which will be parked for them. They may check in their baggage on the spot and climb aboard a monorail that floats them over the top of the congestion straight to the gate. Returning to Dallas from some point on the Braniff system, the passenger's baggage will get a special tag. When he deplanes at Dallas, he picks up a yellow phone and gives the controller the number of his parking lot ticket. He then boards the monorail for the ride to the satellite. If everything goes right, the passenger, his bag, and his car should all come together at the remote parking lot. The charge is $1.50 for the valet service and $1.50 a day for parking.

While not possessed of so elaborate a transport arrangement as Love Field, the airport at San Antonio sings with the same vibrant colors. If anything, San Antonio pulsates under the spicy influences of Mexico to a far greater degree than Dallas, and the style is apparent as soon as one steps off the plane. Besides the embellishments, the corridors are wide and handsome, and if it must bring passengers out to satellites on foot, at least it provides snack bars (complete with chiliburgers) at these outposts.

The chiliburger syndrome has deep roots in San Antonio. Aside from the celebrated, perhaps overcelebrated, Alamo, the core of Spanish colonial life—the Spanish governor's palace—still stands in San Antonio. Here was the system's center, and here was the zero milestone that measured the distances to the Spanish outposts eastward to Jacksonville and westward to San Diego. The Hapsburg coat of arms is still in place over the doorway. Philip V was on the Spanish throne while the Spanish colonists were in the American southwest, and while Philip's mother was Joanna the Mad, daughter of Isabella, his father was Philip the Handsome, a Burgundian-Hapsburg. His minions, even this far away, paid homage to his ancestry.

Even though there are more immediate and more fetching things to see in San Antonio, the governor's palace is a suitable place to start, for it establishes a good perspective on the influences that still flourish here as part of the amalgamated culture. The governor sought his God in his private chapel, dined in a huge salon where candles flicker now and flowers in a copper urn brighten a somber and heavy room. On cool days a fire glows, sending its smoke up the original flue. The outdoor fireplace in the garden gives some idea of the origins of the decorating vogue now popular in the South-

San Antonio River — Beer and Brass.



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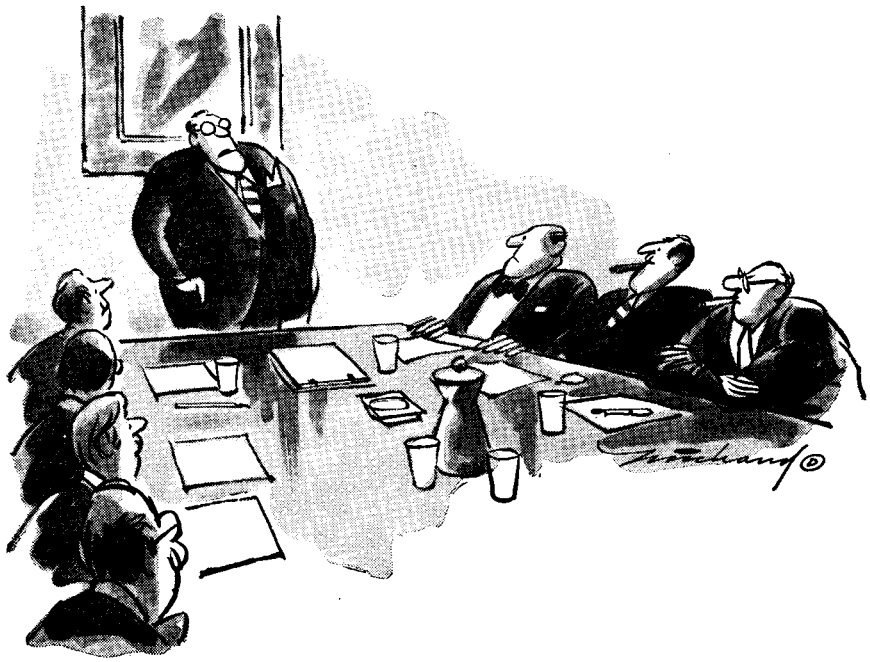
west and especially in Southern California. The palace seems to lie along some botanical line of demarcation, because yucca, which flourishes on the west side of town, grows up to this point, and thereafter Spanish oak and mountain laurel take over. Banana trees grow, but they have to be cut back to stumps in the winter, to return, flourishingly, with the warmth of spring.

Like much of historical San Antonio, the palace is a restoration, for it had once been a chili café and later a beer tavern when the city bought it in 1930. Across from the palace is a statue of Moses Austin of Connecticut, who traveled west to get permission to bring in colonists from Missouri. The permission was granted, but Austin died on the way, and it was his son Stephen who arrived with the first colonists.

Around the grounds of the palace, Santa Anna, the Mexican commander who saw himself as a local Napoleon, gathered his Mexican troops before assaulting the Alamo. From the tower of the San Fernando Cathedral, Santa Anna ran up the red flag that told the Alamo defenders that this would be a battle in which no quarter was to be asked. The archdiocese is said to have suggested that some heroes of the Alamo are buried in the church, but there are those local historians, professional, amateur, and always partisan, who discount the theory.

The first break-through of the battle in 1836 came on the north side of the Alamo near the Court House and Post Office. What is left, and what is called the Alamo, is the chapel. It is owned by the state and operated, with unflagging passion, by the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, a local counterpart, in every possible way, of New England's DAR. There are rules that prohibit smoking, picture-taking, and the taking of refreshment inside the building. There was an enormous hoo-hah when Peter Ustinov and a band from Hollywood descended to film *Viva Max,* a fantasy spoof of the Alamo. The Daughters blockaded the doors, and the interiors had to be filmed in Rome, but not before a camera crew was permitted inside during the early morning hours to take some footage of the interior so that it could be properly copied.

In the garden stands a reverential, empathetic statue, a gift from the Japanese. It was presented by Japanese students visiting here in 1914 who compared the Alamo with a similar battle that took place in Japan in 1567. Even more remembrances of Japan lie in state in an adjoining building. On counters and in cases is a wide assortment of made-in-Japan souvenirs—tin plates with pictures of the Alamo, glass horses, onyx turtles, miniature Texas license plates with names like Ricky and Randy, hunting knives, and slides. "They don't call it desecration," a cynic said to me, "because it's in another building." But the Alamo has its supporters, too, and they are not always from Texas. George Jessel, that old cowhand, recently tried to stop the showing of *Viva Max,* which was playing aboard an American Airlines plane en route between coasts. "Un-Ameri-



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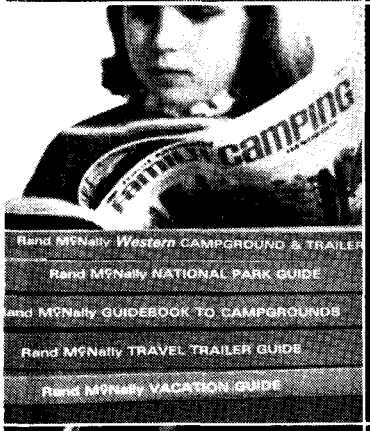
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Grace M. Mayer—Curator, Edward J. Steichen Archive, Department of Photography, The Museum of Modern Art.

Margaret R. Weiss—Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*.

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is September 15, 1970.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and The McCall Publishing Co., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1969, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 12 cents, in stamps or coin. **Do not send self-addressed envelopes.**

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than one black-and-white **or** one color picture to this magazine's World Travel Photo Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1970, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: No more than one picture may be submitted by any one entrant.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 2, 1971. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

DEADLINE SEPTEMBER 15, 1970 Saturday Review 380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

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can," cried the toastmaster general, but the film rolled on.

It is not generally known, at least by me, that there are five Spanish missions in the San Antonio area, most of them from fifty to eighty years older than those in California. There is even a local Mission San Juan de Capistrano, but alas, there are no swallows, only blackbirds. The line of missions follows the meanderings of the spring-fed San Antonio River, a narrow waterway that has had its bad times and good. It snakes through the middle of town, which could have made it a problem or a blessing depending upon how it was used. One local type, to whose memory no statue has been erected, once suggested turning it into a sewer and paving the top for a parking lot.

Although the river had been accepted and even beautified during recent years, it was the HemisFair of 1968 that really turned the river into a Venetian canal. It has become part of a rather special way of life both for San Antonio citizens and for visitors. It is lined with restaurants and shops, shaded by magnolia trees and palms, and bordered with stone terraces flowing with ferns. The new convention center with its Theater of Performing Arts, decorated with a mosaic by Juan O'Gorman, has its own lagoon, and patrons in the hotels, many of them on the water, can come by boat.

The giant Hilton calls itself the Palacio del Rio, and while it overlooks the Paseo del Rio, and brims with Mexican tiles and Mexican customers, a breakfast order for *huevos rancheros*, that tangy Mexican eye-opening breakfast, produced nothing but a shrug and a shake of the head. I was not yet far enough south. I liked, too, the look of La Posada—I almost hesitate to add "motor hotel"—but that's what it calls itself. It stands by the river, a mass of arches and colonnades and iron railings. The river and the bordering river walk are at its feet, bananas and palms growing in the gardens and water burbling out of a fountain into the stream.

There are a dozen shops and galleries along the river now, and among the handsomest is Sol del Rio, which is decorated in exquisite taste in white limed California red cedar and displays a creditable assortment of paintings, sculptures, and ceramics. La Sirena, next door, collects fine things from Mexico and—in its better days—from Guatemala, especially the hand-etched glass hurricane lamps in pale tints of green, the primitive pottery figures from the best of Mexico's ceramists, some carved heads, possibly old, and a rack of bright and cheerful and tasteful resort wear plucked from the needleworkers below the border.

One can dine by the river in high Mexican style at either La Paloma or Casa Rio, in Teutonic taste at the Little Rhein Steak House, in New Orleans fashion at Kangaroo Walk, or *à l'irlandaise* at Kelly's Pub. There are a number of *boites* by the shore—jazz at The Landing, brass at the Poco Loco—to keep the river rocking into the night.

In summer a small fiesta splits the night about four times each week, the customers sitting in an amphitheater on one side of the river while the flamencos stamp their heels on the opposite shore. But the river has become a reason for a fiesta in all seasons of the year. A Christmas tradition was established last December with candlelight and carols for a whole week. The carolers came, as does almost everything else on the river, by barge. Kangaroo Court had an oyster bake for eight days in January, selling pit-baked oysters on its patio at a dime a bivalve. On St. Patrick's Day there was talk of turning the river green, beginning, of course, at Kelly's Pub. The Germans staged an Oktoberfest last fall, and a *hofbrau haus* was set up complete with German bands. Somebody staged a dog show exclusively for German shepherds. Oh, they're thinking down there.

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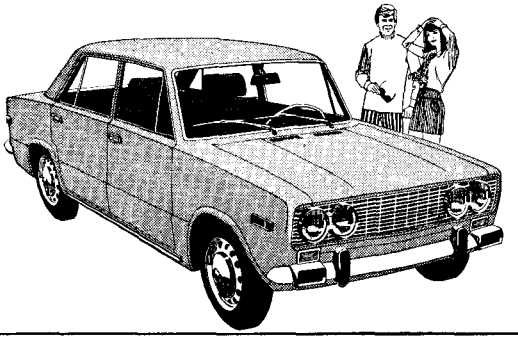

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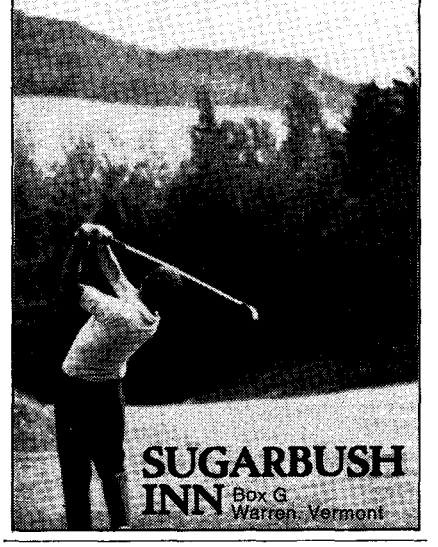

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Science / The Endless Search

John Lear

Decision Time

WHEN THE LATE PRESIDENT John F. Kennedy in 1961 proposed to land an American on the moon, he asked the American people to stage a great debate on the proposition. Newspapers that might have stirred the argument did not respond. Congress approved the proposal in a burst of euphoria.

Some mutters of discontent came after the first *Apollo* crew burned to death while their ship was still on the ground. The shock of that occasion was instantaneous, however, and soon forgotten. Another opportunity for the debate passed by.

Now, the near-disastrous voyage of *Apollo 13* has opened one more chance, under more propitious circumstances. People all over the world still remember the four days of sustained anxiety they endured over the fates of astronauts James Lovell, Fred Haise, and John Swigert. There has been time to think about several pertinent matters, and there will be still more time before investigation of the *Apollo 13* accident closes.

Since any reaction is only as sound as the information on which it is based, one matter deserving attention is the true quality of the supposed candor of the TV coverage of moon travel. Nothing approximating the whole story gets out of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration flight control center at Houston, Texas, during the progress of a voyage, and the bits and pieces that do come through are seldom reported consecutively.

For example, the oxygen tank that blew apart when *Apollo 13* was nearing the moon had exhibited signs of abnormality during the countdown at Cape Kennedy, Florida, several days earlier. Technicians reported experiencing difficulty in draining the oxygen from the tank after a pre-flight test run. The tank emptied more slowly than usual. On the next test, the delay did not recur, and the problem was dismissed as an isolated aberration.

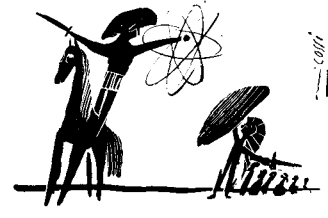
None of the commentators I listened to during the four days of waiting identified that troublesome tank as the one the astronauts later noticed bore an unexpected "spike" of pressure. And although the spike was referred to a number of times, it was not clearly placed on the gauge of the tank that finally exploded until rocket designer Wernher von Braun put it there on the night before the splashdown.

The next point worthy of attention is the matter of the astronauts' relative safety. From time to time there is loose talk about "rescue missions." Apparently, some people have come to accept this talk as meaning that men in the predicament of Lovell, Haise, and Swigert could somehow be saved by another moonship. The prestige of von Braun's personal appearance was again used on the night before *Apollo 13*'s splashdown to deny any such possibility. Lovell, Haise, and Swigert were locked into a situation from which there was only one escape worth trying —the one they tried.

Theoretically, *Apollo 13* could have turned around and headed for home on Monday night, April 13, as soon as the crewmen heard the bang that accompanied the explosion of the oxygen tank in the twenty-four-foot-long cylindrical service module behind the cone-shaped command cabin of their vehicle. They could tell, from the gauges before them, that the tank was emptying too fast to continue functioning very much longer as a fuel cell component. When the fuel cell became exhausted, it could generate no more electricity. And without the power, a moon landing was out of the question. Home was certainly the place to head for.

But *Apollo 13* couldn't just loop around right then and there. Its moon-bound impetus had to be spent first. The only way to spend it was to swing the rocket hind end to and fire the engines forward against the course of travel *Apollo 13* was then following. This would have caused the ship to slow enough to be recaptured by the gravity field of the Earth. The maneuver would have been exceedingly tricky, and probably would have exhausted all the power that remained.

It was much easier and simpler to keep heading for the moon and trim the course away from a landing, out just far enough in the moon's gravity field to allow the moon to whip the craft back in the general direction of Earth. That maneuver had worked for *Apollo 8*; the odds were in favor of its working again, and it did.



Use of the lunar ferryboat as a liferaft was ingenious, but it had been anticipated. Grumman's design proved much more sturdy than it looked.

After the crippled service module was jettisoned preparatory to the final splashdown in the South Pacific, it was realized how close a call *Apollo 13* had had, how right had been the decision to do things the easy way. As the module pulled free from the command cabin on the morning of Friday, April 17, the astronauts were able to take photographs. A whole panel of the shell of the module—thirteen feet long, five-and-a-half feet wide, and an inch thick —was then seen to be missing.

Much worse dilemmas can readily be imagined. Had a similar accident happened during a moon landing, or on the way home from a landing, the three astronauts aboard *Apollo 13* would have been doomed. If we intend to push ahead with manned spaceship voyages, we must resolve to accept the probability of accident, suffering, maiming, and death.

In making up our minds whether such risks are socially desirable, we need to weigh still another matter. This is the degree to which the presence of men on spaceships is necessary. Sophisticates in space flight have known from the beginning that the major burden of navigation is carried by NASA's flight controllers at Houston. On all earlier voyages, however, NASA propaganda managed to lend a different impression. But with *Apollo 13* the truth became too obvious to be obscured any longer.

Everything the Lovell-Haise-Swigert crew did to save its collective life and bring the moonship home was first rehearsed on Earth to make sure it was workable. Lovell said publicly on his return: "The only reason we're here [in Houston] is because of the people out here now [the ground controllers]. Each step of the way, they gave us the direction."

To emphasize this fact is in no way to diminish the heroism of the astronauts. But the very existence of the fact is legitimate cause to question the value of sending men on space exploration missions where robots could do just as effective a job at enormously reduced expense and without the heartbreak.

President Richard Nixon has authorized NASA administrator Thomas O. Paine to say that exploration by manned spaceships will continue. What has not been said is how long the continuance will be, in what direction, and at what pace. Those who wish to share in the decision should take this time to write their views to their representatives in Congress.

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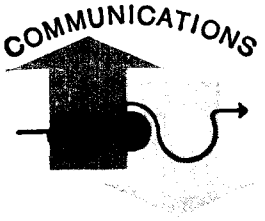

Communications Editor:
RICHARD L. TOBIN

Monopoly Newspapers and the Credibility Gap

SR Communications

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Early in the century, every American town of any size could boast of two daily newspapers, usually one Democratic, the other Republican. As the economics of change forced the weak out of business and radio-TV news began to move in on what had always been the newspapers' exclusive territory, monopoly became the overwhelming trademark of the American press. Few indeed are U. S. cities of any size that now can boast of more than one daily paper. Of 1,758 dailies in this country, more than nine out of ten are monopolies.

In a monopoly situation such as this, it is little wonder that the American Newspaper Publishers Association devoted a great deal of time in its recent sessions at the Waldorf-Astoria to the problems of the one-paper town and, hence, to the subtle but very real credibility gap between publisher and reader. There are two distinct problems here, of course, and they divide rather neatly between small-town papers on the one hand and the metropolitan press on the other. Having taken part in a panel on the former, we here set down a few thoughts about credibility.

We should like to make four quick points about credibility, and we believe we have the credentials since we worked on a newspaper in a town of less than 10,000, and also on the metropolitan New York *Herald Tribune*. The first point has to do with anonymity. No one is anonymous in a small town, while a reporter or editor in a great city seldom, if ever, encounters socially those he writes about. But no small-city editor or reporter can publish anything without being certain that someone will react directly to him—usually face to face in succeeding days.

Our family had a small-city daily in southwestern Michigan and our phone never stopped ringing after supper, either from people who did not like something they read in the evening paper or, on rare occasions, something they did. In any case, anonymity is a very real fact when you are discussing the credibility of news. In a small town you are known and the one you write about is known—often to you. On a great city paper you and your subject are anonymous, one to the other. Obviously, credibility is involved in direct proportion to personal acquaintance, or lack of it.

The second point has to do with the kind of news most small-city dailies print as compared with, say, the front page of *The New York Times*. That fire on Main and Third Street is a hundred times more interesting in a small town than, God forgive us, Vietnam or the starving Hindu. Local politics are fascinating in both large and small cities, not to mention the local police blotter. But in a place where everybody knows everybody else this sort of news contains a far more personal ingredient than a city the size of New York, where mighty few have ever seen, let alone know personally, Mayor Lindsay. The credibility gap enters in when a small-town reporter gets his facts wrong. Since almost everybody in town knows what happened, in a general sort of way, a small-city reporter must be even more accurate than his counterpart on *The New York Times*. The same thing obtains when a small-town editor fails to publish something about a prominent citizen who has got himself into trouble. Since the town knows what happened to Prominent Citizen, and since the story has patently been left out of the paper, or watered down, the readers are left with a true credibility gap.

The third point is quite a simple one: It is a matter of competition. When we were growing up in southwestern Michigan, there was no such thing as radio news broadcasting, except as a

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crystal set curiosity. News was still entirely the province of the newspaper, usually an evening paper. News became our business and our product, and it was a product unavailable anywhere else, gossip aside, which was a pretty big aside in our town. But now there's radio, usually a local station, and, of course, there's television, both local and national. TV cannot, of course, compete with local news because no TV news program, even in a small city, can furnish the infinite minutiae of, say, the classified ads, the births and deaths and social events, the box scores, the grain prices, and the details of a hundred different local events that come and go each day. Just the same, a credibility gap immediately arises between a small-town newspaper and its readership if it consistently reports the news one way and the electronic news media tell an entirely different story. In other words, there is now severe competition in the news market and credibility is automatically involved.

The fourth point about credibility is the inclination of some small-city dailies to sweep unpleasant news under the rug, often for good, sound reasons —personal and financial. But news swept under the rug has a tendency not to go away. So, if you don't publish or editorialize on unpleasant or difficult

news stories, you eventually wind up with a credibility gap right on your front doorstep. Your town, being small, eventually will know what's happened and will downgrade your newspaper for not having covered it. A newspaper is still a crusading instrument, and old Joe Pulitzer said it best: "More crime, immorality, and rascality are prevented by fear of exposure in the newspapers than by all the laws, moral and statute, ever devised."

The consensus of the ANPA panel on credibility was that in small towns where an editor has no anonymity there's so much rapport between paper and reader that no one can get away with much. On the other hand, great metropolitan dailies can generalize and pervert the news to their own views, and often do, to the utter disregard of truth and fact. One small-city editor said to us at the end of the session: "If I ever published some of the slanted, slanderous untruths I've read in the Washington and Chicago papers—and they aren't alone—I'd have a credibility gap that would put me out of business." So, at least in the small towns of America, perhaps the newspaper is here to stay for a while and be believed.

—R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

22,000 Hours of TV—and More

In Richard L. Tobin's Communications editorial "Five Acts of Violence Per Hour" [Mar. 14], Thomas P. F. Hoving was quoted as saying that the average American child will watch 22,000 hours of television before the age of eighteen. This is an unbelievable average of more than three hours per day from the time of birth. Admittedly there are homes in which parents are happy that the children are not underfoot—at least one knows where the youngsters are, which can be a most important consideration.

But the television monster can be licked. When our daughter, now just past eighteen, reached the television viewing age years ago, we decided that to prevent her becoming a television moron, her TV viewing would have to be limited. We therefore permitted her an average of one hour per day maximum, and she soon had to learn discretion so she could see the things she really wanted to. Aside from occasional problems this worked well. In fact, over the years her television viewing has averaged less than one hour per day, without undue harm to her personality. Since she was the only child in the house, this was admittedly easier than it would have been with several youngsters.

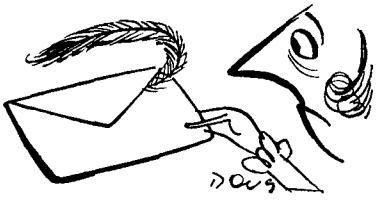
Jack Linsk,
Redlands, Calif.

Editor's note: *The three-hours-per-day TV viewing by children is probably on the conservative side. In the poorer sections this doubles, even triples, where TV acts as a baby-sitter.*

Just a short note to congratulate R. L. T. on the vigorous writing in his editorial of March 14. I am vastly pleased to see his reaction to a situation that is imperiling the mental health of a nation. "Pollution" of mind with violence is an irreversible process. Carry on—the troops are back of you!

Paul K. Stolz, M.D.,
Community General Hospital,
Reading, Pa.

The simplest solution to ever increasing commercials on TV would be to establish, once and for all, a given number of minutes per hour (varying, of course, between off times and optimum time) that a station may give over to commercials and still keep its license to use publicly owned airways. Why has this not been tried, as yet? Also, let's charge reasonable fees (per cent of gross billings) for such use of public airways—and employ the results to support *good* public TV. This way the perpetrators of commercial programs would support a noncommercial alternative—might even have a most salutary effect on them.



Eric Reisfeld,
Silver Spring, Md.

Physician, Priest, and Privilege

I happen to believe that a newspaper reporter should be able to protect his sources and hope that a satisfactory rationale can be worked out to permit him to do so. Justification of such protection, however, cannot lie in the fallacious analogy with the privileged-communication relationship of priest-penitent or physician-patient suggested in Alan M. Adelson's article "Have the News Media Become Too Big to Fight?" [*SR*, Mar. 14]. Privileged communications are legally recognized so that the individual making a self-incriminating disclosure may secure either advice to protect himself or spiritual comfort and aid. Could anything be further from this than the results to be expected from a *sub rosa* statement given a newsman? If the analogy were valid, the whole problem could be solved at once simply by calling every reporter "Doctor."

John H. Rasse, D.M.D.,
Marshall, Mo.

Right Town, Wrong College

While we wish our sister institution at the north end of town no ill will, I hasten to ask you to correct the error appearing in Richard L. Tobin's editorial "Free to Speak, Free to Publish" [*SR*, Apr. 11].

Hubert Humphrey not only was "prevented from finishing a talk" but was not even allowed to begin it. The incident, however, occurred at the University of Massachusetts—not at Amherst College as you reported. For the benefit of all those concerned, I hope you'll correct your error publicly at the earliest opportunity.

Horace W. Hewlett,
Secretary of the College,
Amherst College,
Amherst, Mass.

Editor's note: *We apologize to Lord Jeff and all his illustrious descendants.*

Richard L. Tobin might have considered a few additional facts before labeling the Hickel hecklers "eternal fascists." Hickel was not an "invited guest" at Princeton University; he did not come as an individual, but rather as part of the Nixon war cabinet, to use the academic aura of the university as a backdrop for a statement of government policy. His speech was instigated by five professors, while the university community had no say. In the subsequent kangaroo court that expelled the leaders of the Princeton SDS, the defense asked one of these five if they had discussed the appropriateness of putting the supposedly neutral university be-

(*Continued on page 64*)

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A Conscience for the Press

by HERBERT BRUCKER

"Few American institutions are as free from responsible and systematic analysis as the American press. The press, which performs the role of reporter and critic for other institutions, has been reluctant to undertake self-analysis."

That comment, by a study group reporting to Milton Eisenhower's National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, promises to be the understatement of the year. Whenever anyone directs Juvenal's question *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* toward the press, the press answers that there isn't going to be any guardian over the guardians of the press.

In a fundamental sense that answer is right. It is the history of the race that we cannot regulate the press by law, or by any other force from without, and still retain our other liberties. Yet, the modern world has brought complications. Freedom of the press was won in the eighteenth century by a press so modest and multifarious that its freedom was virtually a civil liberty of the individual pamphleteer. Today's press is a costly and complex behemoth. It is so unresponsive to the individual that today's citizen is likely to be more interested in making the press behave to his taste than in welcoming its freedom as his own—which in a real sense it is.

To be sure the dilemma is hardly new. In 1815, John Adams, the former President, said:

> If there is ever to be an amelioration of the condition of mankind, philosophers, theologians, legislators, politicians, and moralists will find that the regulation of the press is the most difficult, dangerous, and important problem they have to resolve. Mankind cannot now be governed without it, nor at present with it.

A century and a half later we are still struggling with the same seemingly irreconcilable conflict. But our transformation into a mass society makes the question insistent: Cannot something be done toward influencing so impersonal and powerful an institution as the press, while yet not limiting its freedom by the breadth of a split hair?

Lord Devlin, the distinguished jurist who retired last year as chairman of Britain's Press Council, thinks something can be done. Recently he said: "All professions have a discreditable past . . . their medical quacks, their rascally attorneys, and the like. During the past hundred years, one profession after another has submitted to discipline." The implication is clear. Even though journalism must never be shackled by a licensing power like that inherent in other professions, it is time for it to discipline itself.

In 1953, the British press was kicked into accepting a press council empowered to hear complaints against itself. A Royal Commission, set up by a Parliament responding to a country disturbed over its press, had recommended such action.

In the United States, the question has long been agitated, with few results. But Norman Isaacs, Louisville editor and 1969-70 president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, undertook to inspire his fellow editors to adopt a modest experiment in self-discipline. Accordingly, he arranged to have the ASNE board meet in London last fall, there to have a first-hand look at the British press under a council now seventeen years old.

Out of the experience came what Mr. Isaacs hoped would be a historic step. He and his colleagues recognized that a country as large and diverse as ours, lacking a national press, could not readily adapt itself to a national press council like Britain's. Therefore, he proposed a more modest ASNE grievance committee, "to receive complaints of substance about the performance of daily newspapers."

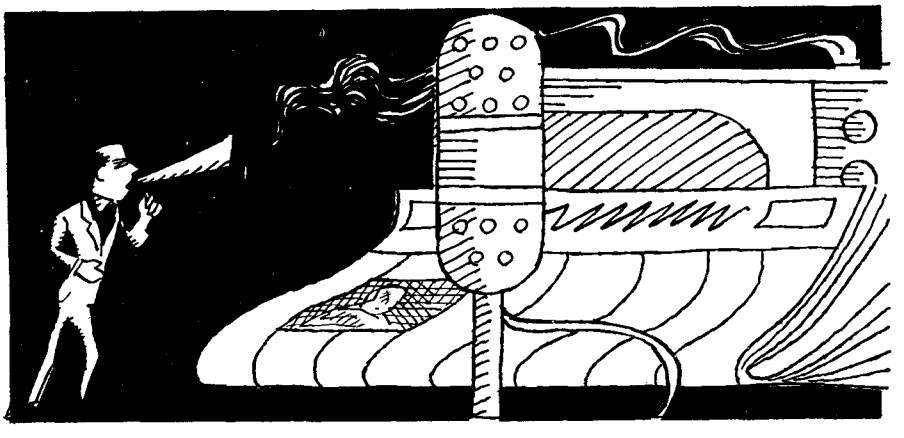
Past gestures in the same direction had all been slapped down. So it was hardly surprising that opposition within the ASNE made itself felt. Accordingly, the ASNE board, in special session in Chicago February 24, backed away from the grievance committee to establish a committee on ethics. It is to 1) undertake to respond to broad criticisms of newspaper performance; 2) be empowered to review the Society's Code of Ethics; study the legal ramifications of handling complaints against newspapers represented in the Society; and outline the work scope of the project, and estimated costs and methods of financing.

Thus, the ASNE, instead of acting, is going to study the problem all over again. Fortunately, despite national differences, the British experience is worth studying. For one thing, a press council is not an institution easy to contrive. The British model has been reformed twice, and apparently still leads a precarious existence as far as finances go. But it does respond to a public need paralleling our own. The first Royal Commission, from 1947 to 1949, expressed that need in this way:

> Industrial development . . . has enabled the press to report and interpret more fully; but to the extent that it has given added importance to the commercial aspects of newspaper production, it has tended to divert the attention of newspapers to ends other than those to which the interests of society require them to attend. . . .
>
> If the press is not aware of its responsibility to the public, it cannot perform its functions adequately; but if it is not free, it cannot perform them at all. . . . In our view, therefore, it is preferable to seek the means of maintaining the proper relationship between the press and society not in government action but in the press itself.

At least ten other countries have also turned to various kinds of press councils to persuade their press that, more than any other private enterprise, it has a public responsibility. And at last report their freedoms were still intact. Even in this country local councils have been tried experimentally in half a dozen communities.

Such experimentation makes sense. The newspapers are increasingly not



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only big business but monopolies, and broadcasters often play for even bigger stakes. Both are more and more presided over, at least nominally, by boards of directors. And to a board of directors there is but one test of success: ever increasing profits. The result is that the strongest pressure on our journalism is to earn its keep. This is good, because solvency is the first requirement for remaining not only free but responsible.

Still, that doesn't answer the question: Why shouldn't there be another board representing the community, without a vote or any other power whatever except the right to be heard?

American journalism instinctively and overwhelmingly resists anything of the kind. It still gives off convulsive reflexes from the trauma suffered twenty-three years ago at the hands of an uninvited interloper, the Commission on the Freedom of the Press, headed by Robert M. Hutchins, then chancellor of the University of Chicago, and financed largely by Henry Luce of *Time*. The commission issued a report that set editors' and publishers' teeth on edge. Not only did it ask such insulting questions as to how "press lying" could be lessened, but it dismissed ASNE's admirable code of ethics as of no account:

> At an early meeting the Society drew up and adopted a code of ethics which, followed, would have made the newspapers responsible carriers of news and discussion. The only means of enforcement was expulsion from the Society. Shortly after the code was adopted, a case of gross malpractice on the part of one of the members was reported. After the Society had deliberated long and painfully, the case was dropped. This settled the function of the code.

The commission came up with thirteen recommendations, but the newspapers' anger centered chiefly on one urging the press to set up "a new and independent agency to appraise and report annually upon the performance of the press." While the commission had been careful to stress the sanctity of press freedom, it warned that the press, by its attitude of "Nobody's going to tell me how to run *my* paper," might itself invite pressures to limit its freedom. The burden of the whole was that the press should do something toward living up to the ethics it professed to observe.

I shall never forget the reaction that followed during the 1947 ASNE convention. As a new member, I sat on the back benches while my betters howled and growled at the commission and all its works. In those days the Society spent the Saturday afternoon of its three-day session debating resolutions. The 1947 transcript reveals twenty-four pages of disputation in which an anathema upon the Hutchins report was hammered into shape.

The final product began by saying that ASNE "welcomes informed criticism of the newspaper press and offers its cooperation to any responsible student of newspaper problems and shortcomings"—a way of conveying the idea that the commission was no such thing. Then came the punch. There would be no watchdog whatever, because ASNE "believes our press is performing with increasing effectiveness and fairness the duties of keeping the American people the best informed people in the world."

The editors had been irked by several peripheral indignities. One was the commission's lumping of radio (TV was still in its cradle), magazines, movies, and books together with newspapers under their private brand name "the press." Another was the fact that the commission had the temerity to sit in judgment on newspapers without inviting a single professional into its ranks.

To this day there is a tendency among journalists to dismiss outsiders as incompetent to judge press performance. Yet, the commission members were men of stature; and the denigration of outsiders as incompetent to measure press performance is, of course, the argument *ad hominem*. This is a logical fallacy, because what matters is the validity of what is said, not who says it. Even if a drunk preaches temperance he may still be right. Besides, to have the press judge its own performance is to allow the accused to determine its own guilt or innocence.

Our trouble arises from the fact that the two rights involved—freedom of the press, and the public's need to be fully and fairly informed—are both precious. Perhaps that is why newspapermen suffer a split personality over the inevitable clash between the two. This is as true today as it was in 1950, when an ASNE committee was still warding off what the Hutchins report had said three years earlier. To my astonishment I now find what I had forgotten, that I myself was a junior member of that committee, and had signed its report.

It is characteristic of the endless debate over this issue that we boldly attacked the subject by expressing belief "that the Society, in the interest of the freest possible discussion of all public issues, should welcome critical studies of the press made in good faith by independent agencies." But alas, the press is always marching up the hill to do battle for the Lord, and then marching right down again. Our report went on:

> We vigorously repudiate the concept of a referee or policeman sitting in judgment upon and seeking to enforce, *if only through some appeal to public opinion* [italics added], conformance to a standard of performance which the referee may deem desirable in the public interest.

Our conclusion was that all was well,

"I'm home. Where's my hippie son, my wild daughter, my nagging wife, my over-rested dog?"

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because the Society itself is "a continuing committee of the whole on self-examination and self-improvement." In other words, right back to home base again: don't do anything.

One can smile over such ambivalence. But the fear of a watchdog over the press is not lightly to be brushed aside. Nobody has yet answered Pilate's "What is truth?" Therefore, we cannot have freedom for the best without allowing it also to the worst. Freedom for our truth is nothing without equal freedom for the other fellow's error.

The danger signals keep flying. Earlier this year psychiatrist W. Walter Menninger proposed what is a hopeless contradiction if we are to remain free: licensing for newsmen. And measures toward that end have actually been introduced this year in Michigan and Puerto Rico. Always there is the temptation to give teeth to the watchdog proposed for the press. Thus, the task force reporting to the National Commission on Violence would give its supposedly independent Center for Media Study government money and Presidential appointments—a sure way of making rejection of the proposal the sound thing to do.

Nevertheless, having said all that, we still have not faced up to the issue: Must we then continue to do nothing? And is it true that a toothless watchdog actually limits press freedom, either in itself or as an advance agent for regulation?

Dr. Gallup recently reported that only 37 per cent of the American public believes that newspapers "deal fairly with all sides" in presenting news of political and social issues, as against 45 per cent who don't. (A hefty 18 per cent ducked the question.) Television news did a shade better: 40 per cent found network reportage fair, as against 42 per cent who didn't. Still, the fact remains: If this is an accurate sample, hardly more than one American in three believes American journalism to be fair.

No wonder that public approval of Vice President Agnew's unprecedented attacks last fall was almost palpable. And before that, in 1968, the public had refused to believe the flailing clubs of the Chicago police it had seen with its own eyes, and sided with Mayor Daley instead.

Anyone experienced in journalism knows that unpopularity is inherent in the business. The American citizen today is no different from the pictured Pharaoh of old, brooding on his elegant couch after having stabbed to death the messengers who had brought him bad news. All of us tend to confuse the press with the often ugly world it mirrors for us. But it does not necessarily follow that we must therefore reject all means of keeping journalism aware of society's demands upon it.

It is one thing to set a policeman over the press. It is something else again to set up a group or groups of citizens, whose qualifications entitle them to respect, to do no more than report on what they find. Freedom has always made a fundamental distinction between action and speech. Any guardian of the guardians of the press must be encouraged to speak, but forbidden to act. It must remain powerless to enforce its conclusions except through the moral validity, the public credibility, of what it says.

Also, such a group ought always to include professional journalists—and some younger rebels as well as the elders of ANPA, ASNE, or their regional counterparts—to explain the facts of journalistic life to the lay members. Money comes best from the press itself. But the chairman and a strong minority must be laymen, who may see the journalistic forest the better for not themselves being trees.

Where it has been tried the experience has not been frightening. In Britain, the Press Council helps the press as well as chastises it. In 1958, at the end of the first five years, the chairman said, "My view, after much experience, is that many of the would-be reformers of the press are in need of the curbs they propose for others, since they themselves are guilty of the offenses they allege—wild exaggeration, distortion of the truth, and the unproved assumption that they speak for the nation."

Last fall, Charles J. Bennett of the Oklahoma City papers, one of the ASNE visitors to London, reported that Britain's council had been responsible for:

- Better performance by newspapers and periodicals.
- Much improved public attitudes toward the press.
- Strengthening newspapers' ability to obtain news from public bodies.
- Heading off several petty but costly libel suits.
- Shielding newspapers from legislated controls.

So too one of the Americans bold enough to risk an experimental local council, Robert W. Chandler of the *Bend Bulletin* in Oregon, found his paper the better for the experience. And it wasn't all that painful. As Mr. Chandler commented, "We were surprised and pleased when members of

the council, after hearing a full explanation from both sides, agreed at least in part with the newspaper in most cases."

Perhaps our editors and publishers, and our broadcasters as well, have been too much like the man with disturbing symptoms who fears to go to the doctor lest he find out that what he has is fatal. A courageous experiment by ASNE's ethics committee—anything concrete to get a limited experiment started—might reveal that powerless observers of the press are not necessarily fatal to its freedom.

The conclusion seems inescapable. Newspapers and broadcasters had better do something themselves before some big, bad Spiro does it for them—with a majority of the American public cheering him on. That is reason enough for the press to welcome a still, small voice of conscience, whose only strength is the newsman's own willingness to listen. But there is a better reason: It is right.

WIT TWISTER #163

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The _ _ _ _ _ sought the
oyster's ocean bed

And _ _ _ _ _ the milky
pearls from shells he found.

An overwhelming _ _ _ _ _
for riches led

This man to run the risk of
being drowned.

—Mrs. Emma B. Denson,
Little Rock, Ark.

(*Answer on page* 70)

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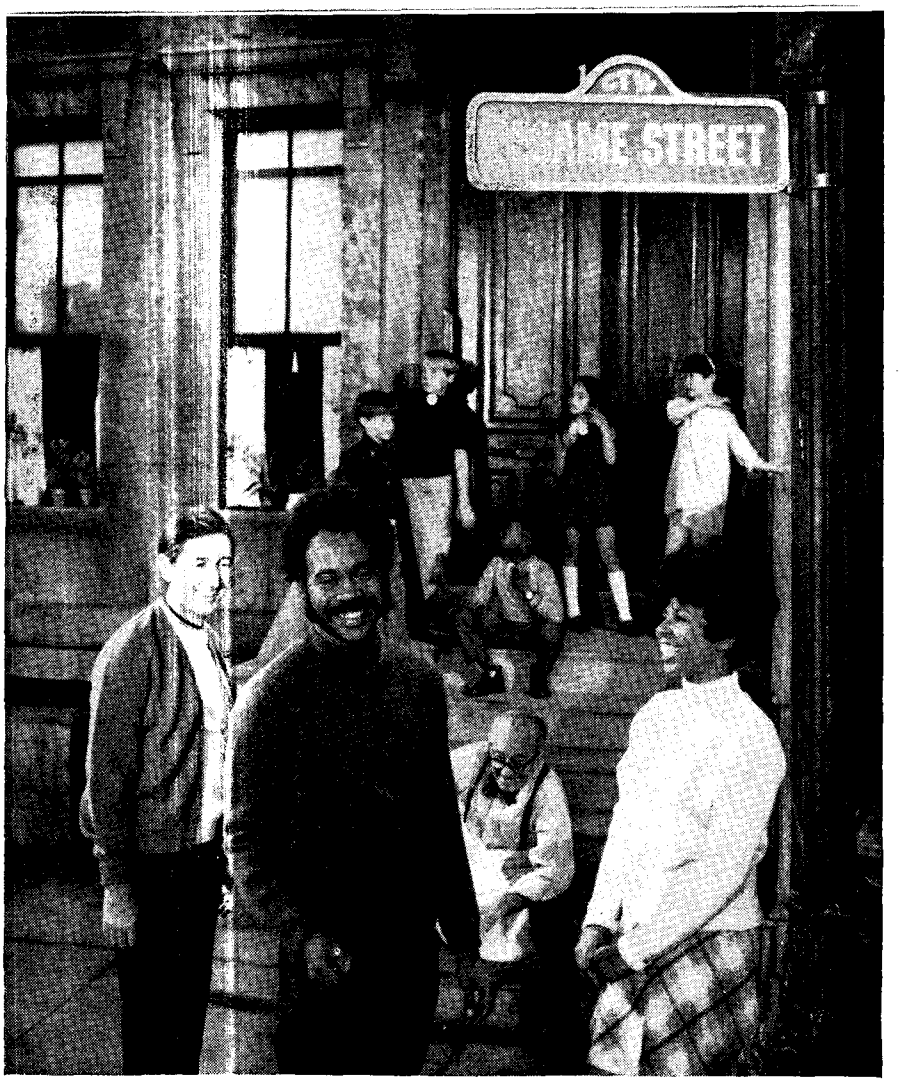
From A to Z on Sesame Street



"Sesame Street" regulars: Bob McGrath, Matt Robinson, Will Lee, and Loretta Long and occasional children.

by STUART W. LITTLE

Just before nine o'clock on a weekday morning in April, the first members of a new generation of television-taught pupils begin to arrive at the door of a day-care center in a housing project on the edge of Harlem. They are all four or five years old, and they arrive hand in hand with their mothers and fathers or older sisters and brothers. Along the hall, the coat lockers fill up with unzipped jackets. The tidied classroom is decorated with posters and a border of paper flowers, and the television set awaits on its rollaway stand, the screen already bright. A dozen children are seated cross-legged in a half-circle on the linoleum floor, waiting for *Sesame Street*.

In six months on the air this hour-long daily television program for preschool children, produced by the Children's Television Workshop, has won an audience of six million—and a renewal vote of confidence from the sponsors who put up $8-million for the first season. It has stimulated some new thinking about public television, and about the uses of television as a teaching tool, and success has caused the CTW to enlarge its education goals for next year.

At the day-care center, the opening theme of *Sesame Street* begins. The children join in singing the words of the opening song. Other classes arrive, and the circle on the floor widens to thirty-two children. Everyone is quiet and attentive. The instructional hour has begun. In this center the children are mostly blacks and Puerto Ricans —the "inner-city" kids the workshop pledged itself to reach, the little girls in pigtails with careful bows of colorful knitting wool, the boys in shorts held up with suspenders. Three teachers sit behind the circle in chairs.

Then comes the time for counting. In the flow of the program, the numbers are an interruption, like a station-break commercial. But the children, picking up the chant, begin to shout the numbers back at the set, one through ten, ten down to one. Animated numerals flash on the screen. A three, then a four, then a five comes flying out of infinity, each one a dot growing huge until it fills the screen, spills over, and seems to pass out over the heads of the children. As the counting continues, the children rock in chorus toward the set. Against a background of loud, pulsating music, the sequence is repeated, each time in a different way, three or four times in all. And now a curious moment comes. The children, as they count, begin to take their eyes off the screen and look around at each other. All at once they are a cohesive group, a class, on the lookout for mistakes, taking pride in their collective proficiency, urging each other on.

The cumulative result of mornings such as this was best summed up in a casual remark at a press conference by Mrs. Joan Ganz Cooney, who heads CTW, probably the biggest single project in public television. The press conference was called to announce that *Sesame Street* would indeed be back next season, fully financed, bigger and better, to be joined in 1971 by a second series to teach reading to seven-to-ten-year-olds. Mrs. Cooney, sitting on the dais with foundation and government executives, reviewed the impressive statistics. There would be 150 programs next season (as opposed to 130 this year), commencing October 19. The budget for the 1971 fiscal year would be $6-million—already pledged by the sponsoring organizations including, as the major donor, the U. S. Office of Education in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. (The initial budget of $8-million included a year of research and preparation and one-time start-up costs.) Mrs. Cooney outlined a new "utilization" campaign: a redoubled effort to reach inner-city children. Local directors based in fifteen cities will work out programs to

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get *Sesame Street* before a maximum number of deprived city youngsters so that one day they can enter school on the same footing with the children of more fortunate families.

There would be some refinement of the program's current educational aims and in next year's series more preparation for actual reading. Then Mrs. Cooney paused in her prepared presentation. She was thinking of the special emphasis put on letters and numbers in the first session. She looked up, smiling, and said, "I think our children know how to count now."

Final research on the program's effectiveness is still to come. The major effort wil be made this summer by the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, New Jersey. Considerable evidence is already at hand in the testimony of parents and teachers, and even in the self-assertiveness of the kids as they fight among themselves to recite their numbers and letters to an adult after a session with *Sesame Street*. And there is continuous field work done by a special arm of CTW, Dr. Edward L. Palmer's research staff.

Sesame Street started on a solid basis of research and fully tested material, and after many brain-picking sessions with child educators and psychologists. Some of its staff, beginning with David D. Connell, CTW's executive producer, formerly worked with Robert Keeshan Associates, producers of *Captain Kangaroo*, one of *Sesame Street*'s several exceptional predecessors in the children's field. This program, in style unhurried, informative, relaxed, is one of the enduring successes of daytime television. It celebrates its fifteenth anniversary on CBS October 3. From the beginning, CTW was determined not to conflict in time period with *Captain Kangaroo*, and Keeshan, according to some observers, has repaid this gesture of respect by putting more *Sesame*-style educational material into his excellent show.

Like *Sesame Street*, *Misterogers' Neighborhood* is daily on all public TV stations. With *Sesame Street*, it was a winner this year of an *SR* Television Award. The program is addressed to preschoolers, but its method is far more personal, relying on the special sensitivity of its creator, Fred Rogers, to the problems of children. Based at Pittsburgh's innovative educational station WQED, Rogers has been working on children's programing there since 1953. In its present format, the program has been on NET only since 1968. Neither program has been hurt by *Sesame Street*; probably both have been helped.

Following on the success of *Sesame Street*, all three TV networks have established new children's programing departments under top executives: Allen Ducovny for CBS, George Heinemann for NBC, and Charles Martin Jones for ABC; all have plans for the coming season.

CBS, for example, has come up with an unusual new concept for a children's program—a two-and-a-half-minute informational mini-documentary. The CBS News Department will produce 130 such filmed programs in a series to be called *In the Know*, dealing with everything from outer space to how a ballpoint pen works, and five will be shown at hourly intervals on Saturday mornings. Although they will be sponsored (the commercial will take thirty seconds), CBS is prepared to lose half a million dollars on the twenty-six-week series.

Joan Cooney discounts criticism that her program, using this same encapsulated format to pack learning units into its hour-long length, attempts too much or introduces concepts and symbols too complicated for three- and four-year-olds to grasp. As she points out, by age three they are already television addicts anyway, continually exposed to complex ideas. The first numbers in a child's life may be the illuminated channel numerals on the dial of the TV set.

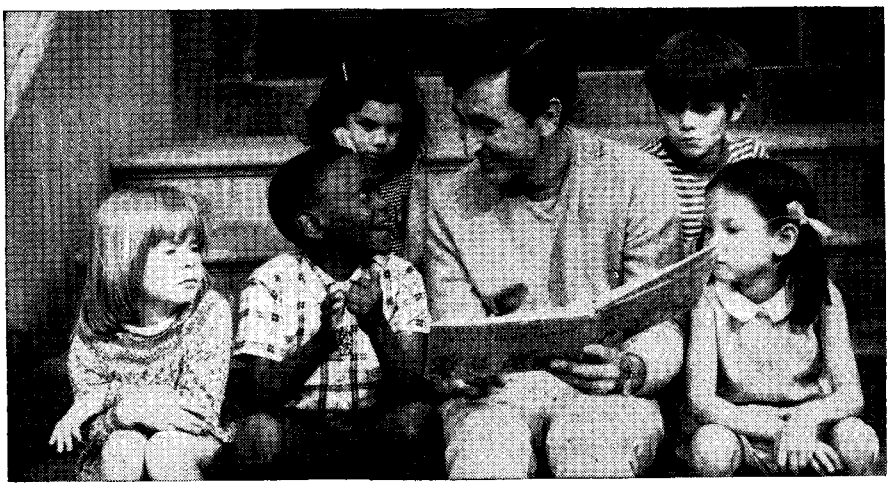
Sesame Street is encouraging a generation of quick learners. David Connell heard from the mother of a fourteen-month-old girl that her daughter can identify by name all the *Sesame Street* people—the four live regulars on the show, Gordon, Susan, Bob, and Mr. Hooper, and a menagerie of muppets and animal characters such as Big Bird. The girl can recite her ABCs and her numbers, and she can identify a triangle, "when she's in the mood." A Brooklyn mother said of her son, "If he had watched *Sesame Street* when he was two, he'd be a genius."

The program has built audience fast. It is impossible to arrive at exact figures. In the group-viewing circumstances encouraged by CTW, there are frequently many children in front of a single television set. Within the first few weeks after starting last November, the program's rating was 1.2 million homes. It goes out over 200 stations coast to coast five times a week, often more than once a day on the same station. In New York, where *Sesame Street* is seen six times a day on two VHF and three UHF channels, Channel 13, the National Educational Television affiliate, blocks the week's five programs on Saturdays and runs them off one right after another from 8 a.m. through 1 p.m. This is known around the CTW offices as "wall-to-wall *Sesame Street*." With multiple airings of the same show on the same station on the same day, *Sesame Street* conservatively is logging 300 program-hours a day. Today its rating is 3.2 million homes daily. Very conservatively, this means an audience of six million, or half of the three-to-five-year-old population of the United States.

"TV is its own greatest reinforcer," Mrs. Cooney said, explaining the extraordinarily rapid audience buildup.

This is not an especially difficult audience to reach, as Mrs. Cooney points out frankly, and she anticipates more resistance among the seven-to-ten-year-olds at whom the proposed new reading series in 1971 will be aimed. *Sesame Street* watchers are at home to begin with. They are TV viewers already. The achievement of the CTW has been to win their allegiance to a program that works as both entertainment and education. Most of these audience members, Mrs. Cooney anticipates, will be back next season, and may stay until they are six or seven. *Captain Kangaroo* fans generally stick three or four years.

Important as total audience may be, the CTW staff is exultant over the showing in Brooklyn's predominantly black Bedford-Stuyvesant section. There, according to an independ-



Bob McGrath reading to preschool children on hour-long TV series "Sesame Street."

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ent study, the program's penetration is 90 per cent of its potential audience. The figure startled everyone; a recheck came out 91 per cent.

From the start, a major goal of the program was to hurdle the geographic, ethnic, and poverty barriers and reach deprived children in the inner city at a time in their lives when intellectual stimulation can be crucially important. The Bedford-Stuyvesant study was restricted to homes in which there were preschool children, at least one working TV set, and where the annual income level was $5,000 or under. Of those homes surveyed, 72 per cent of the children had seen the program in the previous twenty-four hours, and 60 per cent, conservatively, can be considered regular, or daily, viewers. One reason for the high percentages in Brooklyn is the availability of the program three times a day on VHF channels, one a commercial station. Where *Sesame Street* goes out exclusively on UHF, the audience is appreciably smaller. Mrs. Cooney is bemused by the story of an inner-city family in Detroit, one of the three large cities (Los Angeles and Washington are the others) in which the program is shown only on UHF. The parents welded their TV set to the UHF channel so the children could watch *Sesame Street* and nothing else.

Next year, the workshop will be redoubling its efforts to reach inner-city children—one reason for the enormous costs of putting on such a program. This season Robert A. Hatch, CTW's director of information, used $600,000 to promote the program and organize an audience for it. Next season his budget for these purposes will probably be upped to a million, with some of the extra money going to place utilization representatives in the fifteen key cities. This season, counting ten full-time members of Hatch's team, the total CTW staff numbered seventy.

Animation and film account for over a million dollars in the budget. Animation is especially expensive, even with the price break the animation houses have given CTW. Some 130 minutes' worth was produced at a total cost of $650,000. Of course, a lot of material is reusable. The workshop has built a library along with the show.

The imaginative use of animation has made *Sesame Street* a different sort of educational show. At the press conference, Champ Ward, education executive of the Ford Foundation, a strong sponsor of *Sesame Street*, described himself as the former house skeptic at Ford on educational television. He had pictured a static camera filming a teacher talking to a class. *Sesame Street*, he admitted, had shattered this misconception, proving that television need not be a passive teacher. In some day-care centers, the older teachers shush up the more vocal children when the program is on. The CTW staff wishes they wouldn't. To get participation is the hardest part of television.

There is unanimity among the backers of *Sesame Street* about its long-range significance to television. Substantial sums were put up initially and are promised for next season by the Carnegie Corporation, headed by Alan Pifer, the Ford Foundation, headed by McGeorge Bundy, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, headed by John W. Macy, and HEW, represented at the press conference by Deputy Assistant Secretary Dr. James J. Gallagher.

Mr. Pifer: "*Sesame Street*'s influence on commercial television may ultimately be its greatest achievement."

Mr. Bundy: "It has set a standard for broadcasters in and out of public television."

Mr. Macy: "It should be a model for public broadcasting."

Dr. Gallagher: "If this effort proves anything, it proves that education is broader than the four walls of the schoolhouse and as close to every child as a television knob."

Two years ago in February the idea of a national television program for preschool children was first set forth in an internal memorandum by Mrs. Cooney at the Carnegie Corporation, and received its initial support there from Mr. Pifer and Lloyd Morrisett. Originally set up as a semiautonomous division of NET, the workshop has now been incorporated as an independent production company with Mrs. Cooney as president and a board of trustees headed by Mr. Morrisett, president of the Markle Foundation.

Aside from the children, the people who may be learning fastest from *Sesame Street* are parents and teachers. At the day-care center in Harlem, after that morning's *Sesame Street* was over, the teacher pointed her stick at the frieze of paper cut-out letters that decorated the rear wall of the room. Briskly she went down the alphabet as the children called out the letters. It is obvious that *Sesame Street* has sent her hurrying from A to Z faster than she ever went before.

Communications Letters

Continued from page 58

hind Nixon's attempts at legitimation. His surprise was evident; why, no.

Think again whose free speech is guarded by the Constitution. The government is obliged to protect the people's right to express grievances. However, the people need not—indeed, should not—afford the same to the government when the government is trampling over their rights and circumventing their will. The government has the power, but the people have only their voices. As long as Agnew can cow the media into supporting the policies of reaction, as long as Hickel can make political capital in collusion with the university, as long as Nixon can fight a war that should not be fought, the people can and will exercise their power and right of speech.

S. Mark Tuller,
Princeton '70,
Princeton, N.J.

The Influence of Good Ads

I would like to commend *SR* on its choices for its Eighteenth Annual Advertising Awards. *SR* encourages more corporate advertising in the public interest by its award to McGraw-Hill's entry on pollution. The Top Ad of the Year should certainly reflect one of the most vital problems facing modern man and his environment. More public service advertising, I'm sure, will be forthcoming as institutions and corporations realize their responsibility to the public. And your awards and publicity contribute to the awareness of how influential good advertising can be. I am also glad to see you reward Blue Shield for its ad on drugs. Thank you for your concern for worthwhile advertising in the public interest.

Martha J. McIntire,
University of Missouri,
Columbia, Mo.

As author of the basic research, I share pride with the WFBM staff (not WBFM, as *SR* reported) in seeing their work win the SR Television Local Program Award/1970. *The Negro in Indianapolis* jolted that city into recognizing the legitimate civic needs of its black citizens. Because of this, Indianapolis may become the only major American city to avoid the torment of open racial conflict. For this reason alone, WFBM has earned a deserved honor. Nonetheless, I am disappointed with Robert Shayon's comments on the awards. For the WFBM efforts have more than local significance. They are a viable measure of the impact that responsible local broadcasters can have when they conscientiously fulfill their public service obligations. As such, the more important part of the WFBM honor is not that the station served Indianapolis well but that it created an example worthy of emulation.

Herschel Shosteck, Ph.D.,
Cedar Rapids, Ia.

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The Business of Selling Vanity

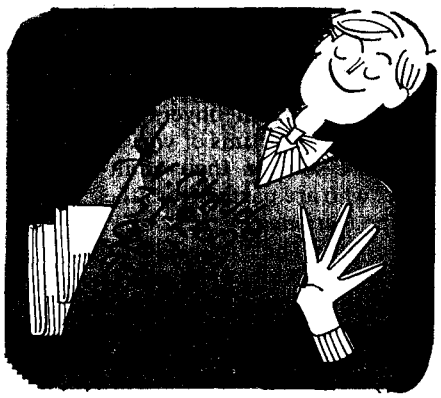
by GILBERT CRANBERG

Only 66,000 high achievers, just three out of every 10,000 Americans, are listed in *Who's Who in America*. Lesser achievers needn't despair. The odds are considerably better that they too will experience the boost to the ego that comes from appearing in a *Who's Who*-type directory.

The directory business is a garish mixture ranging from respectable publishing houses specializing in careful scholarship and research to shady vanity merchandisers who list anyone for a price. The books run the gamut from standard library reference works to *Who's Who in Baton Twirling*, published by the National Baton Twirling Association (being the original national twirling organization, NBTA claims jurisdiction over baton twirling and related baton arts), and the *Debutante Register* (dedicated to memorializing the debutante year), which annually assembles the photographs and pedigrees of the girls making their debuts at "recognized balls" in expectation that after the ball is over the family has $49 left to purchase the *Register*'s "record of each year's debutantes. . . .The book is prepared only for those who have a right and reason to be included. . . .*You will never regret being included in the* DEBUTANTE REGISTER. *You will get a lifetime of memories from its pages.*"

An advanced, industrial society has extensive need for biographical reference data. Professional societies and reputable publishers such as the A. N. Marquis Company, publishers of ten biographical reference works in addition to *Who's Who in America*, and the R. R. Bowker Company (*American Men of Science, School Library Supervisors Directory, Who's Who in American Art, Directory of American Scholars*, etc.) responsibly supply the demand.

Operating on the fringes are numerous publishing ventures whose chief stock in trade is compiling and printing biography books in anticipation of selling the collections to those listed. A few of the more obvious vanity publications charge the biographees to be listed. The more subtle and common method of operation is to compile a list of contacts, flatter them with reference to their achievements, and count on vanity to break down resistance to paying the $15 or more to



place the book on the living room shelf.

The sales appeal of seeing oneself celebrated in print between hard covers is potent. Even the presumably blasé types who qualify for listing in *Who's Who in America* are prone. About a third of the 60,000 copies of each edition of *Who's Who in America* are sold to listees, although the publication is freely available in most libraries.

The Achilles' heel of vanity among a segment of *Who's Who* listees was shrewdly recognized and exploited until recently by entrepreneurs who drew up a certificate suitable for display attesting to the recipient's listing in *Who's Who* and other Marquis Company publications. Quantities were sold for $15 apiece until the Marquis Company went to court to put a stop to the unauthorized sale of the self-advertisements to its honorees.

Americans can begin accumulating testimonials to themselves at an early age. The Outstanding Americans Foundation, publishers of *Outstanding College Athletes of America, Outstanding Young Men, Outstanding Women*, and *Outstanding Educators*, caters also to *Outstanding Teenagers of America*. The Merit Publishing Company's *Merit's Who's Who Among American High School Students* has a corner on much of the youth market. Put together in Northfield, Illinois, by a six-man staff, *Merit's Who's Who* bills itself as "the largest in the field of student recognition books."

The arrival of *Merit's Who's Who* on the directory scene in 1967 has been a source of annoyance to the National Merit Scholarship Corporation, the organization that conducts National Merit exams for high school students and designates high scorers as National Merit Scholars and Commended Students. The scholarship corporation attempted to dissociate itself from the publishing venture by mailing notices to students disavowing a connection with the book business, and deploring the confusion between the "merit" groups. The scholarship agency emphasized that it "does *not* supply Merit Publishing Company with names and addresses. . . .Lists of names and addresses of candidates are made available solely to accredited colleges and universities . . . and on a confidential basis for their exclusive educational use. . . . NMSC is an Illinois not-for-profit educational organization. . . . The Merit Publishing Company is an Illinois business corporation."

The Merit Publishing Company's for-profit status may not be readily apparent to the high schoolers who receive *Merit's Who's Who* letters informing them they have been selected for listing in the book. "The Merit Publishing Co. Scholarship Foundation, a Not-for-Profit Organization," deceptively tops the letterhead. The impression of an organization devoted to disinterested public service is heightened by the list of "Board of Contributing Editors" on the stationery. This numbers diplomats, educators, and public officials, and includes Senator George Murphy of California and Donald Rumsfeld, director of the Office of Economic Opportunity.

The scholarship foundation reference is to the small scholarship program conducted by a foundation formed by Paul C. Krouse, the enterprising thirty-two-year-old former advertising and sales promotion man who founded and heads the profit-making Merit Publishing Company. Mr. Krouse says he recruited his "contributing editors," none of whom he knew personally, merely by writing to them. They receive no pay. Apart from gracing Krouse's letterhead, their sole function is to write "convocation-type" messages for inclusion in Krouse's book.

Krouse denies that he filches names from the National Merit Scholarship Corporation lists. The standards used for selecting youngsters for *Merit's Who's Who* are so broad that pirating lists of ranking high school scholars is hardly necessary. Krouse will list anyone who has "demonstrated leadership in the fields of academics, activities, athletics, and/or community affairs." He gets most of his names by writing to the country's 23,000 public and private high school principals asking for lists of juniors and seniors, not to exceed 10 per cent of the classes. For the 1968-69 edition, 17,000 principals responded with 60,000 to 65,000 names. Krouse sent the students bio-

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graphical data forms and informed them they could buy copies of his book with their biographies included for $10 a copy (since raised to $12.50), although purchase of the book was not a condition for being listed. Some 53,000 high schoolers filled out and returned the forms.

Krouse is reluctant to discuss sales figures. He says this is confidential information his competitors would like to get their hands on. But he says that sales to listees account for 90 per cent of the book's circulation.

The budding celebrities who pay the $12.50 to see themselves in print are likely to find it a disillusioning experience. Krouse holds down printing costs by reducing the information on the two-page biographical form to abbreviated gibberish and jamming as many as ninety listings to a page. A youngster's high school career reads like this in a typical entry: "31-260; Sec.Jr.Cl; Sch.Pl; TchrAide; LangC; Yth.Ctr.Bd; V.Chrldg; HR; Ill.St.Schol. Fin; Kansas U; International Relations."

Krouse says his debut in the who's who business was prompted by the feeling that teen-agers were getting a raw deal from negative publicity in newspapers. He wanted a way to recognize their positive achievements. That hardly anyone but the listees buys the book and that most of the material is undecipherable scarcely seems to matter.

"Is *Merit's Who's Who* a vanity publication?" Krouse was asked. "Certainly vanity is involved here," he responded. "But we feel there's a very fine line between pride and vanity." Krouse attributes sales of the book to the pride of teen-agers in their accomplishments. Pride or vanity, Krouse has a commodity that sells well enough for him to be planning three additional books.

If the youthful buyers of Krouse's book are the victims of vanity, they are no more so than their adult counterparts who are parted from their money by the *National Register of Prominent Americans*. The *National Register* is an elusive outfit operated out of a Sarasota, Florida, post office box that mails biographical data forms to persons all over the country inviting them to apply for listing in the *Register*. The respondent soon gets in the mail, from Boston, Massachusetts, a congratulatory letter informing him that he has been approved for listing by the organization's Board of Trustees. Enclosed is an Honorary Award Certificate suitable for framing and a bill for $15.

The *National Register of Prominent Americans* was known as the *National Register of Who's Who* until 1967 when the A. N. Marquis Company went into Federal District Court in Tampa to enjoin use of Who's Who in the *National Register*'s title. Judge Joseph P. Lieb seemed incredulous when he was told about the organization's solicitation for people "to be inscribed" in the *Register*.

"Now," asked Judge Lieb, "what does that mean?"

"It means, your Honor," replied William V. Gruman, the *National Register*'s attorney, "that they will write his name in a book and they will deliver to him a certificate. It makes no representation whatsoever that the book will be published."

Judge Lieb: "What will they do with the book?"

Gruman: "Whatever they do with it, it makes—"

Judge Lieb: "Can you answer that question?"

Gruman: "Yes, they will keep it."

Judge Lieb: "What will they do with it?"

Gruman: "They will keep it and hold it and maintain it."

Judge Lieb: "Can anyone buy that book?"

Gruman: "No, Sir."

Judge Lieb: "No one can?"

Gruman: "No one."

Judge Lieb: "Not even a subscriber?"

Gruman: "No, Sir."

Judge Lieb: "He will just get a—"

Gruman: "Certificate."

Judge Lieb: "That he is in a book that he can't see?"

Gruman: "Right."

Judge Lieb: "Are you telling it right?"

Gruman: "Yes, Sir, and I know of my own knowledge that the book exists. I have seen it."

Judge Lieb: "What book exists?"

Gruman: "The *Register*. It is handwritten—"

In substance, Gruman went on to say, it is a bookkeeping operation—a matter of keeping track of the certificates issued.

The federal court action forced the *National Register*'s promoters to change the organization's name, but they operate today essentially the same vanity scheme. The organization's literature makes pretentious references to it as a "center for biographical reference research," and talks about its vast store of data being available to "authorized inquirers" through its "research center." Trying to get officials of the organization to submit to questions, let alone permit inspection of the research center, is like trying to get the CIA to bare its files. Robert Mallett, of Nokomis, Florida, who signs the *National Register*'s certificates as "Chairman of the Board of Trustees," is evasive and uncommuni-

(*Continued on page 70*)

"Never mind that! Have you checked the sub-basement for dynamite?"

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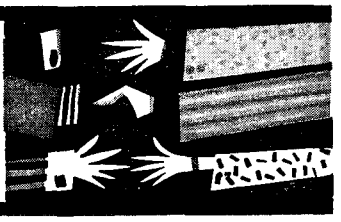
Public Relations



It's Not a Matter of Choice

Until a few short years ago most of American industry was virtually closed to minority groups. With rare exceptions, Negroes and Spanish-speaking groups were consistently excluded from jobs, regardless of education and training. But with the changing social environment and pressures of strong legislation, barriers have been crumbling. Add to these developments a new militancy by minorities and changing population patterns in the cities, and it is easy to see why industry has opened its doors wide.

One reason for the change is that companies with operations rooted in the cities cannot fill their manpower needs unless minorities are recruited heavily. Public utilities, banks, insurance companies, department stores, and others that cannot leave the cities will have to employ even larger percentages of minority group members in the future—not for altruistic reasons, but simply because they cannot function without them. A look at the shifting nature of the population of the cities shows how true this is.

In 1950, 9 per cent of New York City's population was black. The estimate for 1970 is 19 per cent. In Chicago the figure for 1950 was 14 per cent; in 1970, 32 per cent. In Los Angeles the 1950 figure was 9 per cent; in 1970, 23 per cent. In Philadelphia, the black population in 1950 was 14 per cent; in 1970, 32 per cent. In Detroit it was 16 per cent in 1950, and 47 per cent in 1970. In Newark, New Jersey, it was 17 per cent in 1950; 46 per cent in 1970.

But these figures don't tell the whole story. To get a better understanding of the changing population structure, it is necessary to take a look at the minority school population in these cities. For New York City it is 33 per cent Negro plus 17 per cent Spanish-speaking; for Chicago it is 54 per cent Negro; for Los Angeles it is 25 per cent Negro plus 20 per cent Spanish-speaking; for Philadelphia it is 58 per cent Negro; for Detroit it is 59 per cent Negro; for Newark it is 73 per cent Negro, 10 per cent Spanish-speaking.

Many corporations have studied the minority employment outlook for the years ahead. A study by General Electric Company's corporate industrial relations department, *The Minority, Environment in the Seventies,* reports:

> Minorities will represent a growing proportion of our population and our labor force. Coupled with their concentration in urban areas, this will strengthen their economic and political bargaining power in the next decade. The minority community is projected to account for approximately one-fifth of the net increase in population between now and 1980. By that year minorities will represent at least 12.9 per cent of our total population. This increase will be particularly marked in the age groups from which the labor force is drawn. . . .
>
> Over the next decade, the minority population will represent a growing percentage of the labor force potential—particularly among younger age groups, and most especially in urban centers. Regardless of other considerations, business will become increasingly involved with minority problems as it searches for new sources of manpower in a period of continuing tight labor markets.

It is worth taking a look at the hiring policies of some of the leading companies. In every case these businesses are in the cities and have affirmative action policies aimed at hiring minority employees, not just interviewing those who come in the front door looking for jobs, but searching out potential black and Spanish-speaking employees. The results for 1969 are revealing.

In Los Angeles, 42 per cent of the first-entry hires made by the Bank of America were from minority groups. In Chicago, 48.9 per cent of the first hires made by the Illinois Bell Telephone Company were minority members. In the Detroit metropolitan area, the figures for the big three auto companies are as follows: Chrysler, 46 per cent from minority groups; Ford, 35 per cent; General Motors, 34.1 per cent. In Newark, New Jersey, Prudential Insurance Company reports that 46.5 per cent of all its first hires were from minority groups. In Philadelphia at Smith Kline & French Laboratories 29 per cent were from minority groups. For the Chemical Bank in New York, the figure was just under 50 per cent; for Consolidated Edison, 48 per cent; for the New York Telephone Company, 51 per cent. For Equitable Life, it was 42 per cent, and for New York Life, it was also 42 per cent.

Good as this overall record is, there is another important aspect: The rate of turnover of the minority first hires in the first year ran from 20 per cent to well over 50 per cent. Nationally, banks and other financial institutions have a minority group turnover rate of from 35 to 60 per cent. Insurance companies run much lower. Public utilities in the big cities have a turnover of well over 40 per cent among first hires in the minority group classification.

It should be noted, however, that there was no major difference in the rate of turnover among majority group employees. But the reasons for leaving were quite different for the two groups. Majority group members went to better jobs. Minority group employees generally went to jobs at the same level in other companies in the same areas.

There is another factor that should be taken into account before one industry or company can be compared with another. All companies do not use the same methods to compute turnover, absenteeism, retirements, and other changes in their work force.

Turnover is an enormous problem. In a recent speech Walter W. Straley, vice president, environmental affairs of American Telephone and Telegraph Company, pointed out that the Bell System, which has 950,000 employees, will need an extra 300,000 by 1980. To get them the company may interview thirty million prospects, hire three million people, and lose 2,700,000 in the next ten years. How does one develop employee commitment? The answer is complex for the majority, and it is even more so for minority groups, because these youngsters historically have no reason for believing that education and training are guarantees of jobs or advancement. As time goes on, big companies operating in urban areas will have to recruit more and more from the inner cities. It will not be easy to convince students in those areas, especially minority members, that if they are better prepared there will be promotions. To get a commitment from the employee there has to be a commitment by management to advance those who in the past could not get a job even if they had the qualifications.

The better corporations are hiring blacks, at least in the big cities. Getting a job for these minority groups is no longer the problem it was. But preparation for employment is, and much remains to be done by leading corporations. Also, minority group members must be convinced that these are not dead-end jobs. Finally, American corporations must get deeply involved in improving public school education.

—L. L. L. Golden.

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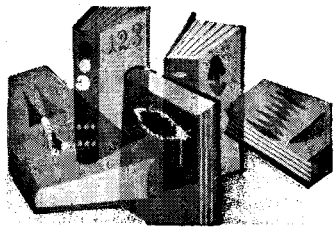
Books in Communications



The Della Femina Way

Marshall McLuhan may be right that ads on television or in magazines are more interesting than the material between them. His new book (see below) is based on that very assumption. Not for that reason alone, however, is Jerry Della Femina's inside story of the new advertising and how it is made one of the more fascinating communications books to come along recently—certain to be read, as obviously it was written, with enormous zest by a wide public and also to be studied more seriously than the title would seem to invite.

From Those Wonderful Folks Who Gave You Pearl Harbor by Jerry Della Femina, edited by Charles Sopkin (Simon & Schuster, $5.95), does not exactly suggest a text for the media courses in journalism school. Yet the class could do worse than absorb this wicked lesson about the revolution in advertising—who the people are, how scary they look, why the small, fun-loving firms are snatching business away from the sober giants, why the "creative" people are running things instead of hard-nosed account executives.

Author and editor are slyly knowing in the ways of this world. Mr. Sopkin endured many hours in front of the small screen to dissect the content of television, commercials and all, for his book *Seven Glorious Days, Seven Fun-Filled Nights*, published in 1968. Brooklyn-born Della Femina, from a running start as a messenger boy for *The New York Times*, has had a hurry-up education in advertising that began only in 1961 at the firm of Daniel & Charles and has taken him through four more agencies, ending at Ted Bates in 1967, when he left to establish a swinging new firm under his own name. He is now thirty-three. The book, apparently the product of Della Femina's experiences and Sopkin's deft editorial touch, is funny, hard-boiled, knowledgeable, and brilliant in analyzing the pervasive insecurities of the business: "The fear of losing an account begins the day after the contracts are signed." When the sweating agency executives arrive for a presentation to a prospective client, "Immediately four guys try to go through the door at the same time. There is always a bumping of bodies on the way in to a presentation."

On the more serious side, Della Femina traces the new advertising to the first Volkswagen ad by Doyle Dane Bernbach in 1958, which introduced frankness and self-belittling humor into advertising. He believes that it takes kids in their twenties to communicate with the consuming public today, and that the Establishment agencies are in trouble. The new agencies succeed by breaking the old rules. Still, the business hasn't gone so far as to accept the tongue-in-cheek campaign slogan Della Femina once proposed for a Japanese electronics firm. The slogan survives only as the title of this book. Again, that was suggested at another agency, not his own.

McLuhan's Cut-Out Culture: In his new book *Culture Is Our Business* (McGraw-Hill, $10), Marshall McLuhan has clipped dozens of full-page magazine ads—"the cave art of the twentieth century." On each right-hand page of coated paper a different product or service ad is reproduced. They are a handsome, mouth-watering collection. The facing page, in alternate paragraphs of bold and light type, carries McLuhan's comments. These may be his own, or G. K. Chesterton's, or T. S. Eliot's, or a sentence from *Finnegans Wake*. To regard these sayings as captions for the reproduced ads or to consider the ads as illustrations of the text would probably be considered linear and gauche—both equally mistaken readings of the book. Sometimes print and picture interrelate; sometimes the juxtaposing seems entirely arbitrary. The form of the book is as interesting as the content. As in all of McLuhan's books, the old way of reading is out. One's eyes trace an irregular pattern through the pages, and the thought seems jumpy, intentionally.

As usual, McLuhan makes telling points understandable even to the linear-bound reader. "When the entire world becomes accessible at these speeds, 'travel' means getting to the airports." "In avant-garde art, as in modern ads, you start with the effect. The product that produces the effect comes later." "Homogeneity, the old idea of *nation*, is useless in the global village of gaps and interfaces." The cumulative lesson of the book is the interaction between the impinging culture of advertising and the hour.

One Play at a Time: McLuhan believes that television, while promoting football and soccer, will cause baseball to fade in popularity. "Baseball is one play at a time," he says. "Very little tactility. Much visuality." Along with most of the other rules, the Mets last season broke that one to become the heroes of Joseph Durso's splendid chronicle of a winning team, *Amazing: The Miracle of the Mets* (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95), which brings back the suspense and excitement of that season even though the outcome is fairly well known. The book is a play-by-play account—the season, the play-off for the National League pennant, and the World Series. It opens with some deft thumbnail sketches of the principal characters of the drama and then moves right on to the diamond, where the focus is steadily on the play. At the same time, Durso tells about the money, the training, the coaching, and illuminates the special life-style and esprit of the Mets, who lost 737 games in their first seven years and are now the defending champions of the world.

Hero of the Small Screen: Daily television news from the professional's viewpoint is almost too immediate and familiar a subject for fiction, especially when set against a background of fresh political events. But Ned Calmer has taken up the challenge in *The Anchorman* (Doubleday, $6.95), setting the account of a young newscaster thrown into the network's No. 1 spot on the evening news against the background of the shooting of Martin Luther King, the beginning of the Vietnam peace talks in Paris, the Robert Kennedy assassination in Los Angeles, the Republican and Democratic conventions in Miami and Chicago.

Calmer has a marvelous insider's feel for this material. His hero, Lloyd Garner, leaving behind an alcoholic wife in Boston, learns, with the help of a string of solicitous New York women, to master the politics, professional and social, of the big time. The story never once loses its strong narrative drive. Calmer is concerned especially with the tug of personal conviction against the pull of corporate anonymity and business caution in the networks, but Vice President Agnew would be surprised at how careful the network executives are here. Still, inside this big, fast-paced novel the author has packed all the fierce personal struggles that inevitably lie behind the calm reasonableness of the news shows, and possibly, for the story's sake, some that never happen.

—STUART W. LITTLE.

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Children's Books

Continued from page 47

ciety of the Conurb, the megalopolitan half of a divided country. The other half is the County, where the gentry live in deliberately old-fashioned splendor with a servant class unknown in the Conurb. Rob is taken in by a County family and passed off as a visitor from Nepal, since no Conurbanite dares cross the barrier. When his host's son joins a rebel group that wants to integrate the two parts of England, Rob discovers the master plot that maintains the status quo. An imaginative conception is rounded out with convincing details in a book that has some memorable characters, a taut structure, and good pace. Ages 11-13.

The Intruder. *By John Rowe Townsend. Lippincott.* 220 *pp.* $4.50. Once, long ago, the village of Skirlston had been a thriving port, but the shifting sands had isolated the town and left St. Brendan's Church stranded. In this bleak setting on the English coast, John Townsend has created a mood of mounting tension and impending evil. Young Arnold Haithwaite is apprehensive and hostile when a stranger appears claiming that *he* is Arnold Haithwaite, is going to modernize the town, and has every right to move into the Haithwaite home. And so he does, gradually gaining control over Arnold's elderly "dad." The old man takes to his bed, and it becomes evident the intruder is dosing him with something toxic. In a desperate effort to learn who he himself is, Arnold discovers that he is old Mr. Haithwaite's illegitimate grandson, and that the stranger is indeed a relative. The characters are richly varied and distinctive, and the powerful, dramatic ending is believable. Ages 11-14.

Who Has Poisoned the Sea? *By Audrey Coppard. Phillips.* 158 *pp.* $4.95. An old device is given a new twist in a science fiction story with an uncluttered plot, tidy writing, and a tangential message about pollution. Tim Dunwoodie wakes from a nap to find a boy quietly standing by, a bald-headed boy with metal knobs on his scalp, a boy more upset at the meeting than Tim is. His name is Percy and he has come back to the present, unwittingly, from five hundred years in the future, the Age of Simplification. Together the two ferret out the cause of the Atlantic pollution that has developed in Percy's time, but Tim encounters a series of rejections before he is able to persuade a scientist and a statesman to initiate an international agreement banning the dumping of waste materials into the sea. Ages 11-14.

No Promises in the Wind. *By Irene Hunt. Follett.* 249 *pp.* $4.95. The Great Depression etched bitter patterns in the lives of almost all Americans. For fifteen-year-old Josh Grondowski the bitterest was the change in his father. Out of work, ashamed to be supported by others in the family, Stefan Grondowski is harshly critical of his son. Josh, who tells the story, decides to run away, and is prevailed upon by his small brother to take him along. Like thousands of other boys, they tramp the roads and scrounge for food until they are picked up by a truck driver who gets Josh a job in a carnival. The show folds, the boys hit the road again and make their way to the town where the truck driver lives. There they are given a home, and there Josh finds his first love. As he matures the boy realizes how anguish and idleness had shaped his father's rancor, and he decides to go back. The personal relationships are sensitively drawn, and the changes in Josh are natural, but the book—despite the background of the Depression—is so colored by the exotic carnival atmosphere that it does not give a true picture of the era. Ages 11-14.

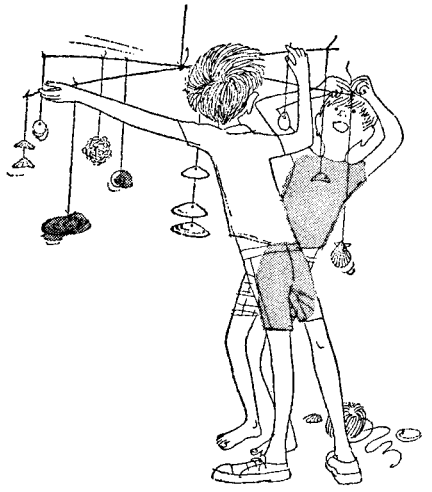
Fireweed. *By Jill Paton Walsh. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 133 *pp.* $3.50. "I was fifteen that year, and she seemed sometimes younger, sometimes older." The year was 1940, and Bill and Julie had found each other by chance, each of them lurking around London after having started off with a group of children being evacuated. Julie had money, Bill could cope, and together the two made a clandestine home in the rubble of a building. Only when Julie was caught by a raid did Bill, staring in anguish at the fresh ruins, realize how important she had become to him. Although Julie lives, the ending is as poignant, as bitter, and as inevitable as a classic tragedy. The setting is at once theatrical and realistic, the theme touching, the plot simple and effective. Moreover, the writing has an effortless, colloquial flow. Ages 11-14.

The Teen-Ager's Menu Cookbook. *By Charlotte Adams. Illustrated by Ragna Tischler Goddard. Dodd, Mead.* 214 *pp.* $3.95. Not a basic cookbook, although there is a small section of general recipes, this is geared especially for the young person who is planning a meal for a special occasion or a dinner with a foreign touch. Few of the recipes are complicated, and the instructions are always clear. What makes the book particularly useful are the helpful suggestions for planning, substituting ingredients, and serving. Ages 11-15.

Warriors and Worthies: Arms and Armor Through the Ages. *By Helmut Nickel. Color photographs by Bruce Pendleton. Atheneum.* 122 *pp.* $10. Beautifully and profusely illustrated, comprehensive and informative, this book by the curator of arms and armor at the Metropolitan Museum of Art is both a browser's delight and a handy reference tool. The text covers the subject from the spears and bows of the Egyptians and the wooden chariots of Sumer to weapons of nineteenth-century America. Included are the lesser-known arms and armor of such peoples as the Sasanians, Etruscans, Hussites, and Indonesians, as well as the more familiar martial gear of Greeks, Romans, and Samurai, and the elaborate suits of armor of the age of chivalry. Ages 11 up.

Amanda's Choice. *By Isabelle Holland. Lippincott.* 152 *pp.* $3.95. Amanda Hamilton is one of the most convincing dreadful children ever invented. Twelve years old, she feels completely rejected by her wealthy, busy father, and is jealous of the older half-brothers and half-sister who form a happy unit from which she is excluded. She lies, steals, has temper tantrums, and generally makes life absolute hell for a succession of governesses. She also proves unbearably irritating to a young composer who has been granted the use of the family's guest cottage. Malcolm Sanderson is the name he gives, but Amanda soon discovers he is really Manuel Santiago. Manuel stands for no nonsense from her, but the child, starved for recognition and affection, passionately takes him to her heart and, when he leaves, follows him to New York. Knowing only that he lives thirty minutes from Grand Central Station, Amanda trails around the city until she is exhausted and ill. The story has a plausible happy ending, but the mood throughout is one of vinegar and tears. Ages 12-14.

Dave's Song. *By Robert McKay. Meredith.* 181 *pp.* $4.95. The scene is a small rural Ohio community, the time is now, the girl and boy are high-school seniors, and the book's a winner. Some of the chapters are written by Kate, who can't wait to get



—From "The Beachcomber's Book."

out of Tylerton, and some by Dave, who knows exactly what he wants from life and won't sacrifice his ideas or ideals to be popular—or to win Kate. Dave is interested in breeding birds, and he plans to stay right where he is. Kate likes Dave, but it is some time before she recognizes the integrity and passionate sense of justice that make him seem so stubborn. While not remote from the churning issues of today's youth, the book is primarily concerned with individual strength rather than with personal prerogatives. Ages 12-15.

The Lothian Run. *By Mollie Hunter. Funk & Wagnalls.* 212 *pp.* $5.95. Edinburgh and its environs in 1736 are the setting for a romantic adventure story with an element of mystery and some meaty historical background. Few writers today are more skilled in this genre than is Mollie Hunter. Sandy Maxwell is a bright lad, clerk to shrewd old lawyer Wishart, who offers Sandy's services to dapper Deryck Gilmour of His Majesty's Customs Service. Gilmour, hunting a smuggler, finds that he has embroiled himself and Sandy in a political plot, and thereafter the story

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moves suspensefully through a series of intricate and dangerous adventures and counterploys. Gilmour is a glamorous Pimpernel, Sandy a diamond in the rough, and the villains are absolutely heinous. Small print, alas, but a rousing tale. Ages 12-15.

Beethoven. *By David Jacobs and the editors of Horizon Magazine. Illustrated with maps, drawings, and photographs. American Heritage/Harper & Row.* 152 *pp.* $5.95. The authors analyze some of Beethoven's compositions, both to show his development and to place his work in the context of European, and especially German, music. The writing is sophisticated and vivacious, the illustrations profuse but often general (a city square, a contemporary cartoon of Napoleon), and the appended material useful. The forceful, moody, and outspoken Beethoven is depicted with compassionate candor, while his majestic works are treated with informed reverence. Ages 12 up.

The Search for King Arthur. *By Christopher Hibbert and the editors of Horizon Magazine. Illustrated with maps, photographs, and drawings. American Heritage/Harper & Row.* 153 *pp.* $5.95. There has been such a wealth of writings about Arthur, from Geoffrey of Monmouth and Chrétien de Troyes to Sir Thomas Malory, that it is difficult to separate history and legend. In a fascinating unraveling of the origins of the tales and the changes in them over the centuries, the authors explore historical writings, fiction, and the literary and archeological research, from the first direct reference to Arthur by the ninth-century Nennius to T. H. White. The organization is not always precise, but the material itself is intriguing, and the writing both authoritative and lively. Ages 12 up.

The Loners: Short Stories About the Young and Alienated. *Edited by L. M. Schulman. Macmillan.* 279 *pp.* $4.95. "Youth," states the foreword, ". . . is when we must discover who we are, what the world is, and the elusive nature of our relationship to it." The ten stories here are potent vignettes of young people in a time of critical and often bitter change, each demonstrating in a different way the need for identification and self-esteem. The contributors are Isaac Babel, James Baldwin, Joseph Conrad, William Faulkner, Irvin Faust, Ernest Hemingway, Carson McCullers, William Maxwell, Alan Sillitoe, and Jean Stafford. A memorable selection. Ages 14 up.

For Young Adults

Kim: A Gift from Vietnam. *By Frank W. Chinnock. World.* 211 *pp.* $4.95. Kim was found as an infant lying in a street near several corpses, and taken to an orphanage. Frank Chinnock came to Vietnam determined to adopt a daughter, and selected Kim, now a mercurial and wary child. The story of Kim's adjustment to an American home with three older brothers is an infinitely touching record of patience and love. Her adoptive parents had to cope with her malnutrition, temper tantrums, tuberculosis, and lice, the last afflicting one of the boys as well. The section of photographs showing a gay, charming child, laughing and confident, are pictorial corroboration of Kim's transformation from a bewildered Vietnamese waif to the sturdy youngest child of an affectionate American family.

Our Time Is Now: Notes from the High School Underground. *Edited by John Birmingham. Praeger.* 262 *pp.* $5.95. John Birmingham, who was editor of his high school's regular as well as its underground newspaper, concludes that the schools will change due to student action, and that as they change "so will society. Of course, this is all speculation on my part [but] one thing I can say with certainty. This is only the beginning."

Let no establishment adult dismiss this lightly. From underground newspapers in high schools the country over, evidence of rebellion is clear. Excerpts from these publications have been selected and grouped in such areas as mobilization of students, educational reform, black student power, the underground high-school press, etc. The pieces range from mild to militant, with an infrequent note of humor. Most of them are serious, and almost all are resentful if not bitter. Birmingham's prefatory remarks to each section are lucid, and he occasionally ventures a contrary opinion, in one instance referring to a "Troublemaker's Communiqué" as an appeal to student paranoia.

I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings. *By Maya Angelou. Random House.* 281 *pp.* $5.95. When they were small, her brother Bailey, trying to say "mine," had called Marguerite "Maya," and the strong love between the two never changed. Their parents were separated, and the children had been sent to live with their grandmother in a small Arkansas town. Maya realized that white people ruled their lives, but she didn't know any of them; her whole world was black and safe. While visiting her mother in St. Louis, Maya was raped by her mother's lover when she was eight. Although for years thereafter she was withdrawn, Maya ultimately asserted her independence and pride during her adolescence. Written with grace and gravity, this is not only a candid picture of a black child's world but a poignant documentary of a Southern town.

Up from the Ghetto. *By Phillip T. Drotning and Wesley South. Cowles.* 207 *pp.* $5.95. Phillip Drotning chose fourteen successful black men and women at random, and discovered that all of them had begun life in ghetto surroundings. Most of those interviewed are Chicago residents, and their careers range from baseball and the army to the ministry and law. The tone of the interviews is moderate: each person discusses the achievement of his goal, the work he is doing now to help the cause of black power, and his philosophy about motivation, militancy, and violence.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 61: diver, rived, drive.

Selling Vanity

Continued from page 66

cative when asked about how the "prominent Americans" are selected or about any other aspect of the business.

A new wrinkle in the *National Register*'s operation is its announced plan to publish this year for the first time a book containing the biographies of 84,375 registrants. When the book will appear is another of the mysteries associated with the *National Register of Prominent Americans.* A woman who was asked to buy the book complained to the Sarasota Better Business Department recently that the sales letter twice referred to a "February 30" publication date.

The National Better Business Bureau in 1967 circulated a bulletin devoted to the *National Register.* The organization at that time listed its offices as Suite 309 at a Washington, D.C., address in addition to maintaining a Florida post office box. The bulletin reported that when attorneys for the Marquis Company investigated the address they found that "the owner of the building . . . never heard of the organization; it is not listed on the bulletin board; and that Suite 309 is occupied by two elderly ladies who, they were informed, run an answering service for several hundred corporations."

The Better Business Bureau bulletin took the occasion to offer advice to persons solicited to give information for inclusion in publications and reference works:

1) Secure information on the actual standing, and the actual distribution, of the publication involved.

2) Review the last edition of the publication, if it is available, at the library.

3) Remember that a requirement that the biographee pay for insertion, or that he purchase something, may indicate that the publication is issued on a vanity basis, rather than a basis of recognition and merit, and that it may have little or no circulation or value as a reference work.

The Better Business Bureau could have added another useful rule of thumb. If the publication is sold primarily to listees, or the publisher refuses to divulge the proportion sold to libraries and other nonlistees, the chances are excellent that the book is worthless for reference purposes and you are regarded by a vanity merchant as a potential sucker.

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Mikis Theodorakis

Continued from page 15

The pardon. In the morning, the already hot sun brought back optimism. In a pearl-gray taxi rented for the day, he zigzagged through the Greek capital, allowing no longer than a half-hour for each meeting. At one of them he learned that Karayorgas had been condemned to life imprisonment. Karayorgas is saved, but Servan-Schreiber decided not to leave empty-handed.

Later, he went to see the Prime Minister. In his paneled office, decorated with icons and military souvenirs, seated between the national flag and the flag of the "revolution"—a Phoenix rising from its ashes, guarded by a sentry—George Papadopoulos, fifty-two years old, puffed rapidly on a long cigarette. Servan-Schreiber pleaded for the dignity of Greece and its image abroad. He brought up the investments in Greece of the "Club Mediterranée." It is a language that counts here—perhaps the only one. Greece can no more abandon Europe than Europe Greece, said Servan-Schreiber. He asked to take home a prisoner. It was too soon for the release of the Frenchman Jean Starakis, who had just been condemned that very day. But other prisoners could benefit from the clemency measures then foreseen for April 21, the date of the third anniversary of the colonels' coup. He asked for Mikis Theodorakis.

With a notary's countenance, satisfied with his own management, maintaining a cool distance between himself and his constituents, Papadopoulos has always known how to play the game of "the man on whom responsibilities weigh." He is skillful in maintaining a subtle but perceptible distinction between the junta and his own person. To him went the credit for such "liberal" measures as the recent release of 332 prisoners, bringing to 644 the number of political deportees let go since September. The same pardon, accorded previously on the same occasion—the anniversary of the coup—did not, it is true, prevent the police from then refilling the temporarily emptied prisons, nor, just that very week, from arresting Yannis Ritsos, national poet, sent to the isle of Samos in protective custody.

For Papadopoulos—according to him—must reckon with the "ultra" officers who are partisans of extending the revolution that returned to the peasants their debts, relieved taxi drivers from buying their medallions, and suppressed the multiple influence-peddling of democracy. The bourgeoisie laments the lost freedom, but the people have not forgotten that they had been condemned to misery and that between 1946 and 1949 they had waged a civil war against the Communists that accounted for 500,000 dead. Greek democracy is a vestal who is often violated, and the colonels can claim kinship with their elders who, eight times since the First World War, succeeded in their putsches.

Pressure. Papadopoulos believes in order, both material and moral. He adds to that the "well-being of the Greek people" in a book which he had written to serve as a textbook for thought, *Philosophy of the Revolution.* And he knows how to make use of his "revolutionaries." His policy is for the moment under the sign of clemency. He will extend it to Theodorakis, even allowing him to leave Greece. It pleases him to "give him up" to this enterprising Frenchman who has the advantage of representing not a government but a movement of ideas. And this gesture seems to him well advised just several days before the Strasbourg meeting of those whom his friends call "the hooligans of the Café of Europe," who, after having condemned Greece, come to do business in Athens.

"It's the day of misunderstanding," Gaston Thorn, Luxembourg's Minister of Foreign Affairs and acting president of the Committee of Ministers, told French reporters that week in Strasbourg. "Some maintained that M. Servan-Schreiber wanted to make a deal with us: Abandon the report on torture, and, in exchange, I will have freed an important group of prisoners. He demonstrated that that was untrue by coming to see me only this afternoon, after the adoption of the text."

At the House of Europe, a fragile and precariously built, prefabricated structure, 150 journalists awaited the former director of *L'Express.* What was the deal?

"What did you expect me to give up at Athens? Nothing, lest it be you, that is to say public opinion. I am in total disagreement with the Greek regime, and I told that to its representatives. My role was to make them feel the weight of European morality, and I note that they have been sensitive to the pressure of Europe."

Servan-Schreiber denounced the role of the CIA and the system of dependency created around the world by the network of American bases. A zealous French journalist wanted to get to the bottom of the matter: "Are you in favor of boycott or of contacts with the Greek regime?"

"There is no boycott. You know the words: The choice in life is to talk or to kill. We must talk." After that Servan-Schreiber left again for Athens.

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(Continued from page 71)

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"HOW MANY VIETNAMESE Fought in our Civil War?" or "Vietnam—Love it or Leave it." Bumper stickers 5/$1.00. Buttons 4/$1.00. Stamps 66/$1.00. International McClelland, Dept. SR, Beverly Hills, California.

RUSHTON HORNSBY Mark 88 standard gauge diesel locomotive. First class, with spares $1,450. Benton, 280 Acton Lane, Chiswick, London, England.

FOCUS ON MINORITIES—Relevant books, highly recommended for children and young adults. Send for free brochure. Thomas Y. Crowell, 201 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003.

HOUSESITTING POSITION or sublet desired for summer, New York City area. Responsible couple. References. Box V-774.

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE—complete, unbound 1948-1962. $550. Box V-800.

COLLEGE DEGREE at home. Law, other subjects. Easy tuition plan. Williams College, 445-SR East 2nd, South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84111.

SITUATIONS WANTED

FIFTYISH WOMAN WANTS POSITION . . . will travel . . . type . . . babysit. Qualifications—own teeth, 32 years as wife, mom, gramaw, file clerk. Will consider alternative position as cleaning lady. Comes equipped with black strobe light, galvanized scrub pail and broom. Limited offer. Expires July 1st. Box V-758.

CONSULTANT for art education programs in small galleries, museums or school systems. Box V-301.

M.A.+ Russian and European History, seeks college teaching position, etc. Box V-767.

ACCOMPLISHED PARISIAN SCULPTOR desires teaching position in states. Box V-471.

ABANDONING NEW YORK. Business woman, Southwest native, with liberal arts degree and twenty years' advertising-agency experience, seeks stimulating employment (advertising or otherwise) in South Central or Rocky Mountain areas. *Objectives: Small business/institution with strong management;* reasonable salary; growth atmosphere. Attributes: Vitality, integrity, intelligence, and special abilities in organization, administration and written communication. Box V-745.

ATTRACTIVE COUPLE, 28-26, no children, desire experience in recreational lodge management—Vermont, New Hampshire preferred. Box V-777.

PERSONABLE FEMALE, professional artist, seeks interesting summer work, pleasant location. Box V-795.

DIETITIAN, REGISTERED, creative; seeks imaginative, thinking employment; California, northeast, Europe. Box V-791.

(Continued on page 74)

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SITUATIONS WANTED

(Continued from page 73)

SUMMER EXPERIENCE involving work, travel desired by female college student. Box V-744.

TEACHER of Instrumental Music, B.M.E., M.E., 12 years public school, administrative experience in Fine Arts, seeks new position. Box V-788.

MANHATTANVILLE COLLEGE GIRL summer employment. 322 Crest, Ridgewood, N.J. 07450.

UNGRADED ELEMENTARY teaching post within half hour Washington Bridge desired September by N.J. Certified. Box V-755.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

COED CHILDREN'S CAMP in Poconos of Pennsylvania. 8 weeks—key staff openings: male arts & crafts; male golf instructor; female head waterfront over 23 (pool); female rhythmic gymnastics; female riflery (NRA) over 21. High salaries. Call collect Mr. Black, 215-CA 4-2100 or write Pine Forest Camp, 110 Benson East, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania 19046.

COUNSELORS top Maine boys' camp. Swimming (WSI), Archery, Nature, Golf. Beautiful surroundings. Interesting, challenging experience. Camp Wildwood, 336 Central Park West, NYC 10025, 212-UN 5-0925.

PAUL BUNYAN NEEDED farm-tree plantation summer. Mrs. Bunyan or Cinderella may help Grandmother who lives in shoe New York state. Alternative Bunyans all year. Write/telegraph Box T-970.

WORK IN ENGLAND, Ireland, Australia or New Zealand this summer. Get to know one of these countries from the inside. CIEE will provide employment information and working papers if you qualify for the International Student Employment service. Write: Council on International Educational Exchange, Dept. W-6, 777 U.N. Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

SECRETARY, mature, part/full time, noncommercial, midtown NYC. 212-PL 7-8080.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. 50,000 jobs. New 1970 government information and forms. $1.00. Special reports on employment, business, taxes, housing, education, ranching, farming, teaching, maps, etc. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

SECRETARIES-EXPERIENCED! Manpower has 4 month assignments available in England. Write Recruiting Director, Manpower Inc., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

40,000 SUMMER JOBS—Resort Employment Directory furnishes descriptions, addresses, contacts, salaries. $2.00 postpaid ($2.25 First Class). Corion Publishers, P.O. Box 15676, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74115.

COUNSELORS: Established boys' camp, Berkshire Mountains, Massachusetts needs instructors over twenty years. Arts & crafts, pioneering, archery, riflery, small crafts, sailing, water skiing, scuba, dramatics. Write: Camp Lenox, 37 Woodvalley Lane, Port Washington, N.Y. 11050.

JOBS! JOBS! and more JOBS! Overseas, U.S.A. Year-round and Summer Jobs (Students!). Jobs with Money, Challenge, Opportunity, Travel. All occupations and trades. For Information, write: JOBS, Box 475, SR-6, Lodi, California 95240.

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Call or send your resume or 25¢ for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925), Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-OX 7-4341.

HIGH PAYING OVERSEAS JOBS. Construction, other projects. Bonuses, travel expenses, extras. International Information, 108 Cortez, Florida 33522.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants you—Application forms and new 1970 Australian Handbook describing government assisted passage, family and housing allowances, jobs, business, ranching, teaching, hunting, fishing, etc. $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032DF, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

DEALER IN AUTOGRAPH LETTERS and Documents, attractive midtown Madison Avenue office, seeks personable young woman as secretary and trainee in field. No steno required. Must be efficient, accurate electric typist, good speller, and like details. Opening salary $150. 212-RE 4-3902.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: For over 50 years The Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request. 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

MONTESSORI DIRECTRESS—A.M.I. certified, to open new class in September, 1970, in established school. North Suffolk Montessori School, Box 457, Northport, New York 11768. Phone 516-271-4514.

CHAIRMAN, Social Science Division, two year college near San Francisco, College of San Mateo, San Mateo, California 94402.

TENNIS COUNSELORS, 20+, Maine girls' camp. Call collect 201-224-6979.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? For a refreshing experience in modern suburban living, The Shaker Communities offer: A nationally recognized school system; superior municipal services; year-round recreation programs; nearness to Greater Cleveland's cultural-education center and to downtown; fine shopping centers; mature, integrated neighborhoods. Contact The Shaker Communities, 16800 Chagrin Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 216-751-2155.

NORTH CAROLINA "Down East" modern coastal home, 6 rooms, 2 baths (1 sauna). One acre, (paved road), sandy swimming beach, view of sound. $25,000. SR Box V-902.

WORLAND, WYOMING 82401, Box 223. Native adobe, 7 room house. 1¾ acres. Excellent regional hunting, fishing, skiing, air, sun. $50,000.

MOVING TO CHICAGO? Investigate South Shore, a multifaith, multiracial community only minutes from the University of Chicago and the Loop. For Housing Information: The South Shore Open House Committee, 7134 South Jeffery, Chicago, Illinois 60649. 312-667-7270.

CHARMING CAPE CODDER in Truro, Massachusetts. $20,000. Evenings, 212-WA 9-4241.

TUNBRIDGE, VERMONT investment quality, 200 acres, 1830 brick house, barns, views, $45,000. Sargent & Westcott, Inc., Box 195, Woodstock, Vermont 05091. 802-457-1933.

For Sale/Rent

OUT-ISLAND BAHAMA 2 bedroom easy care breezy vacation home. Beach, snorkeling, etc. 2¾ acres. $29,500. Rental $225 weekly, 4 people. Box V-753.

To Rent—Furnished

VILLA RENTALS. Choice inspected holiday rentals Europe and Caribbean. Brochure: At Home Abroad, Inc., 136 East 57th, Suite 1901, NYC. 212-HA 1-9165.

VIRGIN ISLANDS. New beachfront condominium-homes that you can rent in the owners' absence. These 2 and 3 bedroom homes are fully equipped in every way. Minimum weekly stay. Brochure from Gordon-Thompson, Cowpet Bay Village, Box D, St. Thomas, V.I. 00801 or 809-774-3333.

18th CENTURY 14 room farmhouse, Litchfield, Connecticut (2 hours NYC). Beautiful grounds, pool. All modern equipment. Available June until fall 1971 (owner abroad). 212-UN 1-1363 weekdays; 203-567-0292 weekends.

PORTUGAL—Beach, new 3 bedroom villa, furnished, modern conveniences. August $500, September $370, October $300. 201-861-3311.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MAINE—New house, stone fireplace, 3 bedrooms, all electric kitchen. Secluded, dramatic open-ocean site. Box V-782.

VERMONT. 3 story A-frame triad nestled against lush Glebe Mountain, southern Vermont. Spectacular views. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths. Complete furnishings, equipment. Electric kitchen with dishwasher. Fireplace. Swimming pond. Total seclusion but near shopping, theatre, lake recreation, and uniquely Vermont towns. $175 week. Allen, 5M, 333 East 30th, New York, N.Y. 10016.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Monadnock region. 3 bedroom house and/or travel trailer. 603-835-6684.

SOUTHERN VERMONT, near Jamaica. 3 bedroom Tech-built house, $225 month. Box V-483.

WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT—Saugatuck Shores area. 150 feet from water, mooring rights. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, deck, appliances. Write W. S. Bahrenburg, c/o Saturday Review. Call 212-983-5567, nights and weekends 203-853-1519.

WAITSFIELD, VERMONT. Chalet. Sleeps 12. Family rates. Weekly-monthly. Near golf, swimming, tennis. McLauchlin, 7 Chestnut Hill, Loudonville, N.Y. 12211.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Tennis playing families—Tennis Club Membership with the rental of a beachfront home in Edgartown. More than 30 private homes facing on South Beach, with sharing rights to a heated swimming, pool, bicycles, sailboats, and kayaks, and with full membership rights to the Mattakeset Tennis Club (6 Har-Tru Clay, 1 Uni-Turf). Weekly rentals. Families may take advantage of group rates during May, June to July 15th. All homes complete in every way—3 bedrooms, 3 baths, full appliances, and optional daily housekeeping. Another Stanmar Managed Property Program. For further information, contact Joan Hutchinson, Stanmar, Inc., Sudbury, Massachusetts 01776. 617-443-9922.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—Hills, view. 6 bedroom home, from 6/14 to 8/15. $425 month. 415-526-5286.

CHESTER, VERMONT—Suitable couple, remodeled barn, views, woods, fields, gardens. 802-875-6182.

OCEANFRONT HOUSE in Jersey dunes, two hours from New York. Large, modern, 4 bedrooms—on private beach. $3,000 June 1st to July 31st. 212-473-2218.

NORTH TRURO—National Seashore. 9 room, circa 1800, Cape Cod. Month $1,200. July-August $2,300. June or September $800. SR Box V-770.

GRACIOUS HOME on hilltop provides expansive view of Frenchmans Bay. Provides gracious splendor, large living room, dining room, 5 bedrooms on second floor with 4 baths. Also adequate space for live-in help. This is an outstanding value for a summer rental for $3,500.

ON THE OCEAN, near downtown Bar Harbor. Gracious, studio type living, 2 bedrooms (spacious), large living room with fireplace, new kitchenette and bath available for the summer of 1970. Contact Fred C. Lynam & Co., Realtor, Bar Harbor, Maine 04609.

SOUTHERN NOVA SCOTIA. 3 bedroom cottage, fully equipped. Overlooks Tusket River, Islands, and sea. July, August; $300, entire month only. Children welcome; references required. Box V-789.

SOUTH HAVEN, MICHIGAN. Palatial Lake Michigan home. 3 fireplaces. Furnished. Private beach. June through Labor Day or by month. 616-637-5988.

MARBLEHEAD house. Accommodates 10 comfortably; families preferred. $475 month; July/August. SR Box V-797.

KEENE, NEAR LAKE PLACID, N.Y. July-August. 3 bedrooms, all conveniences. Exceptional view, swimming, boating, hiking. 212-MU 4-5887, 9:30 to 5:30.

HOUSEKEEPING COTTAGE—Completely furnished, lovely scenery. Write Mrs. L. Ondrejka, Sandgate, Arlington, Vermont 05250.

50 MILES NYC. Charming, comfortable mountain cottage. View. $700 season. Box V-798.

CAPE COD—WELLFLEET. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths. 500 ft. from Atlantic. $1,500 per month. 617-491-6321.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

FIRE ISLAND—Corneille Estates near Bay. 3 bedroom. $1,700, June 24th-July 31st. 212-469-7590.

VERMONT HOUSE. Exquisite. Green Mountains. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. Swimming. $150 week. J. Meyer, 120 East 90th Street, NYC, 10028.

AMENIA, NEW YORK—Small cottage, 2 bedrooms, sundeck, 74 acres and private lake. $750 monthly. SR Box V-903.

For Summer/Fall Rental

SECLUDED LAKESIDE RETREAT N.H. mountains. Two or more weeks. Write Box V-317.

HOUSE TO SHARE

CARIBBEAN—MONTSERRAT. Share comfortable modern house with student. Summer $50 weekly. Winter whole house $150 weekly. SR Box V-763.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420. Summer rentals available.

For Rent

PRINCETON, N.J.—Retired? Share my apartment. Central location. 2 rooms available, share kitchen, bath, porch with educated woman (European). Write: SR Box V-773.

For Rent—Furnished

ITALY—Beautiful tower apartment Chianti hills, 20 miles from Florence. All conveniences. Available October. Inquire Box V-765.

SAN JUAN—Apartment for 2 to 6 people, minimum 21 days, $10 each per day. Available July. Ocean, lagoon view. Cool, comfortable, all conveniences. SR Box V-796.

For Summer Rental

SAN FRANCISCO, Russian Hill. 4 rooms, balcony, roof garden, sunny, bay view. July-October. $240 monthly. SR Box V-790.

APARTMENT WANTED

MANHATTAN—1½ room unfurnished studio wanted by businesswoman. To $175 monthly. Box T-929.

APARTMENT FOR EXCHANGE

VERMONT APARTMENT—Swap anywhere for summer. Salander, 61 South Union, Burlington, 05401.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ENJOY VERMONT—Panoramic view—150 acres, farmhouse, fireplace. Trout brook, quiet secluded area. Only $35,000. Janice F. Morrill, Broker, Rt 2, St. Johnsbury, Vermont 05819. Phone 802-748-9340.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

HIGH HOURLY PROFIT—Own business with one serviceman. Quickly learned. Easy to do. Operate from home. Few hundred dollars builds your own nationally advertised business while continuing present job. Investigate immediately before your territory is taken. Free booklet explains everything. Send today. Then decide. Duraclean, CO-515, Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois 60015.

CAMPS

ECOLE CHAMPLAIN—The Summer Camp for Girls where French is a Way of Fun. The camp with the longest experience in teaching conversational French—the staff are equally specialized in instruction of all activities. 80 highly qualified, bilingual councillors give daily instruction in small groups in French—including theatre and operetta—riding, tennis, swimming, sailing, canoeing, water skiing; arts, music and dance. Situated on Lake Champlain in Vermont, 3 miles of shore, 800 acres including 7 tennis courts and 60 horses. Girls 6 to 16 in 4 separate age groups; plus European programs for older girls. 47th year under family direction. Mr. Claude-A. Schaetz & Mrs. Chase Schaetz, Ecole Champlain, Box R, Ferrisburg, Vermont 05456.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMP. Boys. Private forest, lake, trout stream. Adirondack Canadian canoe trips. Riflery, mountaineering, nurses. 45th year. Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066.

THE SUMMER OF A LIFETIME for students currently in the 8th, 9th or 10th grade: four weeks' audio-lingual instruction in French, German, Hebrew, Italian or Spanish followed by a 3-to 4-week homestay in a foreign land. The Experiment has proved that learning a language can be fun—and "living" it in the country where it is spoken exciting. Write: Language Camp, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Please indicate age and year in school.

THREE WOODLAND CAMPS. Boys 7 to 15. Established 1908. June 25th through August 19th. Enrollment limited to sixty boys per camp. Camper counselor ratio three to one. Balanced flexible program includes time to enjoy being a boy. Write Winona, Bridgton, Maine 04009.

TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, Dance, Drama, Creative Writing, Fine Arts, Sports. Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey 08318.

UNDER SEA ACADEMY—Join a marine archeological expedition. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Teenage and adult programs. Send for brochure: 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. Phone 412-335-8844.

STUDENT EXPEDITIONS—Summer 1970. Safari in Africa, Hunt-Ride in Ireland. Canoe the Danube or Explore the Amazon. Small select groups, professional leaders. Robinson Crusoe Abroad, Box 02, 360 West 22nd Street, NYC 10011. 212-873-1260.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres *Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-*Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, creative arts, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

TRINITY DAY CAMP—Coeducational. Ages 4-10. June 29th-August 21st. For information call 212-TR 3-1650.

WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS—Girls, boys, ages 10-15, separate groups. Ten children with two guides. Have fun. Build self-reliance. Two weeks in Quetico-Superior Forest. Full services, state license. Write: Voyageurs Landing, Grand Marais, Minnesota 55604.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIRE TO an inexpensive life of chess, music, the cultural arts and intellectual endeavors. For details: American Chess Society, 240 West 73rd Street, New York, New York 10023.

VACATIONS

COLORADO MOUNTAINS—Rent one of twenty professors'/physicians' modern vacation homes in remote 1,300 acre ranch. Antialcoholic owners prefer kids, quiet families seeking rugged recreation. SR Box T-914.

NORTHEASTERN PUERTO RICO. Homesites overlooking Caribbean. ¼ to 5 acres. High, wooded, private. Excellent sailing and golf nearby. A very sensible investment. Contact Caribbean Properties Limited, 171 Del Parque, Santurce, Puerto Rico 00911. Cable: Caribprop San Juan.

ALASKAN ADVENTURE, Hope, Alaska 99605. Wilderness trail rides, June, July. Brochure.

CAMPERS! ROUGH IT (GENTLY), without crowding in campsites. Savor peaceful beauty of wooded island, *unspoiled lake, Eastern Ontario. Cottages,* $45. Duane Barnes, Ompah, Ontario.

VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air conditioning. Tel. 802-247-5766. Or write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 8, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey, seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

OLYMPIC PENINSULA: delightful lakeside cottages. Brochure: Rain Forest Resort, Quinault, Washington 98575.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling. Modern cottages (non-housekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. Each person $17 to $23 daily; two delicious meals included. Rates $2 less in June; open 20th. Owner-Manager Thompson, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

SWISS RESORT. AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports; Swiss cuisine; excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Tel. Conway 603-447-218.

THE FUN ON ST. JOHN, U.S. Virgin Islands is at Estate Beth Cruz Hotel. Family accommodations, efficiencies, daily clean-up maid service, hilltop spectacular views, freedom from insects, freshwater pool, informal dining room, bar, frequent native entertainment, rental cars.

CUMBRES WEEKEND. Explorations in Personal Growth. Friday-Sunday—$95 includes lodging, meals, group sessions: Self-Appreciation, Sensory Awareness, Physical Reorientation, T'ai Chi, Art Workshops. For information/reservations write Cumbres, Dublin, N.H. 03444.

ENVIRONMENTALLY EUPHORIC . . . A cool, clean ten miles at sea: serene island, quiet fourteen-guest inn. $13-$19 M.A.P. June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

SHIPMATES WANTED—"barefoot" and congenial. Join Schooner Cruises. Remote West Indies. Grenadines, Windwards, Leewards. 10 days - $245. Windjammer Cruises, P.O. Box 120, Dept. 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

SERENDIB—A handsome vacation home in the country. D. N. Blyler, RD 2, Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania 17815.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Charming seacoast inn, motel, efficiency apartments on ocean. Informal. Modern. Modified American, European Plans. Seafood, lobsters featured. Cocktails. Scenic boat trips. Motel mid-May to late October. Inn late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point, Maine 04557.

ECHO VALLEY RANCH—Secluded housekeeping cabins near Mount Rushmore. Keystone, South Dakota 57751.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Dept. 2, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 75)

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

RIDERS SAY WE'RE THE BEST—You come and test! Our intensive 18 hours weekly course—theory, basic dressage, jumping, cross-country; excellently schooled horses; fine instructors (Gen. Gallegos, Mexican cavalry, Chief of Instruction); superb climate add up to adventurous Riding Holiday In Mexico. Write H. Black, Director, ESCUELA ECUESTRE, Apdo. 185SR, San Miguel Allende, Gto., Mexico. Tel. 20255.

COLONIAL ATMOSPHERE RESORT on lake in mountain area. Sandy beach, par 3 golf. Woodbound Inn, Box 190, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

CAPE WINDS BY-THE-SEA. Beautiful inn for 20 adults or groups on Cape Cod. Patios, all private baths. Colonial atmosphere. Continental breakfast. West Harwich, Massachusetts 02671.

WE'LL TRADE our four-color brochure for your name and address. High Hampton Inn and Country Club, Dept. S, Cashiers, North Carolina 28717. A mountain resort with superb scenery. 18-hole golf course. Tennis. Fishing. Lakes. Open early May through late October.

COCKTAIL LOUNGES, LOUD MUSIC, traffic lights: Interested? Miss the boat as all this remains behind as you vacation ten miles at sea on a serene outer island among softwood forest, majestic cliffs and clean air for all. Brochure. The Island Inn, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine.

TAKE A YOGA VACATION in the beautiful Poconos. Write for brochure: Yoga, RD3, Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania 18360.

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE, pine bordered. Enjoy this family, nonhousekeeping cottage colony. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, entertainment. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

THE OLD TAVERN at Grafton, Vermont. The most elegant little Inn in all New England. Write for elegant, free literature. Wilf & Lois Copping, Innkeepers.

ERUDITE CLIENTELE, children's haven, informal family vacations. Lake Shore Farm, Northwood, N.H. 03261.

CIVILIZED FAMILY VACATIONS and 2nd Honeymoons. Vermont's unique resort on Lake Champlain. Color brochure. Tyler Place. Highgate Springs 66, Vermont 05460.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

HEALTHFUL FLORIDA VACATIONING—Relaxing. Reducing. Rejuvenation. Free brochure. Shangri-La, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet hillside facing Mt. Washington, Swimming pool, lawn sports. $75 up weekly including all meals. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

LUXURY SCANDINAVIAN VILLAS—St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Near finest beaches. Daniel D. Miller, Inc., 420 Lexington Avenue, NYC 10017. 212-LE 2-7700.

SUNNY BARBADOS—Incomparable INCHCAPE, casual living on year round southeast coast, cooled by Trade Winds, coral beach, limitless sea views. One-two bedroom guest houses, tastefully furnished, maid-cook included, May-November $80-$150 week; December-April $150-$275 week. Susan Moran, 12811 Three Sisters Road, Potomac, Maryland 20854. 301-299-9530.

FASCINATING ART COLONY nearby superb seaside resort less than two hours' drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, cocktails. Private pool. The Lookout, Box 2, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

CHRISTMAS FARM INN. 25th year. A small Colonial inn in the White Mountains with a friendly atmosphere, spectacular views, swimming pool, sports. Excellent meals, nicely served. AAA. Doris and Dick Welch, Owner-Hosts. Jackson, N.H. 03846. Tel. 603-383-4313.

VACATIONS

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. 28771. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. American Plan. Late May through October. Brochure.

ONLY 2 HOURS from Boston—90 acre estate. Enchanting combination of sweetly scented pine groves and majestic ocean cliffs. View 7 miles to sea 3 directions. Dinner—Cocktails—Pool—Golf. Nearby Beaches, Theatre, etc. May into October. Ogunquit 5, Maine 03907. The Cliff House & Motels.

AUTHENTIC TYROLEAN VILLAGE in White Mountains. New $800,000 Alpine Inn, Motel, Family Chalet accommodations. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms, cocktail lounges. Open year 'round. Mittersill Alpine Inn, Franconia, N.H. 03580. A Treadway Resort.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $135 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

CASUAL PLACE FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE—Country Inn, Guest Cottages on Berkshire Hills' largest natural lake. Finest New England Bed, Board, Brew. 250 acres, shore to woodland trails. Special June rates. Boulders on Lake Waramaug, New Preston, Connecticut 06777.

CROWN POINT, "The Everything Hotel." Plan your next vacation at the "everything" hotel; from $30.00 single to $55.00 double per day M.A.P. Crown Point Hotel, Tobago, W.I.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1883

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. English poet (1880-1958; "Drake", "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern"; Full name)	37 42 51 72 92 121 142 144 160 163 190
B. Adjuncts of most ski slopes	67 83 96 114 139
C. Blossoming	147 182 9 84 97 107 120 193 26 41 53 64
D. Site of Mexico's "Floating Gardens"	119 123 54 94 111 127 138 148 98 168
E. Right to control or determine	189 2 14 109 131 157 165 172 36
F. Small lump or piece	58 79 201 40 85 95
G. Depth to which a vessel is immersed when bearing a load	135 177 60 86 103 113 124
H. Unbiased, impartial (comp.)	126 150 174 196 15 90 102 143 181 7
I. Hang up (2 wds.)	19 43 62 112 154 25 116
J. Apteryx	140 153 164 186
K. Greek scholar and poet, made librarian at Antioch, c. 223 B.C.	192 52 17 162 170 3 10 27 38
L. Arctic cetacean the male of which has a long, twisted tusk	66 106 129 169 173 115 159
M. Stop	167 183 22 48 61 69

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. German breed of tall, vigorous cattle dogs	130 176 185 199 6 8 56 110 136 30
O. On the right side of (3 wds.)	88 155 195 5 21 47 175 101 146 180
P. Desire wrongfully	108 31 45 77 80
Q. Title of Turkish viceroys in Egypt from 1867 to 1914	76 125 149 179 194 32 46
R. Popular title of work in Middle English attributed to William Langland (2 wds.)	20 118 197 4 35 71 178 57 188 87 134 11
S. Uprising	34 105 74 65 184 49
T. Diligent	141 28 191 99 50 81 132 151 73 158 104
U. Polyphonic choral composition designed for church performance	1 63 91 12 29
V. Ancient Italian noble family, patrons of the arts during the Renaissance	16 100 187 23
W. Erstwhile heavyweight contender Galento's nickname (comp. and name)	55 59 24 93 70 89 156 75 171 68
X. How one goes skinny-dipping (3 wds.)	128 166 122 137 33 78 18 117 145
Y. Retiring	133 82 13 44 152 161
Z. Edible root of the taro	202 39 198 200

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

■	■	■	■	1 U	2 E	3 K	4 R	5 O	6 N	■	7 H	8 N	9 C	10 K	11 R	12 U	13 Y
■	14 E	15 H	16 V	■	17 K	18 X	19 I	20 R	21 O	22 M	23 V	■	24 W	25 I	■	26 C	27 K
28 T	29 U	30 N	31 P	32 Q	33 X	34 S	35 R	36 E	■	37 A	38 K	39 Z	■	40 F	41 C	42 A	43 I
44 Y	45 P	46 Q	47 O	■	48 M	49 S	50 T	■	51 A	52 K	53 C	54 D	55 W	56 N	57 R	58 F	■
59 W	60 G	61 M	■	62 I	63 U	64 C	■	65 S	66 L	67 B	68 W	■	69 M	70 W	■	71 R	72 A
73 T	74 S	75 W	76 Q	77 P	■	78 X	79 F	80 P	■	81 T	82 Y	■	83 B	84 C	85 F	86 G	87 R
88 O	89 W	90 H	91 U	92 A	■	93 W	94 D	95 F	■	96 B	97 C	98 D	99 T	100 V	101 O	102 H	103 G
■	104 T	105 S	106 L	107 C	108 P	109 E	110 N	111 D	112 I	113 G	114 B	■	115 L	116 I	117 X	118 R	119 D
120 C	121 A	■	122 X	123 D	■	124 G	125 Q	126 H	■	127 D	128 X	129 L	130 N	131 E	132 T	■	133 Y
134 R	135 G	136 N	■	137 X	138 D	139 B	■	140 J	141 T	142 A	143 H	■	144 A	145 X	■	146 O	147 C
148 D	149 Q	150 H	151 T	152 Y	153 J	154 I	155 O	■	156 W	157 E	158 T	159 L	160 A	■	161 Y	162 K	163 A
■	164 J	165 E	166 X	167 M	168 D	169 L	■	170 K	171 W	■	172 E	173 L	174 H	■	175 O	176 N	177 Q
178 R	179 Q	■	180 O	181 H	■	182 C	183 M	184 S	185 N	■	186 J	187 V	■	188 R	189 E	190 A	■
191 T	192 K	193 C	194 Q	195 O	196 H	197 R	198 Z	■	199 N	200 Z	■	201 F	202 Z	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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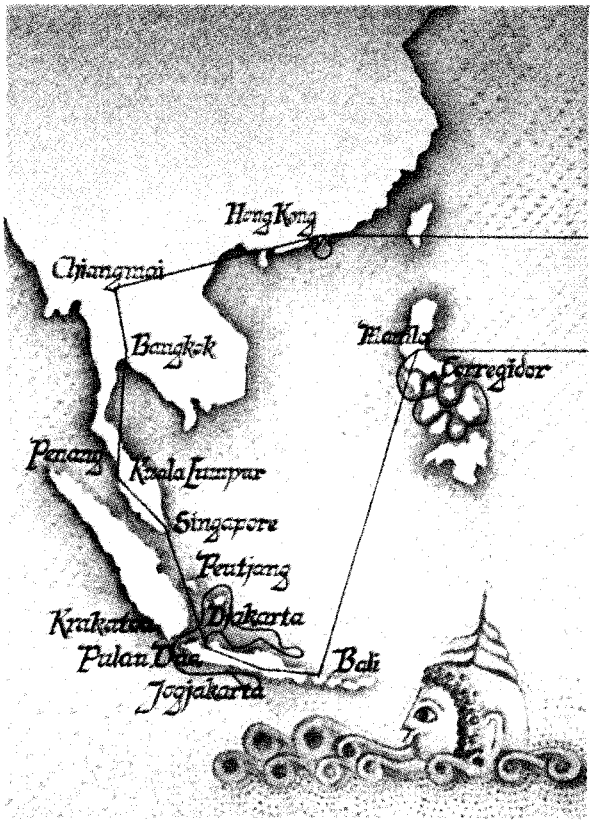

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